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THE

VISITOR,

OR

MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,

FOR 1841.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT, SOUGHT OUT OF ALL THEM THAT HAVE PLEASURE THEREIN. HIS WORK IS HONOURABLE AND GLORIOUS: AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER. HE HATH MADE HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO BE REMEMBERED: THE LORD IS GRACIOUS AND FULL OF COMPASSION.—PSALM CXI. 2—4.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE, AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK ON THESE THINGS.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 8.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

SOLD BY JOHN DAVIS, AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

1841.

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Sir William Jones. Taken from the Statue in St. Paul's Cathedral.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE family with which the subject of the present sketch was connected on the maternal side, has been traced to the ancient princes and chieftains of North Wales. His father, a skilful mathematician, numbered among his intimate friends, Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, Mead, and Dr. Johnson; but he survived the birth of his son William only three years, and died in July, 1749. Mrs. Jones was, however, endowed with much ability, which was improved by the conversation and instruction of her husband; she, in consequence, became a considerable proficient in algebra, and made herself perfect in trigonometry and the theory of navigation. To the incessant

entreaties of her child for information, which she watchfully stimulated, she constantly replied, "Read, and you will know;" and by this method his desire to learn became as eager as her wish to teach; and in his fourth year he was able to read distinctly and rapidly any English work. His future eminence is to be partly ascribed to the advantages he was thus permitted to enjoy, as it is to the uncommon talents with which he was gifted; and through life he cherished for his mother the tenderest affection and most filial respect.

In his fifth year, as William Jones was one morning turning over the leaves of a Bible in his mother's closet, his attention was forcibly arrested by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Revelation; and the impression he received from it was never effaced. In the full maturity of his judgment, he considered the passage as equal in sublimity to any in the inspired writings, and far superior to all merely human compositions; and he was fond of retracing and mentioning the rapture with which he first read it.

About two years after, he was sent to Harrow school, where he was long under the care of the amiable Dr. Thackeray. One of his schoolfellows was Bennet, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, who said, "I knew him from the early age of eight or nine, and he was always an uncommon boy. Great abilities; great particularity of thinking; fondness for writing verses of various kinds; and a degree of integrity and manly courage, of which I remember many instances, distinguished him even at that period. I loved and revered him, and though one or two years older than he was, I was always instructed by him from my earliest age. It was a singular trait in the character of Dr. Thackeray, that he never applauded the best compositions of his scholars, from a notion that praise only tended to make them vain or idle. But the opinion that he gave of Jones in private was, that he was a boy of so very active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches.

He afterwards went to the university of Oxford, where his partiality for oriental literature began to display itself: and if his acquisitions at this period be compared with his years, few instances will be found of a more successful application of time and talents. It is also worthy of observation, that he was as much indebted to his great industry and attention to method, for his attainments, as to his superior capacity. In his nineteenth year he was recommended as private tutor to Lord Althorpe, then seven years old, afterwards the late Earl Spencer. While at Harrow, the residence of his noble pupil, he was induced to peruse Beveridge's "Private Thoughts on Religion" with considerable attention; and he was particularly struck by one passage, in which the writer argues, that a profession of Christianity merely because our countrymen profess it, without candid inquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith, than the Mohammedans have for theirs. He was thus, it appears, led to reflect with more seriousness than he had ever before on the subject of religion, and to examine the grounds on which the Bible has been received as the word of God.

Mr. Jones subsequently resigned his tutorship, and determined to devote himself to the study and practice of the law. He still, however, gave much attention to literature; and his "Commentary on Asiatic Poetry" was received with admiration and applause by the learned of our own country, and by the oriental scholars of Europe in general. In March, 1783, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William, in Bengal, and received the honour of knighthood.

It is pleasing to find this eminent man associating with those who expressed their detestation of slavery, with its innumerable horrors. His sentiments on that question are thus recorded:—

"I pass with haste by the coast of Africa, whence my mind turns with indignation at the abominable traffic in the human species, from which a part of our countrymen dare to derive their most inauspicious wealth. Sugar, it has been said, would be dear if it were not worked by blacks in the western islands; as if the most laborious, the most dangerous works were not carried on in every country, but chiefly in England, by free men; in fact, they are so carried on, with infinitely more advantage, for there is an alacrity in a consciousness of freedom, and a gloomy sullen indolence in a consciousness of slavery. But let sugar be as dear as it may, it is better to eat none—to eat honey, if sweetness only be

palatable—better to eat aloes or coloquintida, than violate a primary law of nature, impressed on every heart not imbruted by avarice, than rob one human creature of those eternal rights, of which no law on earth can justly deprive him."

During a visit which Sir W. Jones made to a native of the island of Hinzuan, or Joanna, a Koran was produced for his inspection, and his attention was directed to a passage in a commentary, accusing Christians of blasphemy, in calling our Saviour the Son of God. To this he promptly replied, "The commentator was much to blame for passing so indiscriminate and hasty a censure; the title which gave your legislator, and which gives you, so much offence, was often applied in Judea by a bold figure, agreeably to the Hebrew idiom, though unusual in Arabic, to angels, to holy men, and even to all mankind, who are commanded to call God their Father; and in this large sense, the apostle to the Romans calls the elect the children of God, and the Messiah 'the first-born among many brethren;' but the words 'only begotten' are applied transcendently and incomparably to Him alone; and as for me, who believe the Scriptures you also profess to believe, (though you assert, without proof, that we have altered them,) I cannot refuse him an appellation, which far surpasses our reason, by which he is distinguished in the gospel; and the believers in Mohammed, who expressly name him the Messiah, and pronounce him to have been born of a virgin, (which might fully justify the phrase condemned by this author,) are themselves condemnable, for cavilling at words when they cannot object to the substance of our faith consistently with their own."

On his landing at Calcutta, towards the close of 1783, he entered on his duties as a magistrate of the Supreme Court of Judicature. He had now the opportunity, long ardently desired, of devoting his talents to the service of his native country, and of promoting the welfare of the community in which he resided; while the history, antiquities, natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, opened an extensive and almost boundless field to his inquiries.

To devotional exercises he was also habitually attentive; diligent in business, he was also fervent in spirit. At a time when his health was much affected, his thoughts and affections were peculiarly engaged in matters of religion. The following is a short prayer which he composed at this period:—"O thou Bestower of all good, if it please thee to continue my easy tasks in this life, grant me strength to perform them as a faithful servant; but if thy wisdom hath willed to end them by this thy visitation, admit me—not weighing my unworthiness, but through thy mercy declared in Christ—into thy heavenly mansions, that I may continually advance in happiness, by advancing in true knowledge and awful love of Thee. Thy will be done."

Sir W. Jones was restored from this illness, and vigorously pursued his former engagements. His testimony to the verity and authenticity of the Old and New Testament, though often quoted, may here be repeated:—"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time that could be saved from these important avocations was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature. Lady Jones was compelled by impaired health to embark for England in December, 1793. The mere desire of increasing a fortune, which he acknowledged was large enough to satisfy his wishes, would not have induced Sir William to remain alone in Bengal, but he was earnestly desirous to complete a great work on English law, which he had originated. But in the following spring he was attacked by inflammation of the loins, which was quickly followed by death, April 27, 1794. The "Digest," to which he had thus sacrificed his life, was completed by Mr. Colebrooke, and published in 1800.

The most extraordinary feature of his character was his facility in learning languages. A list, in his own handwriting, thus classes the twenty-eight in number with which he was in any degree acquainted:—"Eight languages studied critically — English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian,

Sanscrit; eight studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary —Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish; twelve studied less perfectly, but all attainable—Thibetian, Pâli, Pahlair, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese."

Due honours were paid to this great man after death. The Court of Directors placed a statue of him in St. Paul's cathedral, of which an engraving is given at the head of this biographical sketch; and Lady Jones erected a monument to him in the ante-chapel of University College, Oxford. In accordance with his own expressed opinion that, "the best monument that could be erected to a man of literary talent, is a good edition of his works," she caused them to be collected and printed in six quarto volumes, in 1799. They have been reprinted in octavo. A life of Sir W. Jones was afterwards written by his intimate friend in India, the late Lord Teignmouth.

"In a word," said the eminent prelate, to whose testimony a reference has already been made, "I can only say of this wonderful man, that he had more virtues and less faults than I ever yet saw in any human being; and that the goodness of his head, admirable as it was, was exceeded by that of his heart. I have never ceased to admire him from the moment I first saw him; and my esteem for his great qualities, and regret for his loss, will only end with my life."

AMICUS.

IRELAND—ITS INTEMPERANCE AND TEMPERANCE.

THE following extracts are taken from a work on Ireland, now in course of publication, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall:—

INTEMPERANCE.

"A manifest improvement had of late years taken place among the higher classes. We are ourselves old enough to recollect, when a host would have been scouted as mean and inhospitable, who had suffered one of his guests to leave his table sober. Ingenious devices were invented for compelling intoxication: glasses and bottles so formed that they could not stand, and must be emptied before they could be laid upon the table —the object being to pass the wine rapidly round—were in frequent use. We dined once with a large party where the tea-kettle—from which the tumblers were supplied—had been filled with heated whisky; the partakers of the 'cheer' being too 'far gone' to perceive they were strengthening their punch, instead of making it weaker. If a guest were able to mount his horse without assistance in the 'good old times,' he was presented with a 'deoch and durrass' glass, which he was forced, seldom against his will, to 'drink at the door.' This glass usually held a quart; it was terminated by a globe, which, of itself, contained a 'drop' sufficient to complete the business of the night. The degradation was looked upon as a distinction: and an Irishman drunk, was an Irishman 'all in his glory;' and a 'strong head' was considered an enviable possession. Many years ago we were acquainted with a gentleman at Ross-Carbery, whose daily 'stint' was five-and-twenty tumblers of whisky punch of the ordinary strength; and we knew another, whose frequent boast it was, that in a long life he had drunk enough to float a seventy-four gun ship.

"All attempts to check the progress of intemperance were fruitless: it had long been customary, indeed, to take oaths to abstain from drink for a season; but if kept, they produced no permanent good, and the tricks and shifts to evade them were generally successful. We recollect a man swearing he would not drink for a month; he soaked bread in spirits, and ate it: another, who swore he would not touch liquor while he stood 'on earth,' got drunk amid the branches of a tree: another, who vowed not to touch a drop 'in doors or out,' strode across his threshold, placing one leg inside, and the other outside, and so persuading himself he did not break his oath, drank until he fell: another, who bound himself not to 'touch liquor in the parish,' brought a sod of turf from a distance, and placed his feet upon it, when he resolved to drink. We knew one who was kept sober thus: he was always willing to take an oath against whisky for six weeks, but no longer; 'his master invariably watched the day on which 'his time' expired, and compelled him to repeat his oath; which he would readily do after swallowing two glasses. To make the Irish abstain, even to a moderate extent, was therefore considered a hopeless task; and he would have been a visionary indeed who foretold a time when a drunken Irishman would be a far greater rarity than a sober one.

TEMPERANCE.

"We entered, one day, a cottage in a suburb of Cork: a woman was knitting stockings at the door; it was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them. 'My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man, nor a bad husband; but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one-pound-one on a Saturday night; and it broke my heart to see the poor children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks on my bended knees that night? Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, Maybe the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings: so I felt there was no fear of him; and the ninth week, when he came home to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes, and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a bran-new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and resate for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a babby—but 'twas with thanks to God: and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or dacenter or better-fed children than our own four?' It is most unlikely that such a family will again sink into poverty and wretchedness. We might add largely to these cases, not only from what we have heard, but from what we have seen.

"In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state, that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th June to the 6th September 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month, we had travelled from Cork to Killarney, round the coast; returning by the inland route, not along mail-coach roads, but on a 'jaunting car,' through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns, driving through fairs, attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers mounted;) in short, wherever crowds were assembled, and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the country and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places, and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed, perhaps, fifty car-drivers; we never found one to accept a drink; the boatmen of Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whisky we had taken with us for the bugle player, who was not 'pledged,' and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake, and refreshed themselves from its waters. It was amusing, as well as gratifying, to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo—'Paddy Blake, plase yer honour, the gintleman promises ye some coffee whin ye get home;' and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat's crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whisky shops are closed, or converted into coffee houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage. Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne out by the assurances of so many who live in towns, as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland.

"We may, perhaps, interest our readers by giving them some details of our visit to Mr. Mathew. The room in which members are received is large, and furnished with a desk and wooden benches. When we entered it, 'the President' was not there; but there were men and women of all ages, waiting to take the pledge. Among them was a sturdy mountaineer from Kerry; a fine athletic fellow, who had led his 'faction' for a quarter of a century, whose head was scarred in at least a dozen places, and who had been renowned throughout the country for his prowess at every fair within twenty miles of his home. He had long been a member of this society, and had brought a few of his 'friends' to follow his example. He described to us, with natural and forcible eloquence, the effect of temperance in producing peace between man and man, in his own immediate neighbourhood; in terminating the brutal fights between two notorious and numerous factions, the Cooleens and the Lawlors, whose names had figured in every criminal calendar for a century back. 'No matter what was doing, it was left undone,' he said, 'if any one of either party chose to call up the rest. They'd leave the hay half cut, or the oats to be shelled by the four winds of heaven; and, taking the hay fork, the reaping hook, and the scythe in their hands, they'd rush out to massacre each other. Tubs of potheen would be drunk hot from the mountain stills; and then, whooping and hallooing like wild Indians, they'd mingle in the unnatural war of Irishmen against Irishmen. I've known them fight so on the sea shore, that the sea has come in and drowned those that had fallen drunk in the fray. How is it now? At the last fair at Tralee, there wasn't a stick lifted. There was peace between the factions; and the Cooleens and the Lawlors met, for the first time in the memory of man, without laving a dead 'boy' to be carried home to the widow's cabin."

ON THE MEDICINAL LEECH.

(*Hirudo medicinalis.*)

Of the utility of the medicinal leech, (*Hirudo medicinalis,*) nothing need be said; all are familiar with it, and there are many of our number who have been subjected to its operation. It is one of those creatures, of the instincts and habits of which man has availed himself for his personal benefit; and thousands are annually collected and distributed throughout the whole of Europe, to be kept in readiness for his service. It is common in many of the still waters of our own island; but is especially abundant in certain districts of France, where many persons make the collecting of it a trade. Well known, however, as the leech is, and acquainted as all are with its powers of drawing blood, there are numbers totally ignorant of its structure and organization, and who therefore look at it with no other interest than that derived from its use: but who, were they to gain even a general knowledge of its anatomy, would perceive with pleasure how admirably it is adapted to the purpose for which it is applied by man; and that though in its natural state, it may never have the opportunity of drawing one drop of blood, how palpably its structure accords with an instinct to satiate itself with blood, whenever an opportunity is presented. It is to this point that our attention is directed. The general figure of the leech need not be described. It belongs to the class *annelida*, or red-blooded worms, whose body, always elongated and destitute of true limbs, consists of a series of rings or segments, often furnished with short spines or bristle-like appendages, available for the purpose of locomotion. The blood circulates through a double system of arteries and veins, and is aerated either in an internal laboratory, or by means of external tuft-like appendages or vascular branchiæ. Some of the *annelida* are, however, not only destitute of external branchial tufts, but also of *setæ*, or spines, on the rings of the body, and such is the leech, placed by Cuvier as a family by itself in the abranchious section ("des abranches sans soies") of the *annelida*.* The external investment of the leech may be described as a muscular tunic, with a coloured pigment on its surface, the whole being covered with a delicately thin cuticular membrane, lubricated with a mucous fluid, secreted in considerable abundance. It is to the arrangement of the muscular fibres of the investing tissue, which, like the finger of a glove, encloses the internal organs, that the external ringed or annulated character of the body is owing,

* The common earth-worm (*Lumbricus terrestris*) is one of the *abranchious annelida* with bristles, one of the "*abranches sétigères*" of Cuvier.

and upon which its movements, whether contractile or expansive, depend.

This muscular tissue is found to consist of three distinct layers of fibres, each layer having its peculiar direction. The outer layer consists of annular fibres, or of fibres forming bands running round transversely to the body of the animal, and very distinguishable. The second layer consists of a system of fibres arranged in a spiral manner, round the animal, but in such directions as to cross each other, while the innermost, or third distinct layer is composed of longitudinal fibres, running in a straight direction from one extremity of the animal to the other. Such, then, is the structure of the muscular tunic of the leech; but at the caudal extremity its fibres enter into the structure of a sucking disc, and some there assume a radiating, others a circular, course. The same observation applies to their arrangement on the expansive moveable lips which encircle the oral aperture, and which also form another sucking disc, capable of being attached to objects over which the leech is proceeding. These suckers, namely, the caudal and the oral, are the principal agents of locomotion on solid surfaces; the caudal sucker, for example, being fixed, the animal elongates its body to the utmost, and then fixes its oral sucker; this done, the caudal sucker is disengaged, the body drawn up, and the sucker fixed again, while the oral sucker is disengaged, the body again elongated, and this sucker once more attached, and so on alternately. By this simple process, the leech can crawl along with considerable expedition, and even proceed up the smooth sides of a glass vessel, or it can there fix itself and rest. This crawling mode of progression is, however, not the only one with which the leech is endowed; it swims both rapidly and gracefully. In the performance of this act, the body assumes the form of a ribband, being both flattened and elongated; and it makes its way through the water by a series of serpentine or undulatory movements, executed with the utmost ease and celerity. With respect to the senses with which the leech may be endowed, there is much to be ascertained; the oral sucker, or lip, evidently enjoys a more refined sense of touch than any other part, and may even appreciate the flavour or the scent of blood, or of the animals on which it preys; this, at all events, if not absolutely proved, is probable.* For a long time, the leech was supposed to be destitute of eyes, but this is ascertained to be erroneous; the existence of such organs has been demonstrated by Professor Carena, in his monograph on the genus *Hirudo*, in Mém. R. Acad. Sc. Turin, vol. xxv. p. 281. These in the medicinal leech are ten in number; and are seated in a semicircular row upon the sucking surface of the oral disc, where they appear as minute black points, not however to be seen without the aid of a lens. According to Professor Müller, these eyes are of the simplest structure, being merely the expansion of the extremity of minute nervous fibrils, covered by a delicate transparent convex cornea, derived from the epidermis, and lined posteriorly with a layer of black pigment, to which their appearance as black specks is to be attributed. As no crystalline lens, nor aqueous, or vitreous humours for the refraction or the condensation of rays of light have been detected, their situation, and the simplicity of their structure, prove that their use is restricted to the close and exclusive examination of food or objects on which the animal is about to seize, or to which it is about to apply the oral sucker. Of the distinctness of vision resulting from such an apparatus no idea can be formed: it is probably at a low ratio. The mouth (or disc-like lips) of the leech forms, as already stated, an efficient sucker, and, in this respect, may be compared to a cupping glass; but it is one containing lancets for making, when fixed on the skin, three superficial, yet sufficient incisions. Around the oral orifice, which leads into the stomach, are arranged three minute cartilaginous teeth, so situated as to form the three points of a triangle. Each tooth, which is somewhat semicircular in its figure, is surrounded by circular muscular fibres, by which it is acted upon; and its free edge, instead of being smooth, is found, when examined by means of a good microscope, to be serrated, or finely

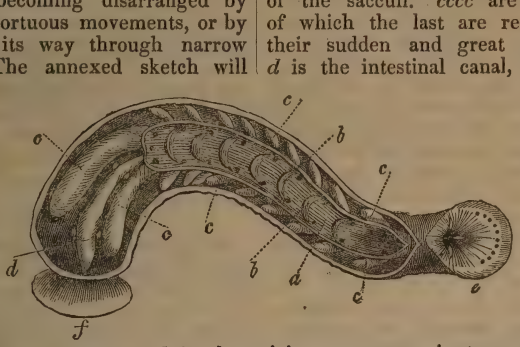
* That leeches enjoy the faculty of tasting, seems to be proved, not only by the refusal of them to bite the skin, which has been rubbed or anointed with any oleaginous or acrid embrocation, until it be well washed and cleaned; but by their turning away from such a part, without even fixing their oral disc upon it, as if from disgust. It is, moreover, well known, that a little milk, or milk and sugar, smeared on a part which they have refused to bite, will often induce them to attack it eagerly.

indented, so as to resemble the edge of a semicircular saw; hence, when the oral disc is fixed upon the skin, the edges of these little saws are brought in contact with it, and so worked by the muscular fibres in the midst of which they are implanted, as to divide the skin and capillary vessels, from which the blood is sucked by means of a strong and very apparent muscular action, so as gradually to fill the stomach and its appendages. We say appendages, because the stomach is provided with a range of sacculi on each side, to which we shall presently advert more explicitly.

The stomach is a capacious sac, so extremely dilatable, as, when filled, to enlarge the animal to several times its ordinary bulk. It is of an elongated form, running for about two-thirds down the entire length of the animal, and is also of considerable diameter; internally it is divided by eight membranous septa into compartments, which however freely communicate with each other. In each compartment are two lateral orifices, (one on each side,) leading into sac-like appendages of an elongated form, and bluntly pointed at the apex. These sacculi enlarge gradually from the first downwards; but the last are of extraordinary size, and nearly fill the space between the muscular parietes, and the short intestinal canal. The use of these sacculi is not well ascertained. Some regard them as appendages for the increase of the digestive cavity, or as reservoirs for containing food, while that with which the stomach itself is filled is undergoing the process of digestion; and certain it is, that when the leech is gorged with blood, these sacculi are not only filled, but greatly distended. On the contrary, other anatomists regard them as organs for the secretion of various fluids necessary for digestion, and analogous to the salivary and biliary fluids of higher animals. A query here arises, whether blood is the natural aliment (with other things) of the leech. Blood taken into the stomach of this animal does not appear to undergo digestion, but will remain red and without alteration, as Cuvier says, for several weeks, ("pendant plusieurs semaines;") indeed, when a leech is distended with blood, it generally dies, as if from the effects of inordinate repletion, unless indeed the greater portion of it be regurgitated through the mouth. Besides, in its natural abodes, the opportunity of indulging its appetite for blood, as far, at least, as that of warm-blooded vertebrate animals is concerned, must be of extremely rare occurrence; and, moreover, this appetite is only exhibited by two, or perhaps three species, so that it is not perhaps going too far to say, that it is given, not with a view so much to the good of the animals themselves, as for the benefit of man, at least as far as the present species is concerned.* Much indeed has been said of the blood-thirsty appetite of the horse leech, and probably not without foundation; its wounds are also asserted to be sometimes dangerous; nevertheless, as Cuvier well remarks, "the diversity of opinions respecting the power of the horse leech (*Hæmopis sanguisorba*, Savi.) to draw blood, is not a little singular. Linneus says that, nine are able to kill a horse. Messrs. Huzard and Pelletier, on the contrary, in a memoir presented to the Institute (of France) and inserted in the 'Journal de Pharmacie,' March, 1825, assert, that it attacks no vertebrate animal whatsoever. M. Blainville, however, hints that they have mistaken for the horse leech, a nearly allied species, the black leech, (la sangsue noire) which he makes the type of a distinct genus, termed *Pseudobdella*, and of which the mouth has only folds of skin, without any teeth; a more accurate examination is therefore necessary. Both species of leech devour earth worms with avidity." To return to the medicinal leech: the small dimensions of the intestinal canal, compared with the magnitude of the stomach, is very remarkable, and proves the carnivorous propensities of the animal; at least, if we are to be guided by analogy. Its course is nearly straight, and, on each side, at some distance from each other are two small glandular bodies, the uses of which are not understood. The stomach with its appen-

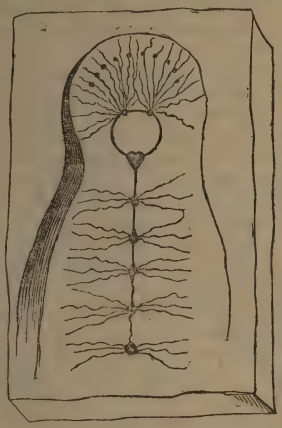
* It is a remarkable fact, that certain leeches of Chili are terrestrial, living in the woods, and never in the water. M. Gay states, that he could not make a botanical excursion, without having his legs bitten by these blood-suckers. They crawl upon plants, along trunks of trees, and ascend shrubs, but never approach marshes or rivers. The only one which M. Gay discovered in these latter localities, is a very small kind, belonging to the genus *Branchiobdella*, which has the singular habit of living in the pulmonary cavity of a gasteropodous shelled mollusc, (*Auricula Dombeii;*) and he also found at Santiago another species of the same genus, living under the branchiæ of a species of lobster. In Europe, a species (*Branchiobdella astaci*) lives on the branchiæ of the crayfish. In their sylvan manners, there are leeches in Ceylon, which agree with those of Chili. See Mag. of Zool. and Bot. vol. i. p. 414.

dages, and the intestinal canal, do not float loosely in the body of the leech, but are retained in their proper situation by numerous membranous ligaments, which intervene between them and the muscular investment, and are thus secured from becoming disarranged by the animal's tortuous movements, or by its worming its way through narrow apertures. The annexed sketch will convey an idea of the digestive organs of the leech, as seen when exposed by the removal of the abdominal portion of the body. *a* is the stomach, with a portion cut away, so as to allow the septa *bb* to be seen, together with the orifices of the sacculi. *cccc* are the sacculi, of which the last are remarkable for their sudden and great development. *d* is the intestinal canal, with its two



glandular bodies on each side, lying between the last two sacculi. *e* is the oral disc, with the eyes and teeth. *f* is the caudal disc.

The leech is provided with a nervous system, and this system is ganglionic; that is, made up of knots, or ganglia, connected by intervening nervous threads: of these ganglia thus connected together, twenty-four or twenty-five are seated in a line down the abdominal surface of the body, from the œsophagus to the caudal extremity. From these ganglia, or nervous centres, fibres are distributed to the body; but the first, or œsophagical ganglion, consisting of two united



nodules, forms a heart-shaped mass larger than the rest, and sends off a nervous thread, which encircles the gullet, and joins two very minute ganglia, situated upon the back or dorsal aspect of the oral orifice; and it is from these two little points that the oral disc receives its nerves of sensation, and the eyes those of vision. The characters of this nervous system of ganglia, and the nature of the œsophagal ganglion with its nervous circle, and minute ganglia giving fibrils to the oral disc and eyes, will be understood by reference to the accompanying slight sketch. It has been already stated, that the leech belongs to the class of red-blooded worms, or *annelida:* hence it is to be inferred, that there is a circulatory system, for the due distribution of the vital fluid. There is, however, no heart; it is by the agency of contractile vessels only that this is effected. Anatomists have described four large longitudinal trunks or vessels, of which two are mesian, one running down the centre of the back, the other down the centre of the abdomen: the other two are lateral, one on each side, and appear to be connected with the respiratory apparatus. The central dorsal vessel answers the purpose of an aorta, and receiving the blood aerated by the lateral vessels, distributes it to the general system: the abdominal vessel serves as a venous reservoir, collecting the blood after its circulation through the minute arteries, and returning it partly to the dorsal vessel, but chiefly to the two lateral vessels, for the purpose of becoming again aërated. The movement of the blood in the two lateral vessels is independent of that in

the mesian vessels, and varies in its course; the current sometimes being from the head of the animal to the caudal extremity in one vessel, whence it passes into the other, which it ascends; sometimes the reverse. Between all the great vessels there is a free communication. The aërating, or respiratory apparatus, consists of a series of lateral sacculi, or little membranous pouches, opening externally by small orifices for the admission of water; on each side there are seventeen of these sacs, composed of a highly vascular membrane, so delicate as to permit the action of the oxygen of the water upon the blood. The vascular network, which is spread over each sacculus, is derived from the lateral vessels of its own side, which gives off two branches for the supply of each; first a simple straight, or nearly straight branch; and secondly, a thick, muscular and singularly tortuous branch, highly irritable, but with its canal extremely narrow. This singular tortuous artery, with its thick parietes, was for a long time regarded as a glandular body, of unknown use; and it is but recently that its true character has been ascertained. It is not, however, in these respiratory sacculi only that the blood of the leech is aërated; the surface of the body itself, covered, as we have stated, by a very fine cuticle, is furnished with a network of innumerable minute vessels, and the blood as it circulates through them is subjected to the action of the oxygen of the medium in which the animal habitually resides. The leech, or at least the medicinal leech, is aquatic; but it can live for a considerable period exposed to the atmosphere; and, under these circumstances, it is probable that the aëration of the blood is confined to that in the cutaneous capillaries, at least as long as the skin continues defended with its mucous secretion. Some leeches, however, are exclusively terrestrial, as has been already noticed respecting those of Chili and Ceylon; and an European species (*Geobdella trochetii*) lives as much on the land as in the water; leaving the latter in order to pursue the earth worm, on which it feeds.

Other minutiæ in the structure of the leech might be entered into; enough, however, has been said to convey a clear idea of its general organization—the object of our immediate aim.

To call the attention of the reader to the skill and wisdom which are displayed in the organization, not only of this animal, but of all living bodies, and which attest, or rather indeed demonstrate, the power and goodness of God, is scarcely necessary. It is especially, when the naturalist investigates the structure of animals, and their express adaptation for their appointed modes of life; when he examines their anatomy, and discovers its beauty and propriety, that he is led to exclaim, "How wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!" M.

MAN IS RESPONSIBLE.

The usual preliminary of a discussion, namely, the definition of the principal term in question, is, in the present instance, attended with an incidental difficulty, not to be surmounted without virtually affirming what has been alleged to require proof. But then, this same difficulty attaches to every argument concerning the great principles of human nature; inasmuch as the mere fact that human language furnishes terms whereby such faculties may be defined and described, is a substantial proof of their reality.

If, for example, it were asked, Is man a rational animal?—the contrary being pretended, and if the advocate of so whimsical a paradox were required to make us understand, by definitions, or circumlocutions, or by equivalents, drawn from other languages, what it is precisely of which he means to despoil humanity; in merely stating his objection, he must answer it; or at least supply all the materials necessary for his own refutation. The fact that every language of civilized men comprises a large class of words and phrases dependent one upon another for their meaning, and related, closely or remotely, to a certain property, or function of human nature, and which terms we can by no means dispense with in describing man, as he is distinguished from the terrestrial orders around him, this fact, attaching universally to the vehicle of thought, affords all the proof which a strict logic would grant in reply to the sophism. Language, when combined in continuous discourse, may indeed, and too often does, convey notions totally false and absurd; but language itself, which is at once the engine of cogitation, and the record of all facts

permanently or incidentally attaching to human nature; language, the least falfacious of historians, which, while it notes the revolutions of empires, is the enduring type of the visible world, and the shadow of the invisible—the mirror of the universe, as known to man, language never lies: how should it do so; seeing that it is itself the creature and reflection of nature? As well deny that the trees, buildings, rocks, and clouds, painted on the bosom of a tranquil lake are images of realities, as well do this, as assume that language, in the abstract, has ever belied humanity, or presented any elements foreign to our constitution.

Philosophers or teachers may have affirmed, and the multitude may have believed, far more than could be proved; meantime, the vehicle they have employed in defining and promulgating such illusions, has faithfully embodied the permanent verities of philosophy and religion; just as a wonder-loving traveller, while he tells a thousand tales of griffins and dragons, sets us right by the dumb testimony of the specimens he has brought with him. Men might as easily create to themselves a sixth sense, as fabricate, and retain in use a system of terms, having no archetypes in nature.

And what is true of language generally, respecting human nature at large, is true in particular of the language of each race, respecting its particular characteristics, and even its history. For example, were we, as some have done, to reject, as a tissue of arrogant fables, what we learned at school concerning the early conquests of the Roman people; and if Livy were dismissed as a mere romancer, yet, in taking up the Latin language, as a whole, and in running through its vocabulary, and in considering its idioms, we should find no room left for a question, whether the people to whom the language of Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, was vernacular, were a military people: is it possible to believe them to have been the inert cultivators of the soil, or a nation of shopkeepers? Let the entire Roman history be repudiated; yet give us only the Roman language, and we should readily recover, from that source alone, an authentic record of those successive triumphs, which at length made the Cesars the lords of the world.

Aristotle may have taught a false system of the universe, and Plato may have dreamed in politics and morals; but can we turn over the pages of a Greek lexicon, and affect to doubt whether the Greek mind was of philosophic cast? With the Greek language before us, in its mere words and idioms, we want no historians, we want no poets, we want no marbles, we want no temples, to assure us that the race of men using that tongue, were, in mind and taste, all that historians, poets, marbles, temples, show them to have been.

And it deserves particularly to be noted, that, while the languages of civilized races at large furnish evidence on all points touching man's nature, physical, intellectual, and moral, so those especial refinements, which characterize this or that language, and which have resulted from the eminent attainments of the people using it, serve to exhibit that one rudiment of human nature as we might say magnified, and its inner structure expanded. It is not in the rude speech of nomadic hordes, or in the talk of the fish eaters of a desolate shore, that we are to look for the record of the genuine rudiments of human nature; but rather in the copiousness of tongues which have conveyed the choicest refinements of those rudiments.

Were it questioned whether man be an imaginative being, formed to catch analogies, and to be charmed with resemblance; three-fourths of every language, barbarous or civilized, attests the fact; nor is this evidence touched by any instances of what may be false in taste, or factitious, in the literature of the people.

Or is the question, "Am I responsible—am I a moral agent—am I to be held accountable for my temper, dispositions, and conduct; and am I so constituted as that a future retribution will be a fit issue of my present course of life?" If this be the question, it is answered at once concisely, and conclusively, by simply appealing to the mere words that must be employed to express it.

But if, on any account, we should think it well seriously to go into controversy with one propounding so strange a doubt, it could be thought nothing more than reasonable to require him to spread out so formidable a query in some variety of terms. We should ask him then to favour us with synonymes, and equivalents; and to set his difficulty clear of ambiguity, by a liberal

adduction of instances and illustrations. Who could decline so equitable a request?

If we suppose, then, our objector to have complied; he stands convinced: at least, if his mind have been trained to habits of logical inquiry, he will not fail to see that, in describing the moral nature, with the intent to deny it, he has unwittingly affirmed it; and we might say to him, "More convincing than any syllogisms, or than any discursive argument, in proof of the reality of that moral scheme which you call in question, are the words (considered as products of the human mind) to which you have been compelled to have recourse in enouncing your scepticism. The system we live under is, in fact, a moral system in the highest sense; because among all people with whom human nature has been at all expanded, a copious vocabulary of terms is found, to which no sense could be assigned in a world of beings, either purely animal, or purely intellectual.

If man be not a moral agent, and if his sphere in this respect do not immeasurably transcend that of the sentient orders around him, how comes he to talk as if he were? If, in regard to a moral system, he be only a brute of finer form, born of the earth and returning to it, whence is it that, in respect of virtue and vice, of good and evil, the dialect of heaven rolls over his lips? When was it, and how, that he stole the vocabulary of the skies?

You may choose to say, That men's notions of virtue and vice are, and ever have been, contorted; that they have been used to call good evil, and evil good. You may say, That the notions attached to these terms are variable, and the terms themselves convertible; you may say, That conscience is a fallacious adviser; that notions of honour impel men to acts of shame; and that reward and punishment fall as often inversely, as directly, upon merit and demerit. Or you may affirm, That man's actual position, creature of circumstances as he is, and yet held responsible, is severe, undesirable, and melancholy in its consequences. You may say this, or more of the sort; and yet you cannot even murmur your complaints, without establishing the very principles on the ground of which, first, a moral system may be incontestably proved; and, secondly, the actual moral system shown not to contradict the Divine attributes: and, clearly you can never affirm it to be unjust to treat man as responsible for his dispositions and actions, without virtually admitting every postulate of the most refined moral science; for, plainly, there can be no injustice within a system which admits of no justice: there can be no cruelty, where there might not be goodness; nor could any abstractions of this order have been named, or discoursed of, except in a community of beings, who, in fact, are conversant with whatever necessitates the inference that they are held accountable to supreme justice, and will hereafter be reckoned with. Certain modes of treatment may be severe, only on the supposition—that they have place in a system which would have admitted lenient modes of treatment; and such a system, by the very statement, is abstractedly good; it is a benevolently constructed system, and therefore the conception of a benevolent mind.—*Isaac Taylor.*

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.—No. I.

THE ATHEIST.

"Are there—still more amazing—who resist
The rising thought? who smother in its birth
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who, through this bosom barrier, burst their way,
And with reversed ambition strive to sink?
Who labour downwards, through the opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them
In dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night? night darker than the graves?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?"—Young.

Son of song, there are! And they say, moreover, in their blindness, that the substance of the world existed from all eternity; and that all parts of it being in motion, after various trials, so assembled themselves together, as to form the beautiful world exhibited to our view. They say, further, that men sprang like mushrooms out of the mud and slime of the earth; and that their thoughts, and what is called soul, are only the various actions and repercussion of small particles of matter. Again, they say of the system of this beautiful world, that it is composed of nought else but matter and motion—matter, dividing itself into such and such a figure; and motion, directing into such and such tracks, and turnings, and deviations, that they dance about at will, and yet keeping due order; while there is no God to superintend them, or

while the dreamy god, like the fabled Somnus, charmed by poppies and somniferous herbs, sleeps in some dark cave, on a bed of down, encircled by black curtains, and never takes part in mundane affairs.

Such opinions did Reuben Flint hold, who, but a few years ago, was the pest of our village. But whence arose these opinions? As I have looked upon his emaciated form, something ever whispered within me that it was guilt. There was something, indeed, in that form, which conveyed a sense of guilt unpardoned, to every one who could spell human nature. The restless motion of his downcast eye was a true index of a guilty conscience; and this, no doubt, worked him into the belief that there was no God in heaven or earth, no soul in man, and no future existence.

In former years Reuben moved in the higher classes of society. He was, indeed, beloved by them, and courted for his wit and humour. His education, morever, entitled him to a place in that society. Deeply versed in the classic lore of the ancients, and not less so in that of the moderns, he could interest you by rich quotations from those treasures of learning. But it has been said,

> "Not lofty intellect the heart keeps clean
> From moral taint, or yet illumes the mind
> By nature dark."

This was verified in the character of Reuben. By degrees he began to lead a profligate life; and still, as he advanced step by step in the path of vice, he proceeded further and further into the night of atheism, and descended lower and lower in the scale of society. His latter years were spent, indeed, amongst the rustics of our village, although he had the means of supporting himself in a higher style of life. But we cannot wonder at this conduct, for, as Reuben promulgated his views publicly on the subject of the composition of man; that they were all composed of perishable matter, it would have been folly in him to have kept himself aloof from the lowest society. Besides, he held the notion that mankind should possess all things in common. This notion, however, he did not carry into practice; for, though he idled away his time on the same alebench with the meanest sot, he reserved to himself the right of emptying his own glass.

That was an evil day for the rustic part of our village community, when Reuben condescended to mingle in their society. The poison of his principles spread through their veins in as subtile a manner, as does the poison of the asp through the veins of the hapless being who receives its bite. Many, through his influence, were led into the paths of immorality and irreligion, and walked hand in hand with him, through the hazy wilds of atheism. Apt to learn that which is evil, they learned to laugh at our good old rector, to forsake his fold, and to term his holy occupation priestcraft. They were not, however, so skilful as Reuben in the dark subject. When pressed for a reason why they thought chance made the world, that there was no God, and that they had no soul; their only reply was, "Reuben Flint tells us so, and you know he is a wonderfully clever man." "Besides," some of them would add, "Reuben is a good man, he is not above taking his glass with us, as the saints are. Let them show themselves as humble, and we will listen to what they say; we will then hear both sides of the question over a full glass."

The reader may be sure that Reuben was a thorn in the sides of our rector. He was indeed, and one of a severe nature. He wished to turn him into the right way; but Reuben avoided all his counsel by declining to confer with him. If he saw him in the distance, Reuben would turn into some other road; or, if there was an alehouse near, he would take shelter there. Once, however, they fairly had a race, and nimble as were the heels of Reuben naturally, and spurred on as he was by coward fear, our rector overtook him just as he was hiding himself in a nook in the wall. There, it is said, he read Reuben such a lecture as made him tremble, to the no small amusement of some truant boys who had joined in the race. This fact, for a short time, seemed to shake the faith of some of his followers; but their leader rallying over his glass, so as to term him "bigot," they rallied over theirs, and matters went on as before.

Our rector, at length, despaired of ever reclaiming Reuben by his own skill; and knowing full well that Reuben deemed and called his sacred office priestcraft, he called in laymen to his aid, hoping thereby to effect his holy purpose. Among those whose aid he solicited, I was one. It was some time, however, before I had an opportunity of conversing

with Reuben, for he cared but little to converse with any one in the village, except his own companions. But, at length, I perceived him walking towards me, in the moss-grown retreats; and strange to relate, as we met, Reuben himself commenced a conversation.

"I have been thinking," said he, "while looking on the scene around us, what a lucky move the atoms which composed chaos made, when they flew into the beautiful order in which we now see this earth."

"That is an excellent idea," I replied; and taking my watch out of my waistcoat pocket, and holding it up to his view, I added, "and it solves the question which I have for years endeavoured to answer, namely, since no maker's name is engraved thereon, who made this ingenious piece of mechanism? What an idiot I must have been not to have thought of this before! Who made it? No hand, mortal or immortal, was employed in its construction; it came together by chance. Reuben, I thank you for your observations!"

At that moment I looked upon its wheels, and saw they had ceased their evolutions, and tapping it gently, "How is this?" I exclaimed, "there is something the matter with it; its wheels stand still."

"Probably it wants winding up; or, perhaps the spring is broken," said Reuben.

"I hope not the latter," I replied; "but, if it is, chance must repair it." Examining the works, however, I found it had only run out its chain; and intent upon convincing Reuben of his folly, I ejaculated this apostrophe: "Chance, thou madest this watch which I hold in my hand; and a very beautiful watch it is, and a very good watch when in repair. But you must know that, hitherto, when there has been any thing the matter with it, I have been unwise enough to send it to a mechanic to be repaired; and when it has wanted winding up, I have taken the key, at the end of my chain, and wound it up with my own hands. Now, I do not intend to do this any more, for I find, from the reasoning I have just heard, that thou madest it, and thou must repair, and wind it up for the future. I pause to observe thy handiwork."

Now, whether Chance was offended by this familiar apostrophe, or whether it works only when it pleases, this deponent saith not; but certain it is, that the wheels of his watch made no movement until he took the key in his hand, and wound up the chain; which, when he had done, he looked Reuben full in the face, and exclaimed, "You see that I can do more than Chance now; I have set the wheels of my watch in motion."

"I see to what point you are directing your course," said Reuben; "but what has your watch to do with the world?"

"Nothing, whatever," I replied; "only I imagine that if this watch was made by the hand of ingenuity, which is proved by the fact, that it would not move its wheels without my aid, then, this magnificent globe must have been formed by some almighty Being, and must now be sustained, in its diurnal rotation round yonder glorious luminary—which astronomical fact you cannot gainsay—by the same hand."

"Apropos," exclaimed Reuben, whose looks denoted that he did not relish this logic, and that he wished to change the topic, "I have often wondered why you hold the opinion, that the world at large, or rather I should say, Christendom maintains concerning the soul of man."

"And why should you wonder?" said I, somewhat surprised at his expressing himself thus freely.

"Because I know," he replied, "that you are acquainted with the opinions of the ancients on this subject, than which nothing can be more unsatisfactory. You know that Socrates doubted of its existence; and that Epictetus says, that what is fire, in our composition, returns to that element, what of earth to earth, what of air to air, and what of water to water. You, know, also, that Cicero and Plato give to it the attributes of the Divine Being, and suppose it to have been from all eternity uncreated and self-existent; and that some hold its post-existence as well as pre-existence, while others believe it to be a quality; and the imperial Stoic maintained, that every body would be lost and buried in the universal substance, and that every soul would be absorbed and sunk in the universal nature. What did the school of Aristotle teach? That the soul, after its separation from the body, will neither joy nor grieve, love nor hate, nor be subject to any passions of the like nature; neither will it remember, think, or understand. What, then, did the school of

Zeno teach? That the soul died with the body. And the school of Pythagoras? The transmigration of souls: a doctrine which he no more believed, than did Ovid, who perpetuated it in his immortal Metamorphoses. The fables of the mythologic poets, were contrived simply to impress on their hearers a reverence for their fabulous gods. But what boots it to talk of the ancients? You know, that the opinions of the wiser sort of moderns differ as much on this point as did they. What do some physicians think of the soul? That it is a complexion. And musicians? That it consists of harmonies. They differ also, both ancients and moderns, as widely as to its seat as they do with reference to its existence. Some place it in the heart, others in the veins; some in the brain, and others in the stomach; some say it is all in all, and in every part; and others, that it is not contained, but all contains. Now, amidst such conflicting opinions, what are we to think of the matter? Is it not our wisdom to conclude, that we have no soul at all?"

Just then a mole was seen peering its head out of a molehill, which it had been upturning whilst Reuben was revelling among these opinions concerning the soul; and calling his attention to the action of the little creature, I asked, "Do you know who this mole represents?"

"I do not," he replied.

"Then I can inform you," I rejoined. "It is the representative of man in a state of nature. As that creature gropes its weary way through the dark bowels of the earth, without one ray of blessed light, so blindly does man, left to himself, pass through this world; ever conjecturing, but knowing nothing for a certainty. It is true, Reuben, I know what these great men have broached concerning the soul of man; but when I read their pages, I always bear this in mind, that I am reading the works of those who wrote by the glimmering light of that pitiful taper, intellect! These men, therefore, are not my oracles on the subject of the soul of man: and yet, if I were to draw an inference from their varied conjectures, by my own unaided reason, I should come to a very different conclusion from that which you appear to have arrived at. I should conclude that man had a soul; but the knowledge of what principle it is, the reach of mortal thought is too feeble to attain. And this would derive a confirmation from my own senses. Reuben, I feel that I have a soul. When I awake in the morning, and reflect upon the visions of the night; the imaginary flights I have taken, and the imaginary transactions I have been engaged in, I feel that it was the workings of a soul, stirring within. When I reason on any subject, I feel that it is by the powers of a soul. When I converse, I feel that my words are dictated by a soul. When again, I lift up my arm, or advance a step"—I said, and suited the action to the word, which made Reuben shrink, as though he feared the weight of the staff I held in my hand—"I feel that it is the motion of a soul. But I neither depend upon inferences which I can draw from the writings of ancients or moderns, or upon the evidence of my own senses in this matter. Revelation teaches me, that I have a soul, and that it is an immortal principle, which will exist for ever in weal or woe."

"And so you really believe," exclaimed Reuben, affecting a look of surprise, "that man has a soul! but if you do, it is more than some can say, with truth, who are paid for teaching such a dogma."

"I drop a tear of pity over such characters," replied I; "but, if men are so venal, as to promulgate what they do not believe, merely for a provision in this life, does that affect the great question before us?" And seeing that Reuben wanted to escape from the question of revelation, I brought him at once to the point, by asking his opinion of its evidence.

"Rev-e-la-tion," answered Reuben reluctantly. "I can only say what others have said before me, that we have no revelation. Are you so weak as to think that, if there is a Being presiding over the universe, that he would deign to reveal his will to such a few collected atoms as man?"

"Not," I replied, "if man were only atoms; but as he is in possession of a soul, worth, in the estimation of Heaven, ten thousand worlds, I can believe that he has deigned to reveal his will to man, and I should account that day, the most evil of all my days, when I could part with this fundamental principle of my faith."

"And now," interrupted Reuben, while an exulting smile played upon his lips, "I have a thought. The immortal Byron has remarked, that the Old Testament, which you consider as part of your revelation, makes no mention of a

place of torment, which your saints are so fond of apportioning to those they are pleased to designate sinners."

"Has the bard made such a remark?" I asked.

"He has," replied Reuben.

"Then," I continued, "I maintain he knew but little of its contents. What did good old Israel mean, when in the prospect of death, he exclaimed, 'I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord?' Gen. xlix. 18. Would he have termed an oblivious sleep salvation? What, again, did the patriarch Job mean, when he said, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me," Job xix. 25—27. Does not this passage prove the fallacy of the poet's assertion, and breathe a sweet hope of a hereafter? And would you, rather than possess such a hope, persuade yourself that you are upon an equality with the brutes that graze around us? Think of how much comfort you deprive yourself; and reflect, have you never had a bosom friend, whom you would wish to meet again, if not in this, in some better world? I know you have. And would you not possess this hope? I know you would. Reuben, the whole tenor of the Old Testament proves that there is a future state; and I would recommend you to give it an attentive perusal, and after that, to read its faithful commentary, the New Testament. You will—"

I was going on to say, that he would find the latter elucidate the former most happily; but Reuben looking fiercely upon me, exclaimed, "I have no time to listen to your sermon, or to attend to your advice. I thought, when I commenced a conversation with you, that I should find you a rational being, and that you would have met me on my own classic ground, and have quoted rational authors, such as you know I love, in defence of your opinions, that man has a soul; but instead of that, I find you are a supporter of priestcraft."

"Reuben," I replied, "if a passage from any profane author would put you into a good humour again, I would quote it with pleasure." And putting myself into a proper attitude for recitation, continued: "Suppose we select one, by way of trial, from the immortal Shakspeare:" and I commenced Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

"To be, or not to be: that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die—to sleep—
No more: and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep!—perchance, to dream! ay, there's the rub!
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the retrospect—
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorn o' the time—
The oppressor's wrong; the proud man's contumely;
The pangs of despised love; the law's delay;
The insolence of office; and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death—
(That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of,
Thus conscience does make cowards——"

Now, whether the conscience of Reuben was awakened out of its slumbers, and was transforming him into a coward, I cannot aver; but certain it is, that, dearly as he loved Shakspeare, before the recitation was concluded, he turned himself round, and walked hastily away.

It is certain, also, that the conversation was lost upon him, for he trod the same wild round of atheism as before. He was indeed the

"Grey-beard corrupter of our listening youth;"

and heads older than his own, looked to him for his opinion of death and eternity.

But there is one remarkable fact, which must not be omitted, and that is, that not one who had led a moral life, sought comfort at his hands; the profligate alone wished to be convinced that there was no hereafter: a fact which confirms the poet's supposition, "that guilt is the parent of atheism." With such characters as these Reuben would lounge over the ale-bench for hours together, carousing and holding up death as a bugbear to frighten old women and children, but at whom wise men, like themselves, laugh. Thus it was that they boasted over their cups; but when death came, many of them, it is said, trembled, and wished to avoid his grasp, a "little space," that they might repent. Reuben

was, however, true to his principle to the last, and he exhibited it to our village, by keeping our good old rector from his bed-side.

And now the "atoms" of which he was composed have blended with the common dust. His existence in this world has ceased, and if his notions were correct, he has proved his affinity to the brute creation; but if they were not—if he was of a superior order to the beast that perishes, and possessed a never-dying soul, he now exists in weal or woe.

Reader, we do not presume to assign the eternal destiny of Reuben Flint; that belongs to the prerogative of his Maker alone: but we shed the tear of pity over his memory, and hold him out to you as a beacon, that you may avoid the dangerous and fatal shoals of infidelity. THE RECORDER.

THEBES.

No, No-Ammon, Diospolis, or Thebes, was the most ancient capital and renowned city of Egypt. It was most probably built by the first settlers, Mizraim and his family; whence Egypt is generally styled, "The land of Mizraim," in the original Scriptures, though usually rendered, "The land of Egypt." The origin of the city is certainly lost in the remote infancy of human settlements and institutions. The Egyptian name of the city was No, Ezek. xxx. 14; to which was added Amon, or Amoun, which, according to Herodotus, was a title of Jove among the Egyptians. This would suggest that the city denoted was the chief seat of the worship of Jupiter Ammon. And such was No; for the Septuagint renders Ezek. xxx. 15, by Diospolis, "the city of Jove," on account of its devotion to the worship of Jupiter. The Grecian name of the city was Thebes, which was probably derived from *thetch*, "an ark," like Noah's, the memory of which would naturally be preserved by the first settlers after the deluge in all parts of the earth. Bruce, indeed, observes, that "the figure of the temples in Thebes do not seem to be far removed from the idea given us of the ark."

In B.C. 87, Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, sought to murder her son Alexander; who, discovering the design, caused her to be put to death, when the people revolted, and placed Lathyrus, his elder brother, on the throne. In the course of the war, Thebes was taken and demolished by the conqueror, B.C. 82, after a siege of three years. From that time, this extensive city, once more than twenty miles in circumference, went to decay. But so massive and substantial were the structures, that the ruins now, after two thousand years of dilapidation and neglect, fill the beholder with surprise, and have preserved most inter-

esting remains of painting and sculpture, many of which show the progress of civilization and the arts nearly four thousand years ago.

The extent and greatness of Thebes is shown, not only by the massive remains of its temples; the tombs of the kings, excavated in the rock, are still more interesting as monuments of antiquity. The vast number of inhabitants of "populous No," is mournfully proved by the innumerable remains of dead bodies preserved as mummies that yet exist, though for centuries they have been destroyed in every possible way: they furnish, for instance, fuel to the neighbouring villages. A modern writer hardly exaggerates, when he says, that the mountains here are scarcely more than roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The present state of this wonderful city, "the date of whose ruin is older than that of the foundation of most other cities," is thus spoken of by Carne:—"It is difficult to describe the noble and stupendous ruins of Thebes. Beyond all others they give the idea of a ruined, yet imperishable city: so vast is their extent, that you wander a long time, confused and perplexed, and discover at every step some new object of interest." Belzoni says:—"The pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their temples as the proofs of their former existence."

LINEAL ANCESTORS.

It is, at the first view, astonishing to consider the number of lineal ancestors which every man has within no very great number of degrees: and so many different bloods is a man said to contain in his veins, as he hath lineal ancestors. Of these he hath two in the first ascending line, his own parents: he hath four in the second, the parents of his father and mother; eight in the third, and by the same rule of progression he hath an hundred and twenty-eight in the seventh; a thousand and twenty-four in the tenth; and at the twentieth above a million of ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate. If we only suppose each couple of our ancestors to have left, one with another, two children, and each of these children on an average to have left two more, (and without such a supposition the human species must be daily diminishing,) we shall find that all of us have now subsisting near two hundred and seventy millions of kindred in the fifteenth degree, at the same distance from the several common ancestors as ourselves, besides those who are one or two descents nearer to, or further from the common stock, who may amount to as many more. And if this calculation should appear incompatible with the number of the inhabitants upon the earth, (or in any country,) it is because by intermarriages among the several descendants from the same ancestor, a hundred or a thousand modes of consanguinity may be consolidated in one person, or he may be related to us a hundred or a thousand different ways.—*Justice Blackstone.*

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

PART I.—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Popery was the established religion of England when Henry viii. ascended the throne in 1509. The Reformation was begun in his reign. Monasteries were suppressed, the pope's power abolished, the Scriptures translated into English, and many important steps taken towards the deliverance of the country from the thraldom of superstition. Edward vi., who succeeded his father in 1547, did much more. He encouraged those eminent men, archbishop Cranmer, and bishops Ridley, Latimer, and Hooper, with others, to carry on and complete the Reformation; so that at his death, in 1553, almost all the abuses and corruptions which Henry viii. left untouched had been removed, Divine worship purified, and arrangements made to supply the people with the wholesome doctrines of the gospel. Edward died in 1553, lamented by all who loved the truth. His sister, queen Mary the bloody, the persecutor of the church of God, quickly reinstated the abominations of Popery, and sought to suppress Protestantism by measures of unexampled severity. The sufferings of the saints, during her reign, are recorded in the darkest pages in the history of human woe. Some were heavily fined; some imprisoned; some scourged; some tortured on the rack till all their joints were dislocated; and two hundred and eighty-eight persons were burned alive in the short space of three

years!* Mary died, November 17, 1558. How dreadful the account that wretched woman had to render at the tribunal of God!

Elizabeth, her successor, restored Protestantism, and finally established it in the land. For this she was hated by the popes of her time, who endeavoured, by all the means in their power to take away both her kingdom and her life.† The history of her reign teems with records of conspiracies, rebellions, and attempts to assassinate the queen. Papists were taught that Elizabeth, as a heretic, had no right to the throne, and that it would be meritorious to kill her. A confederacy was formed between the pope (Pius IV.) and the Roman Catholic states of Europe, the avowed object of which was, the dethronement of all Protestant sovereigns, and the suppression of Protestantism by force of arms. An English college was established at Douay‡ by cardinal Allen, a zealous and learned Papist, and afterwards removed to Rheims,‖ from which, as well as from other colleges in Spain and at Rome, hundreds of priests were despatched to England, for the purpose of stirring up rebellion. They wandered about the country in disguise, insinuating themselves into the good opinion of the Papists, and striving to alienate their minds from the queen, whom they represented as an usurper and a tyrant, deserving death. Similar efforts were made in Ireland; and one pope, Clement VIII., published a bull, promising plenary (that is, full) indulgence and remission of all their sins to those who should rise in revolt against their lawful sovereign, and use their best endeavours to take away her life.

In the year 1569, a powerful rebellion broke out in the north of England, headed by Popish noblemen, and secretly encouraged by pope Pius V. He sent money to the rebels, employed an envoy among them, to direct and encourage their movements, and urged the king of Spain to render all possible assistance. He even offered to go in person, if it were thought necessary, and "to pawn all the property of the apostolic see, even its chalices and crosses, and his own garments, to support the undertaking."** Happily, the rebellion failed of success; but it cost many persons their lives, and Romish writers had the audacity to enrol them in the catalogue of martyrs for the faith!

Next year, the pope issued the famous bull of deposition. Impiously arrogating to himself the title of "prince over all people, and all kingdoms, to pluck up, destroy, scatter, consume, plant, and build," he announced the "damnation and excommunication" of "that slave of wickedness, Elizabeth, the pretended queen of England," in the following words: "Being supported by his authority, whose pleasure it was to place us, although unequal to so great a burden, in this supreme throne of justice, we do out of the fulness of our apostolic power, declare the aforesaid Elizabeth, being a heretic, and a favourer of heretics, and her adherents in the matters aforesaid, to have incurred the sentence of anathema, and to be cut off from the unity of the body of Christ." . . . . "And moreover, we do declare her to be deprived of her pretended title to the kingdom aforesaid, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever." . . . "And also the nobility, subjects, and people of the said kingdom, and all others who have in any sort sworn unto her, to be for ever absolved from any such oath, and from all manner of duty of subjection, fidelity, and obedience; as we also do, by authority of these presents,

* The first sufferer, in Mary's reign, was the Rev. John Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, London. He was burned in Smithfield, February 4, 1555. In that year, seventy-one persons were thus put to death; in 1556, eighty-nine; in 1557, eighty-eight; in 1558, forty. The last execution took place at Canterbury, November 15, 1558, when five martyrs suffered. Two days after, the queen died.

Coverdale describes the punishments inflicted on the servants of God, under Mary's government, in the following terms: "Some were thrown into dungeons, ugsome [ugly] holes, dark, loathsome, and stinking corners. Others lay in fetters and chains, and loaded with so many irons that they could scarcely stir. Some were tied in the stocks, with their heels upwards. Some had their legs in the stocks, and their necks chained to the wall with gorgets of iron, having neither stool nor stone to sit upon to ease their wearied bodies. Others stood in Skevington's gives, which were most painful engines of iron, with their bodies doubled. Some were whipped and scourged, beaten with rods, and buffeted with fists. Some had their hands burnt with a candle, and some were miserably famished and starved."—*See Sharon Turner's Modern History of England*, vol. iii., pp. 452—461.

† The following popes flourished in the reign of Elizabeth: Pius IV., elected A.D. 1560; Pius V., A.D. 1566; Gregory XIII., A.D. 1572; Sixtus V., A.D. 1585; Urban VII., A.D. 1590; Gregory XIV., A.D. 1590; Innocent IX., A.D. 1591; Clement VIII. A.D. 1592.

‡ A.D. 1568.

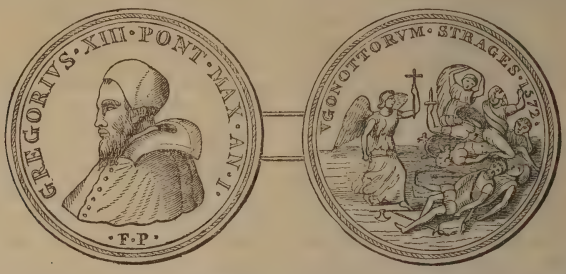
‖ A.D. 1576. Removed back to Douay, A.D. 1593. Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. issued bulls in its favour, soliciting aid from Roman Catholic governments.—*Bullarium* ii. pp. 453, 546. *Lugduni*, 1682.

** Sharon Turner's Modern History of England, v. 528.

absolve them; and do deprive the same Elizabeth of her pretended title to the kingdom, and all other things aforesaid. And we do command and interdict all and every the nobility, subjects, and people, and others aforesaid, that they presume not to obey her, or her monitions, mandates, and laws; and those who shall do otherwise, we declare to have incurred the like sentence of anathema."*

Armed with this unchristian instrument, the missionary priests redoubled their diligence. They were indefatigable in their efforts to encourage disaffection, and promote conspiracies against the queen's life. One Jesuit, who undertook to assassinate her, received beforehand the pope's full approbation, with remission of his sins. To another his holiness promised a handsome pension, if he should succeed in his villanous attempt. The preservation of Elizabeth, amidst such dangers, can only be ascribed to the special care of Divine providence."†

Two years after the publication of the pope's bull occurred the horrible massacre in France, on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572. Thirty thousand Protestants were murdered on that occasion. When Gregory XIII., the reigning pope,



heard of it, he went in solemn procession to church, to give God thanks for the slaughter of the heretics, and caused the above medal to be struck in commemoration of the bloody deed.

After many years of perpetual alarm and peril,‡ during which murderous measures had been repeatedly planned and disappointed, the Papists resolved to make one grand effort for the destruction of Protestant England. Pope Sixtus V. prepared the way by renewing the sentence of excommunication and deposition against queen Elizabeth, couched in terms of additional severity. Cardinal Allen published a book entitled, "Admonition," which, "for the audacity of its unhesitating falsehoods, vituperation, treason, and criminality, may vie with the boldest production of evil, that the admirable and yet pervertible press has ever produced."‖ Then followed the Spanish Armada, in 1588, by means of which it was intended to crush the gospel of the Saviour in our land,

* Magnum Bullarium, ii. 303. See also Bishop Barlow's "Brutum Fulmen," London, 1681.

‡ Pius V., the author of the bull quoted above, died in 1572. It is said of him that when dying, he exclaimed, "When I was in a low condition, I had some hopes of salvation; after I had been advanced to be a cardinal, I greatly doubted it; but since I have come to be a pope, I have no hope at all!" Sharon Turner, as above, iv. 291. Yet in 1712, this very man was declared a saint, and May 11 is the day devoted to his honour, and all are exhorted to pray to Him! On that day the Romanist is expected to pray to the supposed saint; he is taught to thank God, "who was pleased to raise blessed Pius to the dignity of chief bishop, in order to depress [*conterere—to crush*—and so it used to be printed some years ago] the enemies of his church;" and he is instructed to pray for "still greater favours"—"by the intercession of blessed Pius, confessor and bishop." The gospel appointed for the day is Matt. xxv. 14—23.—*Roman Missal for the use of the laity.*, pp. 482. 583.

† Father Saunders, a jesuit traitor, published an address to the Popish nobility and gentry of Ireland, to excite them to rebellion. It is dated February 21, 1580. The following passage is extracted from it: "What mean you, to put yourselves in so horrible danger of body and soul, for a *wicked woman*, neither begotten in true wedlock, nor esteeming her Christendom, and therefore deprived, by the vicar of Christ, her and your lawful judge? Forsaken of God, who justifieth the sentence of his vicar; forsaken of all Catholic princes, whom she hath injured intolerably; forsaken of divers lords, knights, and gentlemen of England, who, for ten years past, take the sword against her, and yet stand in the same quarrel. See you not that she is such a shameful reproach to the royal crown, that whoso is indeed a friend to the crown, should so much the more *hasten to dispossess her* of the same? See you not, that the next Catholic heir to the crown, (*for the pope will take order, by God's grace, that it shall rest in none other but Catholics,*) must account all them for traitors, that spend their goods in *maintaining a heretic against his true title and right?* What will ye answer to *the pope's lieutenant*, when he, bringing us the pope's and other Catholic princes' aid, (*as shortly he will,*) shall charge you with the crime and pain of heretics, *for maintaining an heretical and pretended queen, against the public sentence of Christ's vicar?*"—*Ellis's Original Letters, illustrative of English History*, iii. 92—97.

‖ Sharon Turner, as above, pp. 503, 504, where some extracts are given, fully justifying the description in the text.

and substitute for it the errors and mummeries of Popery. But this vast project, too, though blessed by the pope, and boasting of the patronage of the Virgin Mary and all the saints, was scattered by the avenging winds of Heaven, and brought to nought.

Still the implacable malice of popish rebels continued to show itself as opportunity offered. Elizabeth's life was a scene of constantly renewed annoyance and danger. If under such circumstances severe laws were enacted; if it was made treason to declare the queen a heretic, or to publish the pope's bulls against her; if priests and jesuits were denounced as traitors and treated accordingly; if their presence in the realm was deemed dangerous, and they were ordered to depart, and not return on pain of death; if Popery itself, as administered by them, was regarded as a conspiracy against the religion and liberties of the nation—is it not most evident that self-defence rendered these protective measures necessary? Popish writers persevere to this day in treating the sufferers, under those laws, as martyrs for their religion. This is a gross deception. Their religion made them traitors, and as traitors, and only as traitors, they were put to death. No man was executed merely for being a priest. Had popish ecclesiastics confined themselves to their spiritual functions, they would not have been disturbed: but when it was found that to be a priest and a traitor meant the same thing, and that under colour of religion treason was taught, and the subversion of the government endeavoured, safety could only be secured by removing out of the way the instruments of mischief. "To be a Catholic," Mr. Sharon Turner justly observes, "and to think Elizabeth an usurper, and Mary [queen of Scots] the rightful queen, and to desire to have a Catholic sovereign on the throne of England, were inseparable circumstances." There was not, perhaps, one member of the Romish church in Europe, who had other sentiments. Their pope and hierarchy, in all its branches, held and taught unvaryingly such opinions. That it would be meritorious to depose Elizabeth; and that it was meritorious to conspire and to exert themselves to do so, became a regular inference from those opinions in the Romish church, and was zealously inculcated by its priesthood and agents on all their adherents; nor did such tuition fall at that time on averted ears." Having adverted to several abortive attempts at insurrection, Mr. Turner proceeds: "But new agents arising to form and execute new machinations, a renewed spirit and fresh train of secret treason and destructive conspiracy, were then again excited and spread by the papal missionaries, among her satisfied and tranquil population; compelling her government to enact and enforce legal severities against all such agitators; and from the impossibility of discriminating the persons who were secretly yielding to their influence, or determining to execute their plots, these stern laws were extended to the Catholic body in general. They certainly resembled tyranny in their nature; and were vindicable only as temporary correctives, or preventatives of great temporary evils."*

Queen Elizabeth died April 2, 1603, and was succeeded by James I., son of Mary, queen of Scots. A short time before his accession, the pope (Clement VIII.) sent to his nuncio, cardinal d'Ossat, then in Holland, three breves, severally addressed to the nobility, clergy, and people of England, calling upon them to pledge themselves to receive only a Popish sovereign, under the advice and nomination of his holiness; and in so doing, they were told they would promote the honour of God, the restoration of the Catholic religion, and the salvation of their own souls. The breves were to be kept secret till Elizabeth's death. If James should profess Popery, as it was earnestly hoped he would, the breves would be useless, and might be suppressed. If he should declare for Protestantism, they would remain in full force, inviting and encouraging the Romanists to renew the dark treachery by which they had embittered the reign of Elizabeth. Subsequently the breves were in the possession of Henry Garnet, the Jesuit, who showed them to Catesby, and Thomas Winter, and doubtless to many others. These names will shortly be familiar to the reader. Thomas Winter was in consequence sent over to the king of Spain, to solicit his aid in carrying into effect the treasonable purposes of the Papists. They requested him to send an army to England, and engaged on their part to furnish two thousand horses. But this traitorous project came to nothing.

The expectations of the Papists were

* Modern History of England, iv. 342—344.

quickly disappointed. James avowed himself a Protestant; and instead of tolerating Popery, as had been expected, he soon found it necessary, for his own safety, and the peace of the kingdom, to adopt his predecessor's policy.* An act was passed, in the second year of his reign, confirming the statutes of Elizabeth, and directing them to be carried into due and full execution. This threw the whole body of Papists into a state of sullen despair. The Protestant government of England had survived all the attempts that had been made against it during the last forty years, and was now more firmly established than ever. Disgrace and ruin awaited all who should endeavour to bring about a change. The prospects of treason seemed utterly hopeless.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. VI.

"And Michal Saul's daughter loved David," we are told, 1 Sam. xviii. 20. On becoming his wife, she gave further proof of her affection for him, by risking the vengeance of Saul her father, when she let David through the window that he might escape, and made an image and put it in the bed, to deceive Saul's messengers, 1 Sam. xix. 12—17. After this, untoward circumstances produced a temporary separation of David and Michal. She remains in her father's custody, and Saul, who was the tyrant of his family, as well as of his people, gives her "unto Phaltiel, the son of Laish," to wife. Meanwhile David, in his turn, takes Abigail, the widow of Nabal, and Ahinoam of Jezreel, to be his wives; and continues the fugitive life he had been so long constrained to adopt for his safety. Years pass away, and with them a multitude of transactions foreign to the subject I have now before me. Saul, however, is slain; but a formidable faction of his friends, and the friends of his house, still survives. Abner, the late monarch's captain, and Ish-bosheth, his son and successor in the kingdom of Israel, put themselves at its head. But David waxing stronger every day, and a feud having sprung up between the prince and this his officer, overtures of submission are made and accepted, of which the following is the substance:—"And Abner sent messengers to David on his behalf, saying, Whose is the land? saying also, Make thy league with me, and, behold, my hand shall be with thee, to bring about all Israel unto thee. And he said, Well; I will make a league with thee: but one thing I require of thee, that is, Thou shalt not see my face, except thou first bring Michal Saul's daughter, when thou comest to see my face. And David sent messengers to Ish-bosheth Saul's son, saying, Deliver me my wife Michal, which I espoused to me.—And Ish-bosheth sent, and took her from her husband, even from Phaltiel the son of Laish. And her husband went with her along weeping behind her to Bahurim. Then said Abner unto him, Go, return. And he returned," 2 Sam. iii. 12—16. It is probable, therefore, that Michal and Phaltiel parted very reluctantly. She had evidently gained his affections; he, most likely, had won hers: and, in the mean time, she had been supplanted (so at least she might think) in David's house and heart, by Abigail and Ahinoam. These were not propitious circumstances, under which to return to the husband of her youth. The effect, indeed, they were likely to have upon her conduct, is not even hinted at in the remotest degree in the narrative; but they supply us, however, incidentally with the link that couples Michal in her first character, with Michal in her second and later character; for the difference between them is marked, though it might escape us on a superficial glance; and if our attention did not happen to be arrested by the events of the interval, it would almost infallibly escape us. The last act, then, in which we left Michal engaged, was one of loyal attachment to David, saving his life, probably at great risk of her own; for Saul had actually attempted to put Jonathan, his son, to death for David's sake, and why should he spare Michal, his daughter? 1 Sam. xx. 33. Her subsequent marriage with Phaltiel was Saul's business; it might, or might not be with her consent: an act of conjugal devotion to David was the last scene in which she was, to our knowledge, a voluntary actor. Now let us mark the next,—not the next event recorded in order, (for we lose sight of

* At a meeting of the Privy Council, held February 9, 1604, the king took occasion to declare, speaking of the Papists, "his utter detestation of their superstitious religion, and that he was so far from favouring it, as, if he thought his son and heir after him would give any toleration thereunto, he would wish him fairly buried before his eyes." —*Ellis's Original Letters, illustrative of English History*, second series, iii. 216.

Michal for a season,) but the next in which she is a party concerned; at the same time, remembering that the Books of Samuel do not offer the slightest explanation of the contrast which her former and latter self present, or the least allusion to the change. David brings the ark from Kirjath-jearim, where it had been abiding since it was recovered from the Philistines, to his own city. He dances before it, girded with the priestly or prophetical vest, the linen ephod, and probably chanting his own noble hymn, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in!" Psa. xxiv. 7. Michal, in that hour, no doubt, felt and reflected the joy of her husband. She had shared with him the day of adversity; she was now called to be partaker of his triumph. How read we? The reverse of all this. "Michal Saul's daughter looked through a window, and saw king David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart," 2 Sam. vi. 16. Nor did she confine herself to contemptuous silence; for when he had now set up the ark in the midst of the tabernacle, and had blessed the people, he came unto his own household prepared, in the joy and devotion of the moment, to bless that also. How then is he received by the wife whom he had twice won at the hazard of his own life, and who had in return shown herself heretofore ready to sacrifice her own safety for his preservation? Thus it was: "Michal came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the king of Israel to day, in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself!" Here was a burst of ill temper, which rather made an occasion for showing itself, than sought one. Accordingly, David replies with spirit, and with a righteous zeal for the honour of God; not without an allusion (as I think) to the secret, but true cause of this splenetic attack:—"It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord, over Israel: therefore will I play before the Lord. And I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in mine own sight: and of the maidservants which thou hast spoken of, of them shall I be had in honour," 2 Sam. vi. 21, 22. In these handmaids or maidservants, which are so prominently set forth, I recognize, if I mistake not, Abigail and Ahinoam, the rivals of Michal; and the very pointed rebuke which the insinuation provokes from David, appears to me to indicate, that (whatever she might affect) he felt that the gravamen of her pretended concern for his debasement, did in truth rest here. And may I not add, that the winding up of this singular incident, "therefore Michal the daughter of Saul had no child unto the day of her death," ver. 23, well accords with my suspicions; and that whether it be hereby meant that God judged her, or that David divorced her, there is still something in the nature of her punishment appropriate to the nature of her transgression.

On the whole, Michal is now no longer what Michal was; but she is precisely what, from the new position in which she stands, we might expect her to be. Yet it is by the merest glimpses of the history of David and her own, that we are enabled to account for the change. The fact is not formally explained; it is not even formally asserted. All that appears, is a marked inconsistency in the conduct of Michal, at two different points of time; and when we look about for an explanation, we perceive in the corresponding fortunes of David, as compared with her own during the interval, a very natural, though after all only a conjectural explanation.

Herein, I again repeat, are the characters of truth, incidents dropping into their places without care or contrivance, the fragments of an imperfect figure recovered out of a mass of material, and found to be still its component parts, however they might not seem such when individually examined.

And here let me remark, (for I have been unwilling to interrupt my argument for the purpose of collateral explanation, and yet without it I may be thought to have purchased the evidence at some expense of the moral,) that the practice of polygamy, which was not from the beginning, but which Lamech first adopted, probably in the hope of multiplying his issue, and so possessing himself of that "Seed," which was now the "desire of the nations," Matt. xix. 8; a desire which serves as a key (the only satisfactory one, I think) to much of the conduct of the patriarchs—the practice of polygamy, I say, thus introduced, continued, in David's time, not positively condemned; Moses having

been only commissioned to regulate some of the abuses to which it led; and though his writing of divorcement must be considered as making allowance for the hardness of heart of those for whom he was legislating, (our Lord himself so considers it,) a hardness of heart confirmed by a long and slavish residence in a most polluted land; still that writing, lax as it might be, was, no doubt, in itself a restrictive law, as matters then stood. The provisions of the Levitical code in general, and the extremely gross state of society they argue, prove that it must have been a restrictive law, an improvement upon past practices at least. And when the times of the gospel approached, and a better dispensation began to dawn, the Almighty prepared the world, by the mouth of a prophet, to expect those restrictions to be drawn closer, Malachi being commanded to proclaim, what had not been proclaimed before, that God "hated putting away," Mal. ii. 16. And when, at length, mankind were ripe for a more wholesome decree, Christ himself pronounced it; and thenceforward, a man was to cleave unto his wife; and they twain were to be one flesh, and by none were they to be put asunder, God having joined them together, Mark x. 7—9; 2 Cor. xi. 2. A progressive scheme this, agreeable to that general plan by which the Almighty seems to be almost always guided in his government, the developement of that same principle by which the law against murder was passed for an age that was full of violence, and was afterwards sublimed into a law against malice; by which the law against adultery was provided for a carnal and grovelling generation, and was afterwards refined into a law against concupiscence; by which the law of strict retaliation, and no more, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth—a law, low and ungenerous as it may now be thought, nevertheless in advance of the people for whom it was enacted, and better than the law of the strongest—afterwards gave place to that other and nobler law, "Resist not evil." And it may be observed, that the very case of divorce (and polygamy is closely connected with it) is actually in the contemplation of our Lord, when he is thus exhibiting to the Jews the more elevated standard of Christian morals, and is ever contrasting as he proceeds, "It was said by them of old time," with his own more excellent way, "but I say unto you;" as if in times past, according to the words of the apostle, God "suffered all nations to walk in their own ways," Acts xiv. 16, for some wise purpose, and, for awhile, winked at that ignorance, Acts xvii. 30.—*Rev. J. J. Blunt.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The National Gallery of paintings that I am about to visit, is in the new building there, with the Corinthian-pillared portico, erected on the site of the riding school of the royal mews, Charing-cross. This building, though a fine one, is not considered equal to its national object; and it is expected that another edifice will be erected as a more worthy representative of the taste, enterprise, and resources of the British nation. Had Mr. Angerstein, who collected the principal paintings now placed therein, lived to see them in this national edifice, it might have made him proud; but he is gone where we shall shortly follow, for "our days upon earth are a shadow," Job viii. 9.

Mr. Angerstein was a gentleman of great property; he was also an ardent admirer of talent, and with an unsparing hand he gave of his abundance to obtain paintings of the first masters. Favourable opportunities presenting themselves, he amassed a splendid collection of pictures, principally of the Italian school. These pictures, after his death, were purchased by the British government, at the suggestion of lord Liverpool, then first lord of the treasury. The foundation of a national gallery of pictures now being laid, munificent donors came forward with their gifts, and thus, with a few other government purchases, the present collection of paintings has been formed.

This is a goodly area, and St. Martin's church, the club houses, Northumberland-house, and the equestrian statue of king Charles, all add to its imposing appearance. But now let me mount up the steps to the entrance of the National Gallery. Many others, besides me, are shaping their course in that direction.

The National Gallery and the Exhibition of the Royal Academy are both under the roof of the same building, and here, in the summer months, especially in May and June, a continual throng of

visitors from town and country may be seen. Nobility in their coroneted carriages; gentry in their several vehicles; and tradesmen with their wives, country folk, young people, and well-dressed domestics in their holiday clothes, on foot. At this moment, the sunny sky is covered with dappled clouds, the foot-paths are crowded with well-dressed people, and a buoyant heart is bounding in my bosom.

The paintings in the National Gallery are by no means numerous, though in point of excellence they are entitled to high consideration. It is scarcely necessary to say that the difference between the National Gallery and the exhibition of the Royal Academy is this:—the latter contains the works of modern painters, and is opened only for a month or two in the year, on payment of a shilling, while the former consists, for the most part, of the works of ancient masters, and is open for a much longer period, and that gratuitously.

There are very many who affect a knowledge of paintings; very few who really possess it. Among the countless admirers of Rubens, and Raphael, Angelo, Claude, and Titian, not one in ten, perhaps, is able to distinguish a copy from an original. That the generality of people should know but little of an art with which they seldom come into contact, is nothing wonderful, nor is it by any means a reflection upon them. Ignorance is only discreditable to those who have neglected their proper opportunities to become wise. But when we affect to know what we know not, and to explain to others what we do not ourselves understand, we lay ourselves open to just reproach.

Well do I remember that in walking with a party through the different apartments of a certain castle, many years ago, a young man of agreeable person and manners took on himself to point out to us the most valuable paintings in the picture gallery—to explain their subjects, and to make known to the uninitiated the style and peculiarities of the several artists, whose wonder-working hands had flung on the canvass such vivid representations of breathing things. But though he boldly ventured on his enterprise, it was soon perceived by more than one of his auditory, that he had undertaken much more than he could creditably perform: presuming on the want of knowledge of those around him, he blundered on till a remark or two from a more diffident character than himself, constrained him to give up his enterprise, and to fall into the rear of the party.

It is easy to mingle with commonplace remarks such terms as "keeping," "breadth of light," "chiaro-obscuro," "depth of colouring," and "perspective," and to talk of the "formal power of the Florentine school," the "dignity, grace, and matchless majesty of the Roman," and "the blazing splendour of the Venetian," because these terms may be gained without a knowledge of the things signified. Most of us, in our boyish days, have read in Enfield's Speaker, of the would-be critic, who so learnedly spoke of "the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Corregio—the learning of the Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Caracci—and the grand contour of Angelo."

Were I to attempt to pass myself off as a painter, it would soon be discovered how little claim I had to such a distinction. The advantage, however, of having visited the National Gallery before, will enable me to make a few observations that may not be useless to the reader who is a stranger to the place. With upright intention and kindly feelings, a very little knowledge may be turned to a good account.

There are those who, catalogue in hand, can go through a picture gallery in a straightforward way, beginning at number one, and proceeding, without omission, to the end; but my pleasure is doubled in feeling at liberty to rove where I list, to wander as freely as I would in a flower garden. I am now opposite Hogarth's pictures of Marriage à la Mode. Hogarth has been called a moralist among painters, aiming, by his productions, to rebuke and benefit mankind, but good and evil are too often blended together. In the six paintings before me, great skill is conspicuous, and the lesson, that a course of profligacy leads to ruin and destruction, is strikingly set forth; but the pencil of Hogarth, like that of many other painters, was not so chaste as a Christian spectator might desire, though in the series before me, it has evidently been under stricter control than ordinary. It would be a difficult task to draw a boundary line for a painter not to pass, and a

certain degree of freedom must be permitted, perhaps, to the pencil; but, with every desire to avoid prudery and hypercritical remarks, it seems to me, that in a picture, where the artist's object is a moral one, the very appearance of evil, if not necessary to point the moral, should be avoided. It is an adage, that,

"Vice to be hated needs but to be seen."

But this adage is too frequently misunderstood. When vice is seen in connection with all its degradation, sinfulness, and punishment, it may be hated; but, when seen in an alluring shape, without these accessaries, no hatred is excited by its representation.

This is the celebrated picture of the Raising of Lazarus, painted by Sebastian del Piombo, the most valuable in the whole collection. Though painted by Sebastian, it was designed by Michael Angelo, who, it is thought, in his impatience to see his vivid conception embodied, snatched the pencil from the hand of Sebastian, and in a kind of impetuous enthusiasm, dashed on the canvass the admirable figure of Lazarus, leaving untouched the remainder of the group.

How little can we understand the feelings of those who are influenced by emotions we have never experienced! The enthusiasm of the painter, and the fervor and almost frenzy of the musician and poet, are perfectly unintelligible to those who are strangers to the power of music, painting, and poetry.

For this picture, it is said, Napoleon Buonaparte offered the sum of ten thousand guineas, which was refused. Its worth has been estimated at fifteen thousand; but the value of paintings is frequently nominal, and especially in cases where there is no desire to part with them.

This picture, though by no means a pleasing one in its general character, has in it some splendid painting, independent of the figure of Lazarus; and the Christian spectator will not fail, while he gazes on the shadowy representation, to ponder also on the reality of the miracle performed by our Saviour, of raising the dead to life. See how impatient Lazarus is to get rid of his grave-clothes! while his hand is putting off a part of them, one of his feet is busy too, in stripping from his legs the bandage with which they are bound. How sublime and simple is the New Testament record of this miracle! "And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go," John xi. 43, 44.

And am I really gazing on a portrait by Raphael, the first of portrait painters? Yes. Between three and four hundred years ago, the eye of Raphael, now turned to dust, was lighted up with enthusiasm, and his hand, now mingled with the clay, was actively employed in painting this portrait of pope Julius II. Julius was the patron of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and a liberal supporter of literature and the fine arts; but perhaps this picture, even more than all the actions he ever performed, has contributed to hand down his name to posterity.

The pictures by Parmegiano, Annibale and Ludovico Caracci, Guido, Correggio, Dominichino, Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin, Both, Paulo Veronese, Salvator Rosa, and Rembrandt, are highly valued. I remember once reading an anecdote of the latter artist, wherein it was asserted that on a certain occasion he used his colours so freely in painting a portrait, that the painted nose stood almost as high above the canvass, as the real nose did on the face of the person whose portrait he was painting.

The visitor to the gallery must pause on the paintings of Vandyke, Teniers, and Cuyp, nor hastily pass those of Wilson, Gainsborough, and Copley, though of a more modern date. The varied excellences of their different styles, will excite pleasure and a disposition to compare one master with another.

There are in the gallery nine or ten pictures of Claude de Lorraine, a costly group, most of them of the highest excellence. One of them represents the halting of Rebecca and her attendants, awaiting the arrival of Isaac. The best judges of Claude are the loudest in his praise. The general warmth, the sunny glow, that pervades many of the paintings of this accomplished master is truly astonishing. Claude, thou wert indeed a painter!

The vigour and vivid colouring of some of the pictures of Rubens are also wonderful. There is so much of bloom on the flesh, so much of breathing life and buoyant spirit imparted to the figures,

that you seem to be holding communion with the living rather than with the dead.

> The painter's pencil with his ardour glows,
> And life and spirit on the canvass throws.

The olden masters have an excellent auxiliary in father Time, for he mellows their dazzling colours, harmonizes their strengthy lights and shades, and imparts a richness, a tone, and a finish, that a modern painting cannot possess. The eye sees less than the mind feels in gazing on them.

There is much to be seen here besides the paintings. Groups of living beings, full of character and originality. Three sailors have just walked in with blue jackets. There! I have hit off a sketch of one of them; a veteran, in a canvass hat, as he now sits, with one leg flung across the other, as independent as a lord. He is gazing on the Holy Family, by Murillo. Well, a rough sailor has some tender touches of feeling in his heart, and that painting of Murillo is as likely as any that I know to call them forth. There are a few among the company walking about with their hats in their hands, and well would it be could they prevail on the rest, by their more civilized, courteous, and respectful demeanour, to follow their example; but, no, it will not do. It is only striving against an irresistible stream. The manners of the poorer and the middle classes of English people are growing freer and bolder every day. The gentleman of fifty years ago is not now very often to be seen.

I have stood for ten minutes opposite Gaspar Poussin's landscape, representing Abraham preparing to sacrifice his son Isaac. Stand in a good light; gaze for awhile, without speaking or stirring, on those influential depths of colour, those glorious masses of dark green foliage, and if you find not yourself breathing the fresh air and holding communion with nature in her rural retreats, conclude at once that you have no soul for painting.

There are capital paintings in the gallery by the three presidents of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Graces, by Reynolds; Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple, by West; and the portrait of Benjamin West, by Lawrence, are all admirable. The last picture is now before me. It has a speaking face, and is in the very best style of portrait painting. Sir Thomas's pencil was a gifted one.

The picture by Nicholas Poussin of the Plague of Ashdod, is of an arresting kind. The Philistines were victors, for they had overthrown the Israelites in battle; but no sooner did they place the captured ark of the covenant in the temple of Dagon at Ashdod, than it fell down, and a loathsome plague raged among the Philistines. See that unconscious babe sucking nourishment from its plague-struck and deceased mother! Struck by the piteous spectacle, there are not wanting those to take away the child from contagion and death.

Some painters of wondrous power do not succeed in producing pleasing pictures. Nature may be correctly represented without affording satisfaction to the spectator. On the other hand, some painters are happy in the selection and execution of their designs, so that you cannot gaze on their productions without pleasurable emotions. Murillo's Holy Family, and Wilkie's Blind Fiddler and the Village Festival, are striking illustrations of this remark.

As the lover of nature gazes with delight on the varied objects of creation, so the lover of art revels in the glowing and truthful productions of master minds. Five hours ago, I noticed a young man seated on the bench opposite a painting of Carnaletto, a view on the grand canal, Venice; and he is sitting in the same spot now. A ten minutes' conversation with him has told me that he came up from the country almost on purpose to study Carnalletto. Oh how enthusiastically, how extravagantly, he has been pointing out to me the different excellences of the picture, dwelling on them, and especially on the fluidity and luminousness of the water, with extacy! Were Carnalletto alive and present, I doubt not he would willingly bow down, and kiss his feet. There he sits, with a pencil in his hand of a superior kind, which has cost him three shillings and sixpence; and, from a word or two which escaped him, I suspect it was nearly the last three and sixpence he had in his purse.

This picture of Carnalletto is a fine production. Alas! How is the proud and splendid city of the Adriatic now humbled! Venice that was, and Venice that is, are indeed different places. Her greatness is departed!

There are many splendid specimens of

art, magnificent triumphs of the pencil, in the gallery, to which, on account of the freedom exercised in their design and execution, particular allusion cannot be made. One of two things must be admitted, either that the general conception of modesty and propriety entertained by the Christian world, is too strict, or that painters in their principles and practice are too free. Without any affectation, I am quite inclined to think that the latter is the more just, and certainly the more safe conclusion of the two. The morality of a painting reaches the judgment only by passing through the lengthy avenues of reason and reflection, while its immorality influences the passions instantaneously through the eye. Hardly can I persuade myself that my error is to be too precise and severe in judging of the thoughts, words, or deeds of my fellow-men, though I do oftentimes fear that I fall into the opposite error.

Many of the paintings are from Scriptural subjects, and beautifully do they embody them; so that he who is a Bible reader, as he regards them, cannot fail to go in his thoughts to the blessed volume of Divine instruction.

Even here, while gazing on the whirlwind energy of Michael Angelo; the fiery vigour of Rubens; the rich and glorious colouring of Titian; and the deep and grand dark-green masses of Gaspar Poussin's pencil, we ought to acknowledge an adorable Creator, in these imitations of his works, as well as in the wonders of his creation, and the wisdom and goodness of his holy word. The sun-lit sky, with all its glorious hues; the hills and vales; the endowments of mind and body, and all the pleasure-giving faculties of man, spring from the same Almighty source. God is wise: "There is no searching of his understanding," Isa. xl. 28. "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised," Psa. cxlv. 3. God is good: "full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy," Psa. cxlv. 8.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

In the *Visitor* for March, 1840, a description was given of that wonderful invention, the Daguerreotype. To its improvement the attention of philosophers, in all countries, has been directed during the past year; by which means some of the processes have been simplified, its applications have been extended and increased, and the effects rendered more permanent. In consequence of the description of the art, given in former numbers of this work, many of its readers have probably attempted to construct the necessary apparatus; and those who have done so, can scarcely have failed, after a few experiments, to use it with ease and success. To them it will be interesting to know what improvements have lately been introduced, and it is for their amusement and instruction that the following brief summary of the principal discoveries, made by philosophers in various parts of the world, has been prepared.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PROCESSES.

Many attempts have been made to discover some substances which might be used instead of silver plates and iodine, so as to present a surface equally capable of being acted upon by the rays of light. The objection to these substances is the expense of the silver plate. No others, however, have been found to present a surface equally delicate for the reception of an image thrown by the solar rays; nor is there much hope that any future efforts will be more successful.

The clearness and beauty of the impression formed upon the plate is now found to depend greatly upon the purity of the silver. A silver wash upon a plate of copper is not sufficient. When a suitable plate has been obtained, it must be made quite clean, and free from any spot or mark, before it receives the film of iodine, the application of which, it will be remembered, is the first process. It was imagined that the plate should be used immediately the coating of iodine is formed; but it now appears proper to keep the plate in this state for several hours before it is placed in the camera, care being of course taken to prevent the access of light. When the prepared plate has received the image, the mercurial vapour brings out the picture, and that part of the iodine which does not constitute a part of it is to be removed. For this purpose it was customary to wash the plate with a solution of common salt, or some other preparation. In the performance of this process, care is required, and there is some danger of injuring the delicate picture. Dr. Draper, professor of chemistry at New York, has discovered a method of removing the iodine by

an application of electricity; and the mode is so simple and so extremely ingenious, that it will be readily adopted by every experimenter. When the plate has been dipped into cold water, it must be placed at the bottom of a vessel containing a solution of common salt of moderate strength. In this state it will remain without being acted upon at all; "but if it be touched on one corner with a piece of zinc which has been scraped bright, the yellow coat of iodine moves off like a wave, and disappears. It is a very pretty process. The zinc and silver forming together a voltaic couple, with the salt water intervening, oxidation of the zinc takes place, and the silver surface commences to evolve hydrogen gas; whilst this is in a nascent condition, it decomposes the film of iodide of silver giving rise to the production of hydriodic acid, which is very soluble in water, and hence instantly removed."

There are some of our readers who will not be able to understand the reason that is given for the effect, and perhaps may not have been before acquainted with the existence of the substances that are named. But it is far from difficult to understand the chemical change. Hydrogen gas is given out from the silver surface in consequence of the contact of the zinc; and this hydrogen gas decomposes the iodide of silver, and forms hydriodic acid, a substance consisting of hydrogen and iodine.

In clearing the silver plate by this process, after the application of the mercury, care must be taken not to allow the zinc to remain in contact too long, or the picture will be injured; but if the plate be large, it may be desirable to apply a piece to each corner.

NEW APPLICATION OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

When the Daguerreotype was first discovered, it was chiefly applied to the purpose of taking landscapes, but it can now be used to obtain representations of all objects that remain at rest for a sufficiently long period to impress the delicate film of iodide of silver with its form. It has also, we are assured, been used with success, by the assistance of strong microscopes, to take the image of animalculæ and other small animals. Nor are its powers to be confined to the representation of still life; for it is reported that Daguerre, the discoverer, has expressed his confident expectation so to increase its power, that even a moving mass may be instantaneously copied, and that it will not be impossible thus to obtain a perfect representation of a field of battle, or the crowded streets of Paris and London. Should this anticipation be realized, the value of the invention will be greatly increased. The impression is now made upon the iodide of silver, when the metal is pure and the light strong, in an exceedingly short space of time—in forty seconds, if all the circumstances be favourable. The duration of the necessary exposure must be considerably shortened before the Daguerreotype can be used to take the representation of moving objects.

M. Jobard, of Brussels, has succeeded in taking portraits with the Daguerreotype; but his experiments were conducted with less ingenuity and neatness, and in a less convenient and accurate manner than those of Professor Draper, of New York. The following is his description of the process: "Paint in dead white the face of the sitter; powder his hair; and fix the back of his head between two or three planks, solidly attached to the back of an arm chair, and wound up with screws. The colour of the flesh not reflecting sufficiently the rays of light, would require a powerful sun, whereas a whitened face will be produced as well as plaster figures by diffused light." The operations of whitening the face and hair, and fixing the head between planks, are by no means pleasant in anticipation, and would not be submitted to by the greater number of those who are even anxious to have their portraits taken by the Daguerreotype. Nor is there any necessity; for by the ingenious arrangements of Professor Draper, the art is rendered so simple, and may be executed in so short a period of time, that any person exercising the necessary care and precaution, may take accurate Daguerreotype portraits.

Professor Draper was of opinion, when he commenced his experiments, that it would be necessary to dust the face of the sitter, but soon discovered his error, and found that there was no difficulty in taking a portrait with the Daguerreotype even when the sun was shining dimly.

With a double convex lens, that is, convex on both sides, four inches in diameter, he obtained perfect images in the open air. After many experiments, he found that he succeeded best by using

two mirrors, as the direction of the light falling upon the sitter, could be arranged as might be found most convenient. The light was first received on a plane mirror or looking-glass, by which it was reflected to another, which threw it at the most convenient angle, upon the person whose portrait was to be taken, The intensity of the light was an objection; for the sitter could not bear its glare without some contortion of countenance. This was corrected by passing the light through a blue glass, which absorbs the most intense heating rays. The head was rested against the back of a chair, so that it might be kept as steady as possible, and the back ground was arranged to suit the taste of the artist. In this way portraits were taken in a period varying from forty seconds to two minutes. One thing, however, must be remembered; by those who repeat the experiments: the colours of the dress must not be too much contrasted; for, otherwise, one part of the picture will be injured before the other is perfectly formed.

The strength and beauty of the portraits thus produced, can scarcely be imagined by those who have not seen them. Even the moles and freckles of the face are copied with the greatest accuracy. A portrait of a freckled person, when thus obtained, is, however, somewhat ludicrous, for the white face is mottled with as many black spots as the sitter has yellow ones. The eye is given with great sharpness, and the white dot of light upon it is so strong, and has so much life and reality as to produce an effect not to be obtained by any other art. This application of the Daguerreotype is one of great importance, as enabling us to obtain correct representations of those we esteem at a trifling cost, and in a few moments of time. It will also be useful in enabling us to take the portraits of many inferior animals, and will no doubt be applied to the representations of anatomical subjects.

FIXING THE DAGUERREOTYPE IMAGE.

We have next to consider the progress that has been made in fixing the Daguerreotype image. The great objection to the Daguerreotype has been the want of permanence in the figures formed upon the silvered surface. The slightest touch obliterates the fairy scene. To fix the image is, therefore, of the first importance; for the plates could then not only be moved from one place to another, conveniently, and without damage, but would be ready for engraving; and the advantage would be still greater if, by any etching process, the image could be formed without the aid of the graver. That all this will be accomplished at no very distant period, there is every reason to hope. Much has been already done, and if the statements of experiments can be fully trusted, which there is no reason to doubt, little more remains to be accomplished than to make the various processes as simple as possible.

M. Donne has read a paper before the French Institute, the most learned society in Paris, in which he explains a method of engraving Daguerreotype plates, but has not succeeded in obtaining more than forty impressions from one plate. When the image has been formed, the edge of the plate must be covered with a layer of engraver's varnish. It is then laid on a basin, resting on its four corners, and is covered with diluted nitric acid, three parts of acid to one of water. In three or four minutes, the action of the acid commences, and the plate is soon covered with bubbles of gas from the chemical action. When the plate has been sufficiently acted upon, which will be in a few minutes, the acid is allowed to run into the basin. The plate is then well washed with water, and gently wiped with fine cotton, after which it may be handed to the engraver, either to be more deeply cut with the tool, or to be printed, according to the number of impressions required.

Dr. Berres has described another method, which we extract from a paper read before the Imperial Society of Vienna. This gentleman having obtained his Daguerreotype picture in the usual manner, held it for some minutes over the vapour of nitric acid, and then placed it in the acid, at a temperature of about sixty degrees, having previously dissolved in that fluid a considerable quantity of copper or silver. A precipitate of the metal was soon formed upon the plate. The picture, coated with metal, was then thoroughly washed in water, and afterwards polished with fine chalk or magnesia with a soft leather. Through this coating the picture may be seen. This is the process by which the Daguerreotype image is fixed. The author then proceeds to explain the method by which the etching process was conducted; but

as we do not clearly perceive how it can be made effective for the purpose required, it would be folly to attempt an explanation for others.

Another means of fixing the Daguerreotype is that proposed by M. Fuseau, specimens of which have been presented to the French Institute. M. Daguerre's drawings are considered defective in vigour, and want a greater breadth of light, which faults are admirably corrected by M. Fuseau:—"Evidently in this case, photography seems to cast off the veil which shaded her so mournfully, and appears worthy of the light that created her. Beside those eminent qualities above-mentioned, let us add some not less estimable; such as being less shining, glaring, and unalterable, since they can be preserved between two sheets of paper, and a glove passed over the picture without causing any damage." These results are obtained by washing the plate, when the picture has been formed, with the hypo-sulphate of gold and soda, and afterwards gently heating the plate, by placing it for one or two minutes over a spirit-lamp, upon an iron plate prepared for the purpose. The cause of the change is, probably, as stated by the author: the gold is precipitated on the silver, and makes it darker, giving more vigour to the shades, while the other parts of the picture are, by the same means, rendered less shining, and in its arrangement with the globules of mercury, form the lights, and gives them more fixity and brightness. H.

ALMANACKS IN CHINA.

The Imperial almanack is published in two forms, one containing fifty leaves, the other about twenty. Upon the first leaf of the larger edition, is a table of the twenty-four zodiacal periods, into which the ecliptic is divided by the Chinese, marking the time of the sun's passage over each first and fifteenth degree in his annual apparent revolution, calculated for the meridian of Peking. The second leaf is occupied by a table which exhibits some of the more important of the stellar aspects, as they are considered to be lucky or unlucky for certain acts and enterprises. One is auspicious to all undertakings, and destructive to every baneful influence; a second favourable to the man who presents a memorial to the government, to the officer who is entering upon his duties, or to a couple about to be united in wedlock; a third and a fourth are unpropitious to the same parties; a fifth is untoward for the bather; a sixth to the general who leads forth his army; a seventh to the gardener who plants or grafts under its influences. The third leaf contains an astrological diagram, not easily understood except by those who shall be at the pains of prying into the secrets of Chinese philosophy. After these follow two large tables, occupying thirty-one leaves, which show the time of sunrise and sunset, and the time when each half-monthly period commences in the several provinces and dependences of China. The ephemeris follows next, and occupies twelve or thirteen leaves, according as the current year consists of twelve or thirteen months; for the Chinese endeavour to make the solar and lunar years agree by intercalating a whole month, after the ancient custom of the Jews. The details of the ephemeris comprise the characters by which each day is distinguished in reference to the cycle of sixty years, the moon's quarters, the places of several stars, the anniversaries of births and deaths of the emperors and empresses of the reigning dynasty, and finally a specification of what ought and what ought not to be done on each day of the year. A table of 120 years to show the age of an individual born in any year of that cycle follows. A contrivance of this sort is necessary, as the Chinese do not reckon from any particular epoch, as the Greeks did from the period of the first Olympiad, the Romans from the foundation of their city, the Alexandrians from the battle of Actium, the Mohammedans from the flight of the false prophet, and the Christians from the birth of our Saviour. The person who consults this table knows the cyclic characters for the year in which he was born, and for the year then current; by noting these and reckoning the years between, he ascertains his age. Another table of astral influences completes the book, of which the Chinese government is so proud, that it cannot confer on any nation a more gracious gift than a copy of it. While European astronomers were employed in the observatory at Peking, they were required to attach their signature to the astrological as well as to the astronomical tables of the almanac. And as the superiority of foreigners in the science of astronomy is acknowledged in

China, the astrological predictions worked after the European method gain more faith than those which are merely of native composure. Several popular almanacks lay claim to an excellence of this sort, that they may secure a better sale among the common people.

The popular almanacks are larger than the imperial, and contain a more ample share of astrological detail. A variety of rules are given to enable the person who is curious about the future to augur well or ill respecting it from certain signs in the heaven, or in the things about him. The nature of man is supposed to be so closely interwoven with planetary and atmospheric influence, that no change can take place in the aspect of the heavenly bodies, or in the phenomena of the weather, without producing a correspondent change in his corporeal or mental frame. Sometimes these embrace a few items of useful information, as a map of China, an atlas of stars, a very imperfect tide-table, etc. One of these, now open before the writer, descends still lower in the region of the practical; and, after a rude figure of the spring kine, or buffalo, proceeds to state the dimensions, colours, and peculiar characteristics of the animal most worthy of the husbandman's choice.

The Useful Knowledge Society in China contemplated the publication of a "purified almanac," after the model of the "British," "Christian," etc.; but the present unhappy state of things in China has delayed their purpose, which, it is hoped, will be taken up again as soon as a more propitious day shall have dawned upon that vast and interesting country.

G. T. L.

A QUESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

It is usual for many inquiries to be proposed at this season; but assuredly, one of supreme importance is, "Am I a new creature?" Let this, then, dear reader, have your immediate and most serious attention.

It is obvious that an affirmative cannot be given it from your having a full cup of worldly good; for many who "prosper," whose "eyes stand out with fatness, and who have more than heart can wish," are described as "ungodly:" nor from a profession of religion; for many have "a name to live," who are still "dead in trespasses and sins;" they have "the form of godliness," but are destitute of its "power:" nor from an occasional impression of the importance of true piety; for there are many who endure for a while, but fall away in the season of trial.

That the inquiry proposed may be set at rest, recourse must be had to different evidences; and in so doing, the apostle James will furnish us with an infallible standard. Associating those he addresses with himself, and referring to "the Father of lights," he says, "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures," James i. 18. "The word of truth" is therefore the instrument of the new creation, and all have experienced it, who have received that truth "in simplicity and godly sincerity," and whose hearts and lives are subjected to its influence.

No one, before whom this passage is brought, can therefore be ignorant of a scriptural test of character, or of his own personal condition before the great Searcher of hearts. Reader, what then is yours? Are you still unbelieving, unrenewed? Let the new year begin, in the exercise of the deepest solicitude. Accept the offers of that gospel, which, till now, you have neglected. Believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the only refuge for ruined man; the only Deliverer from the wrath to come. It is his Holy Spirit alone, that can cause old things to pass away, and all things to become new. Oh, guard against delay. The longer you indulge in sin, the harder it will be to break from it, and the greater risk is run of an eternal union with it. The more you transgress against God, the more you call for his judgments, which, if they fall, will hurl you into ruin. The more time you waste, the greater is your work, and the briefer its opportunity of performance. By how much longer you make the day of sin, by so much shorter you make the day of grace. It is high time to awake out of sleep. The soul, once lost, is lost for ever. Arise, then, and seek its salvation, lest the things that belong to your peace be eternally hid from your eyes!

Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious?" Examine yourself as to the reality of your religion, and as to your advancement in it. Call yourself to account for the past year—for your past life. Recollect your various infirmities, mourn over them, and resolve, in the

strength of Divine grace, to guard against them for the time to come. Apply again to "the blood of sprinkling, which speakethe btter things than that of Abel." Cast yourself anew on our Lord Jesus Christ, devoting yourself, for this year, entirely to him; resolving to live more on him than you have hitherto done, and depending on him to conduct you safely through whatever this year will bring forth. This is the only true way of attaining to the happiness which many are now wishing you—the happiness that is pure, satisfying, ennobling—the happiness that will never end. W.

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. I.

WHETHER the eye of man be directed to the heavens or the earth, there is enough to excite his wonder and delight, and to call forth his thankfulness and praise. It matters not whether the mind is occupied by the vast sublimity of revolving spheres, or by the surpassing beauty of a plant or flower since each of the great and small things of creation bears alike this inscription, "I am the handywork of God!" There is a peaceful exhilaration of heart enjoyed by the Christian investigator of the works of creation, favourable to piety. It quickens the eye to perceive what is lovely in the vegetable world; it strews the pathway of the pilgrim to a yet fairer world with flowers, so that he that walks therein, sees continually before him the footprints of his heavenly Father, and goes on his way rejoicing in the beauties around him, as well as in the prospects before him.

Among the varied departments of knowledge and science that teem with interest, botany is one of the most prolific in enjoyments. From the dawn of the year to its decline; from January to December, there is a succession of pleasures, supplied by the continual changes that take place in plants and flowers.

The common observer may walk abroad in January, wrapt up in his winter clothing, without so much as suspecting that a field flower is above the ground; but the quick-sighted botanist will discover, if the month be mild, a primrose here and there, in sheltered situations; and the starry blossoms of the daisy and chickweed will catch his eye, sprinkling his path; while the redbreast twitters, the nimble wren hops from the bank to the bush, and the wagtail jerks his body, or skims with undulating flight from the rivulet to the pond.

Botanists have discovered and described about eighty thousand species of plants, and many more are annually added to the list; a fact which shows how widely diversified a field is presented to the student for illustration and research. In the midst of the ocean, man sees beyond the deck of his vessel, and below the sky, only the surface of the "green and fruitless" waters, monotonous to the eye and wearisome to the observation. But from the hill top, overlooking a fertile country, he can perceive a rich variety of verdure, all caused by the numberless plants which naturally spring up in the soil, or have been sown and planted by human industry. The numerous varieties of plants which thus present themselves, wherever the eye turns in creation, attract the attention of the most incurious, and give exercise to the thoughts of the contemplative in every walk.

The vegetable creation is obviously a portion of a universally concatenated system, presenting the most striking indications of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the almighty Creator, who has planned and constructed the whole; indications which appear to be so marvellously diversified through every part of the great sphere of human observation, leading to the irresistible conclusion, that such diversity has been partly contrived to awaken admiration; to charm by the display of beauty and glory; to furnish continual subjects for praise; and to elevate the mind, through transitions of fear, wonder, and awe, unto grateful adoration of the Divine beneficence.

The holy Scriptures, by which we are taught that a wise and good God is the author of all the works of the visible creation, call on us to trace his wisdom and goodness in those works in which they inform us that he has manifested his glory. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork," Psa. xix. 1.

Our blessed Saviour says, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The inference is, that it is God who "so clothes the grass of the field," the

vegetable, as well as the animal organization being full of wonders, calculated to rouse the mind, to fix our attention, and to elevate the soul to high aspirations towards the great Ordainer and Supporter of the works of creation.

In a former volume of the *Visitor*, a brief view was given of the orders of the Natural System of Botany, illustrated by descriptions of plants which are classed in these orders. In the papers headed, "The Botanist," in a subsequent volume, was given an outline of the Linnean Classification. It is now proposed to illustrate this classification by descriptive sketches of some of the more common plants which may be met with, either growing wild, or cultivated in the gardens of Britain. Out of eighty thousand species of known plants, four or five thousand of which are natives, it would be impossible to attempt an enumeration; and therefore the proposed sketches will be limited to a few of the plants most commonly to be met with, that the young botanist may be furnished with an easy guide to his preliminary studies in this delightful science.

FIRST CLASS. MONANDRIA.

In this class are arranged such plants as have only "one stamen," as the term *Monandria* means. It is divided into two orders. 1. *Monogynia*, containing plants which have only one pistil, as spur flower, (*Centranthus;*) glasswort, (*Salicornia;*) and marestail, (*Hippuris.*) 2. *Digynia*, containing plants with two pistils, as water starwort, (*Callitriche;*) and strawberry blite, (*Blitum.*)

The only very common plant of this first class is the red-spur flower, (*Centranthus ruber,*) which may be found in almost every garden, of various shades of red, crimson, pink, scarlet, and sometimes nearly white, or rather yellowish white. It is not originally a native of Britain, but of the South of Europe; but since it has been introduced into our gardens, it has spread about in many places, and may occasionally be seen growing on old walls and waste places, particularly in Cornwall and the South of Ireland, the seeds being furnished with a sort of down, which causes them to float on the winds.

The leaves of the red-spur flower are entire, spear shaped, rather smooth and succulent; the upper ones being sometimes toothed on the edges. The blossom has one stamen, one pistil, and a spur; the seed vessel has three cells, and one seed. It is a strong flower, bearing large bunches of blossoms during the whole summer months, from May till September; and occasionally, in mild seasons, it may be seen in bloom in winter in the cottage gardens around London, so that the botanical student may readily meet with a specimen to illustrate the first Linnean class. In the Natural system, it comes under *Valerianeæ*, and, indeed, was formerly called red valerian, (*Valeriana rubra.*)

If the student live near the sea coast, he may obtain another illustration of this class and order in the glasswort, (*Salicornia,*) of which there are four species common on our shores, easily known by their fleshy cylindrical jointed leaves, which have a saltish taste, and are hence most relished by cattle, and are greedily devoured by them. The flowers are small and inconspicuous from being without petals, and only appear in autumn, from August to September. In one of the species (*S. radicanus*) there are two stamens, an irregularity which may give the student a little trouble, if not aware of the circumstance.

The glassworts are important in the manufacture of barilla, or in pure carbonate of soda, so extensively used in bleaching, and in the manufacture of soap. The barilla is chiefly made on the shores of the Mediterranean, where these plants abound. On our own coasts, the quantity grown is not sufficient to supply enough of the raw material for preparing barilla, though we manufacture the similar article of kelp, by burning seaweed. Some years ago it was proposed to cultivate, to some extent, these and other plants employed in making barilla in the South of France, and one plantation of them was made at a short distance from the sea coast, a line of low hills cutting off the fields from the sea breeze. When the plants, thus cultivated, however, were burned in the usual way, it was found that they contained hardly any barilla, the sea breeze, it would appear, being indispensable for that purpose.

Besides preparing barilla, one species of glasswort, called marsh samphire, (*S. nerbacea,*) is pickled in salt and vinegar, like common samphire, (*Crithmum maritimum,*) for culinary purposes; but it has little flavour of its own, and wants the aromatic quality characteristic of the common samphire.

SECOND CLASS. DIANDRIA.

The plants which are arranged in this class have "two stamens," as the name *Diandria* implies. The class is arranged in three orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as privet, lilac, jasmine, speedwell, slipperwort, rosemary, and sage. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as sweet-scented vernal grass. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as the pepper plants.

The student need never be at a loss for illustrations of at least the first order of this class, as it contains many plants which he may meet with in every garden, and in every walk in the field. The speedwell (*Veronica*) alone contains upwards of twenty species, natives of Britain, besides several exotic species, some of which are very common in gardens. They may be met with on the highest Alpine mountains, (*V. alpina*,) and in every running spring, (*V. beccabunga*,) in the driest field, (*V. agrestis*,) the tops of old walls, (*V. arvensis*,) on hedge banks, (*V. chamædrys*,) in marshes, (*V. sentellata*,) in gardens, (*V. hederacea*,) on heaths, (*V. officinalis*,) and in woods, (*V. hirsuta*.) The flowers are of various shades of blue, and from having only two stamens and one pistil, cannot be readily confounded with any other sort of plants. The germander speedwell is not unusually called forget-me-not, though this is not the genuine plant, so called, which grows in ponds and ditches, and is the *Myosetis palustris* of botanists.

The forget-me-not is often used as a pretty device in reference to an absent friend: it would be well if it also led our thoughts to our almighty Friend above. In this sense, to the Christian botanist, every flower of the garden and the field should be a true forget-me-not.

A very common plant, belonging to this class and order, is the smaller duckweed, (*Lemna minor*,) which may be seen floating in dense green sheets on the surface of ponds and other stagnant pieces of water, sending down long thread-like roots to the mud at the bottom. The leaves or fronds are about a fourth of an inch long, inversely, egg oblong, sawtoothed, and flat, being thick and rather firm in substance. There are three other species distinguished by the different sizes and forms of the leaves.

The blossom of this plant is not on any stem, as in other plants; but placed on the edge of the leaf, there being no petals, and only a one-leafed calyx, and a pistil. The flowers were first discovered by M. Erhart, at Hanover, in 1779. Dr. Adams, an English botanist, devoted himself, for years, to discover this flower, and took so keen an interest in the pursuit, that he was laughed at by his friends; but he died without making the discovery.

The garden sage (*Salvia officinalis*) belongs to this class and order, and may be seen in every garden, though it does not always blossom; and in some gardens a botanist might watch, as Dr. Adams did, for the blossom of the *Lemna* for twenty years, without success. The blossom of the sage, when it does appear, is reddish crimson, and in distant whirls on the stem at the base of the leaves. The flower cup (*calyx*) is purplish and notched, and the corolla is gaping, tubular, and two-lipped. Several plants of this genus, such as the splendid sage, (*S. splendens*,) with fine scarlet flowers, are not uncommon in gardens. A new species, (*S. portens*,) from Mexico, has recently been introduced, with very large flowers of a splendid ultramarine blue colour, which, when once seen, is not likely to be forgotten.

The sweet-scented vernal grass (*Anthoxanthum adoratum*) is arranged in the second order of this class, and is common in every meadow. When dried, it is this which imparts the exquisite scent to meadow hay.

And here we may do well to observe the bountiful provision so mercifully made for human enjoyment. We not only derive pleasure from what is agreeable to the sight, the smell, the hearing, the taste, and the feeling, but also from the associations and remembrances with which they are connected. Thus the scent of hay seldom fails in taking us back to scenes of a joyous kind, where the foliage of trees, the singing of birds, and sunshine and pure air, and health and industry, were mingled with light-hearted peasantry, wide spread fields, and loaded wains. The scent of new mown hay imparts a sensation of happiness, and ought also to call forth a grateful emotion of the heart to the Giver of all good, who has so abundantly scattered abroad the sources of joy. To a well informed and well regulated mind, creation is audible. Not only does the deep utter "his voice," and lift "up his hands on high," Hab. iii. 10, but the plants and flowers of the field, commune one with

another, and eloquently descant on the goodness of God.

The flowers of the sweet-scented vernal grass, which appear in May, are in form of a greenish spire, becoming yellowish as the seeds ripen in June and July. It does not succeed well when sown by itself, unmixed with other grasses. J. R.

OLD HUMPHREY TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF AN EXTENSIVE ESTABLISHMENT.

My unknown Young Friends—How shall I address you whom I have never seen, and, most likely, never shall see, having no knowledge of your tastes, your habits, or your dispositions? Flatter you, I will not; for thereby should I prove myself to be your enemy: judge you with severity, I dare not; for by so doing I should condemn myself. It has been whispered to me that you read my papers, and thus a desire has arisen in my heart to say a few words to you.

Youth is usually cheerful, and I dare say that you are so; but if I write lightly, I may offend the sedate; and should I express myself very gravely, the cheerful will have no fellowship with me; they will say, "We thought the old gentleman wore a smile on his face, and a blooming bouquet in his bosom; but instead of this, he writes as though he had been gathering crabs, drinking a draught of vinegar, and dipping his pen in mingled wormwood and gall."

Again, if I write a long letter, some of you may accuse me of being a tiresome, garrulous, gossipping old man; and if I write you a short one, "Oh! Oh!" you may say, "Is this his letter? Why it is not worth the trouble he has taken to write it." So take what course I will, my path, you see, is beset with difficulty. However, I will now tell you the way I shall proceed. That which comes uppermost in my mind shall be freely written in a kindly spirit, without my making it an object to be either very gay, or very grave; very short, or very long; very wise, or in a word, very any thing; giving you credit for sufficient good humour and kindness to put the best possible construction you can on my communication.

You know that it is the privilege of old men to look very wise; to shake their heads at young people, and to talk very gravely to them, pointing out how changed the world is to what it was, and how differently young folks used to act fifty summers ago to what they do now. And you know, too, that while old men are thus occupied, young people try their best to look grave, for which laudable effort they consider themselves at liberty, the moment they are left alone, to indulge in a good-humoured titter at the old gentleman's odd thoughts, odd words, or odd appearance. If you do not know all this, I do.

Well, you may laugh at me as long and as loudly as you please, provided it be a good-natured laugh, and provided also, that you will try to remember any little piece of advice I may give, which may be likely to do you good.

Not yet have I forgotten my school days. My schoolmaster was ill-informed, hasty, and unreasonably severe; but my schoolmistress was considerate and very kind. She used to stand at one end of the school, and address us in an affectionate manner. I was then young; and now, though so many years have been added to my days, I have not forgotten her soft musical voice, nor the lessons of instruction she endeavoured to impress on our minds.

Now, thus will it be with some of you in future years! when he who now addresses you may be, through mercy, in a better world, you will recall your youthful days, assemble your schoolfellows once more together in your thoughts, and live over again your present pursuits. You will then feel gratification from what you remember of the admonitions of your kind instructors, mingled with regret that you have remembered so little.

And now, to what are you looking forward? Is the fair future glowing with rainbow hues? Oh, what a goodly world is this, when fancy, and hope, and expectation have to draw its picture!

> The green leaves, the fruits and flowers,
> The sparkling rills and bubbling fountains,
> Fair vales, and heaven-aspiring mountains,

are all placed so conspicuously, covered over with a bonny blue sky, and so lit up with sunshine, that neither the eye nor the heart suspects that there is any thing like shadow beyond them; but, for all this, my young friends, there are shadows in the world!

Think not that Old Humphrey is the man to blight your prospects; rudely to dash from your hands the cup of pleasure; or to drive away the smile from

your faces. Rather would he put sunshine into your bosoms than take it away: but he is not now writing to please you, so much as to do you good; let him, then, speak the truth in sincerity and kindness.

Mankind have been running after earthly happiness, from the days of old, and they are still keeping up the chase. I have run after it myself as hard as my neighbours, and have found myself as far behind. If one thing more than another can assume different shapes, it is the phantom we pursue that we take for happiness.

Earthly happiness is sought by all. The sage pursues it in his books, and reflections; the savage discerns it in the wilderness; the prince views it sparkling in a crown; the peasant beholds it in abundant crops of grain; the sailor sees it in the ocean; the soldier hears it in the stormy fight; and the school-boy and school-girl hope to find it in a holiday.

If I could peep into your hearts, from the youngest of you to the eldest, what a medley should I find there of visionary things laid up in store to make you happy! Waxen dolls and birth-day presents; glowing hopes and pleasant holidays; young friends and old acquaintances; joyous scenes and family gatherings; satin dresses and kid gloves; journeys and jubilees; sunbeams and silvery clouds! I would not, if I could, take away your enjoyment; but I must whisper a word or two by which they may be regulated.

We all love to pluck the fairest fruit, and to gather the sweetest flowers; but put this down as a truth worthy to be graven on a pillar of brass—That there are more fruits and flowers grow by the way-side of the path of duty, than in all the wilderness of wilful inclination.

We all set a value on riches; but Mexico is a long way off, and its gold is hard to gain; the Bible, a far richer source of real wealth, is at hand. I will point out two texts that are worth a hundred Mexicos:—"God is love," 1 John iv. 8. "Christ died for the ungodly," Rom. v. 6.

Willingly would I write more; but time presses, and I must hurry on to the end of my remarks. Though I cannot make you happy, I can commend you to Him who has all happiness at his disposal. I can ask of Him to bless you with true knowledge, and to keep you from evil; yea to guide you by his counsel, and to bring you to glory.

Old Humphrey is usually cheerful as the day, and he loves to throw around him an air of cheerfulness wherever he goes; but with all his light-heartedness, and in the midst of all his infirmities, he considers this world as nothing without the well-grounded hope of a better. You must place him on the rack; fling him beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, yea, grind him to powder between the upper and nether mill-stone, before you could crush out of him the joyous hope of everlasting life through the Saviour of sinners! And would you do it then?

This is not such a letter as I intended to write; but give me credit for feeling more kindness and interest in your real welfare than I have expressed, and believe me to be, my unknown young friends, yours in the very spirit of sincerity and kindness,

Old Humphrey.

VOLCANOES.—No. I.

The following is a Divine denunciation delivered against Babylon: "Behold, I am against thee, O destroying mountain, saith the Lord, which destroyest all the earth: and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and will make thee a burnt mountain. And they shall not take of thee a stone for a corner, nor a stone for foundations; but thou shalt be desolate for ever, saith the Lord," Jer. li. 25, 26.

Babylon is here compared to a volcano, in terms that appear the more apt and striking, the more minutely we consider them. Mountains were sometimes used by speakers in old times as a figurative representation of a people or nation, perhaps from their stability and their importance in modifying the dip and elevation of the soil, as well as for their influence in attracting the moisture of the air to supply the streamlets that roll down their sides. To a mind accustomed to the use of this metaphor, the language adopted in the verses we have cited must have come with a home-felt force and beauty. A nation, viewed in reference to its government and civil polity, seems to cast a friendly shade over its own subjects, and is the source of all their earthly prosperity, as a prominent or

instrumental cause. In the flourishing times of the Roman republic, the most meritorious of her sons were wont to regard their country as the well-spring of all their honour and happiness, and to speak of her as the darling of all their delights. The philosophic and accomplished Cicero tells us, in an elegant chapter of his Offices, that our country embraces every thing that is dear to us, and has greater claims upon our self-devotion than parents or the dearest friend we have. A traveller has no need to be informed that a mountain or hilly range is, in common phraseology, every thing to the surrounding country, for without it there is nothing sublime in scenery, nothing to give birth to rivers that water the plains, and become the medium of commercial intercourse. Hence we see that there is a peculiar fitness in the choice of a mountain as an emblem of a nation.

Mountains that are liable to volcanic action, before an eruption takes place, are generally the most fertile, and the most attractive of all eminences. Illustrations of this remark are found upon a magnificent scale in Mexico, and among the rest, that of Jorullo in the extensive intendency of Valladolid, lying on the west coast of America, between the intendencies of Mexico and Quadalaxara (pronounced Quadalahàra.) Mechoacan, a part of it, is an expanse of table land, which enjoys a fine and temperate climate, and is intersected with hills and charming valleys, presenting an appearance unusual in the torrid zone, of extensive and well-watered meadows. On the twenty-ninth of September 1759, from the centre of a thousand burning cones was thrown up the volcano of Jorullo, a mountain of scoriæ and ashes, seventeen hundred feet high, in an extensive plain and covered with most luxuriant vegetation. When we speak here of plains, hills, and valleys, the reader will please to bear in mind that these are all of them reared upon the lofty chain of the Andes, for volcanic eruptions only, so far as we know, take place in mountainous regions. But the most remarkable examples that have fallen under the writer's own observation, are to be met with in the Spice Islands, or Moluccas. The pointed and conical mountains, which characterize this group of islands, present a maximum fertility. Nothing can surpass the richness of vegetation with which their sides are covered, nor the balmy healthfulness of the breezes that circle round them to temper the heats of the sultry zone. But the geognostic nature of these mountains is closely connected with volcanic action; so that in fearful apprehension we might look at each one of these beautiful peaks, as if it were destined one day perhaps to be torn from its station and thrown into the sea. It would not be fancy or groundless fear, if we were to think that a time may come when the threat will be executed literally upon the most beautiful among them. "I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and will make thee a burnt mountain." We see that it has been fulfilled in reference to Ternate, one of the most lovely of the cluster. The top of the highest peak has been torn off, and thrown from a height of five or six thousand feet into the sea. A huge gap was left behind, which seemed to the writer, when standing upon the edge, like a deep valley or ravine betwixt two mountains. As the portion rent away in this tremendous struggle was split into fragments of various sizes, there is, besides a vast pile at the water's edge, a road, or causeway, strewed with half-vitrified pieces of rock and cinders, from the margin of the rift to the declivity of the mountain; so that the island, so lovely under other aspects, presents on this side a fearful scene of desolation. What a striking comment on the words, "I will make thee a burnt mountain!" I will tear off thy summit, shiver it into ten thousand pieces, and therewith overwhelm and destroy the natural verdure of thy sides, which once looked so goodly and so fair. Some time in March of the year 1839, another eruption took place at Ternate; so that long before these ejected matters could yield to the decomposing action or weathering of the atmosphere, and afford a pabulum for vegetable growth, another layer of the same forlorn and broken kind was scattered over them. When the writer read the account of this catastrophe, he could not help reflecting with some emotions of inward awe, that a few months before he had stood upon the brink and viewed the mighty hollow from which "a stream of red-hot lava" had been projected.

We have reason to suppose that the Chaldean or Babylonish nation at first

exercised a mild and protecting sway over the surrounding nations, and rescued and defended them from worse masters, the Assyrians. Something to this effect seems intimated in the beautiful language of Daniel:—"The beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof, and all flesh was fed of it." And this was an allegoric representation of that king whose dominion then extended to the end of the earth. Of ancient Rome it was said, that her senate was a haven for shelter, a place of refuge for kings, states, and nations; *regum, populorum, nationum portus erat et refugium senatus*, (*De Off. lib.* 2, *cap.* 8. ii.;) and that in better times magistrates and generals laboured to earn the greatest praise by protecting the allied nations with uprightness and impartiality. Neighbouring states oftentimes at variance with each other, or distracted with civil broils at home, found it to their interest quietly to submit to a foreign yoke and exchange the form of liberty for the blessings of a solid protection and peace. Babylon, it is probable, like the Romans, made war by policy, no less than by arms; and that policy consisted in part in allowing the conquered nations to share in her own prosperity. Whence the ground for the encouragement given by the gracious protector of Israel. "And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace," Jer. xxix. 7. She was then the guardian as well as the mistress of the countries that acknowledged her supremacy, and became the source of their wealth and happiness, like one of those spice-bearing hills of which we have been speaking, till the Almighty visited her for the wrong done to his temple, and made her a burnt mountain.

The latter of the two verses we have selected for illustration deserves a comment. The rock, of which volcanic mountains are generally composed, is so liable to alteration, from the influence of the air, that it is unfit for building material where durability is required, especially for those parts on which the strength of the edifice chiefly depends. "And they shall not take of thee a stone for a corner, nor a stone for foundations." We have seen temples where trap or volcanic rock is found, but the material had been brought from another country. Connected with this want of durability, trap is incapable of being wrought into any required nicety of form, or of receiving a good polish. Those qualities which render it so friendly to vegetation, its clay and its decomposable nature, are among the worst for architectural purposes. There is a peculiar aptness and propriety in the denunciation; so that with regard to this burden or sentence of Babylon, it might be said, "Thy judgments are as the light that goeth forth." G. T. L.

GENTLE REPROOFS.—No. I.

THE WAGONER.

To walk abroad in quest of errors, and to mingle among mankind in the character of a reprover, would be little better than to act the part of a stinging-nettle. But to rebuke with a kind and gentle spirit the faults of those who people our daily paths, may be attended with advantage. As the seed that is sown springs up after many days, so a prudent admonition, though at the time unheeded, may rise to remembrance in a future hour.

A wagoner as he passed along Cheapside, and turned along the Old Jewry with his loaded wain, lashed his horses unmercifully. The eyes of many persons were attracted to the spot, but no one ventured to interfere. There are cases wherein horses require the whip, but this was not one of them; and even had it been otherwise, nothing could have justified the vindictive cruelty exercised towards the poor brutes. On went the wagon, and on also went the wagoner, lashing without intermission the sides and flanks of his horses, in a manner so seemingly malicious that I could no longer patiently endure the sight of such barbarity.

Before I could overtake him, the driver had flogged his horses into a trot; but that circumstance by no means arrested his cruelty, for as he ran, he flogged away as savagely as before. At last, getting before him, I took down the name and address printed on the board in front of his wagon, and then asked him whether he would not be very angry if any one else should use his horses half so ill as he had had used them himself?

The man looked affrighted, especially when I inquired of him what reason he

could give me why I should not call upon his master, and procure his dismission from a place of trust which I feared he was altogether unworthy to fill?

He began to throw the blame on one of his horses, but that gave him no advantage with me, inasmuch as he had unmercifully lashed them all. My mind, at the time, was nearly made up to go direct to his employer, and from him, should I fail in my object, to proceed to the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but reading, I suppose, determination in my countenance, the wagoner begged hard for mercy. He said that he had a good master; that he had kept his place for six years; and that if he lost it, he should be a ruined man. After some reasoning with him, in which I tried to convince him that I wished to do him good rather than harm, I promised to forgive him on condition that he would forgive his horses; leaving him to understand that, having his address, I should certainly take some little trouble to ascertain whether he did or did not use his horses kindly.

Some time after turning away, I failed not to put myself in a situation to observe unperceived his conduct to his team; but not a single wanton lash did he inflict on the poor brutes under his care. It is too much to expect that a cruel disposition will be corrected or effectually controlled by one gentle reproof; but sure I am, that if the benevolent passer-by would more frequently interfere in such cases, firmly yet kindly and forbearingly, rather than churlishly and angrily, much, very much might be done to limit the cases of cruelty that too generally abound.

In passion's tide and cruelty's excess
Rebuke thy brother, but with gentleness.
By mild reproof, in kindly words arrayed,
Meek as a lamb the lion may be made.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Here I have no abiding city; as a tenant at will, I may be dimissed at a minute's warning; but I have an immortal soul,—a soul that must be happy or miserable to eternity,—a soul that must join angels in glory, or fiends in darkness! How weighty then is the concern of salvation! and how important every moment that shortens the span allotted me below!—*Haweis.*

TRUE CHARITY DIFFUSIVE.

If God has bestowed his gifts upon us in the greatest abundance; if he have filled our granaries with corn, and multiplied our flocks in the fold, but has not enriched us with that fraternal affection wherewith we should support one another; if he has not given us a bountiful heart and a charitable hand to give some of our goods to the relief, and some of our bread to the nourishment of the poor—he hath given us but half a blessing. Wealth is but a confused lump, till bounty shape and put it into form; but a dead useless piece of earth, till charity animate and quicken, and by sending it abroad make it current, and by distributing it to several hands, give it heat and motion.—*King.*

COMFORT IN SORROW.

Miss Jewsbury thus wrote to Mrs. Hemans:—"I feel that you are sad, and I know that you are lonely, and by the time this reaches you,

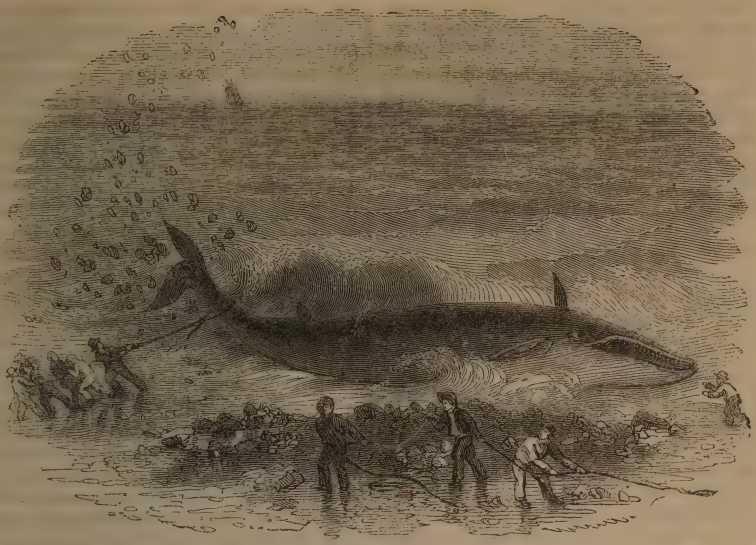
'Wishes, vain as mine, may be,
All that is left to comfort thee!'

But my hopes are strong for the future. So cheer up, or rather believe that you will cheer up—'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' 'At even-tide there shall be light.' There was One, and in Him the hope of the world was centred, who said in an extremity of anguish, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death:'—emphasize that *my*, and see what force it gives; and then, as an old poet says,

'Hang all your hopes upon his arm.'"

THE DESIGN OF THE GOSPEL.

It is the great design of the gospel to restore us to holiness as well as to happiness. Hence the law, in the commands of it, runs through all the gracious dispensations of God to fallen man. Nor will God have any regard to them in a way of grace, who have no regard to his law in a way of obedience. The law constantly requires and points out our duty; it shows us our sin, it lays us under condemnation, and makes us seek a refuge in the gospel of forgiveness. Now the gospel is not prepared for such as knowingly and wilfully renounce the law of God, which is holy, and just, and good, and who persist in this practice, and abandon its precepts.—*Dr. Watts.*



A whale caught near Charmouth beach.

A WHALE ON THE BRITISH SHORES.

On the 5th February, 1840, a large mass was observed by the coast guard, gently floating towards the Charmouth beach. At first it was mistaken for the hull of a wreck; but on grounding, it was perceived to be an immense fish. The moment it felt the ground it began the most desperate efforts to escape; the tail and fins were worked with such force that the water, sand, and stones intermingled flew about in showers to a considerable distance; but the tail being outwards, all this struggle only served to bring it further into the breakers, and there, as it became exhausted, the preventive men got a rope round the tail, by which it was brought broadside to the waves; and in about an hour from the first landing, it died. No effort of the men could then move it; but a mighty breaker reaching it, turned it over, and left it at high water mark, with its back to the sea, half buried in sand and stones. The inhabitants of the village were of course soon attracted, and among them the writer, who found the flesh still warm, and the tongue quivering. The whale was really a beautiful creature, although inanimate; the colour above was fine deep blue black, and beneath delicate cream white, with light pink, but with death it became less vivid.

As removal while whole was found to be impossible, and as there was danger of the prize being carried off by the next tide, the lord paramount of the manor, (to whom as a drift from the sea it belonged) directed it to be cut into five parts, which was effected by a large two-hand saw, and this with great labour; after three days of continual effort, it was removed into the village, and exhibited as a curiosity to visitors from all parts of the country around for a week. The money obtained during the first three days, amounting, it was supposed, to between twenty and thirty pounds, after deducting expenses, was given to the preventive men, and others who laboured in securing and removing the monster of the deep.

It was pronounced by the naturalists, who flocked to the inspection, to be a whale of the kind called *Balænoptera boops*, or *acuto-rostrata*, and not the common species. It had two fins at the side and one on the back, and was longitudinally wrinkled or furrowed, from the under jaw to the end of the abdomen; of course it was destitute of teeth, and furnished with whalebone in the upper jaw; there were about six hundred and thirty plates, averaging about two feet long and six inches wide at the largest part, terminated with fine fringe, through which the food can be strained of water and sand. The extreme length was forty-four feet, and the girth at the

widest twenty-one feet. It was a young female, supposed not half grown; the fat was about four inches at the thickest; the skin very thin and pierced in many places on the back about an inch deep; the lean resembled coarse beef. After being exhibited for a few days, it was bought by an inhabitant of the village; the lean taken off for manure, and the fat, after hard labour of two days and two nights, converted into oil, sufficient to fill three hogsheads, and proving equal to a very good spermaceti. The bones were then buried in lime, and with great care made perfectly clean. The deserving speculator, with much ingenuity, contrived to fix the whole together into a perfect articulated skeleton, and has placed it under a long shed for exhibition to the curious. On dissection, only sixty vertebræ were found, being two less than the number assigned by naturalists. The accompanying plate is a faithful representation of the scene during the struggle, and may be depended on as giving a correct representation of the whale.

UNCLE BARNABY ON OPPORTUNITY.

My uncle's housekeeper, Mrs. Rogers, was a great stickler for doing things in their proper season. When myself a thoughtless boy, I sometimes felt half inclined to join Arthur Longley in his laugh at the old dame's particularities; but I was even then sometimes struck to observe, and all the experience of growing years has confirmed the observation, how greatly the comfort and usefulness of life are promoted by punctuality and promptitude in seemingly trivial matters. The old lady was by no means given to scolding; yet if she saw business neglected or property wasted, she was evidently discomposed; and it was with her no uncommon phrase of reproof, "You miss opportunities, and hence you are always in trouble." She was particular in giving her directions to the servants under her control, and specified not only the things required to be done, but the time, method, and order of doing. As these directions were the result, not of caprice, but of a judicious plan, if they were not duly observed, irregularity and confusion would necessarily ensue. Once, I recollect her having, early in the forenoon, given orders for the gathering of some fruit for preserves, with special orders to watch the weather, and bring in the fruit perfectly dry. About noon a heavy rain came on. Mrs. Rogers hastened to put a stop to the fruit gathering, and to take care of such as was already gathered, when, to her great mortification, she found that the whole crop still remained on the trees; the man to whom she gave the order having intended to execute it in the afternoon, and employed the whole morning in cutting up wood. "Ah," said Mrs. Rogers, "you are a silly fellow, you will never do any good; for you squander opportunities. Those who do not make hay while the sun shines, are likely to beg and have nothing in winter, as they richly deserve. You might have chopped wood under shelter at any time; but perhaps another favourable opportunity for gathering the fruit may not occur all the season." So, indeed, it proved; for the rain which then set in continued, with little intermission, for two or three weeks: the raspberries became mildewed on the trees, and till raspberry season came round again, Mrs. Rogers had to complain, that there was not a bit of raspberry jam but what was bought; and all owing to that stupid, careless Richard, who wasted opportunities.

It was on occasion of one of these trivial domestic occurrences, that my uncle took up the sentiment, and said to us boys,

"True enough; few people are aware how much good they let slip, both in trifles and in matters of importance, for want of seizing opportunities."

At the moment my uncle uttered these words, Frank was opening a letter which he had just received from a schoolfellow. It commenced with the old-fashioned and most unmeaning phrase, "I take this opportunity of writing you these few lines"—"My friend Leslie," said Frank, "does not come within the compass of my uncle's remark; for he makes opportunities where none exist, and where none are needed. He can write at any day and hour that he pleases, and the post leaves town every day; so he need not wait for an opportunity, when he chooses to write; and when he does so, he need not congratulate himself on embracing a favourable opportunity." "True," said my uncle, "it is very silly to cram a sheet with unmeaning expletives, or to use any phrase or word, without a real and appropriate meaning and design. The

word, however, is frequently adopted, when the thing signified is shamefully neglected: 'I will take an opportunity of doing such a thing,' is, in the mouth of many people, nothing more than an excuse for putting off the doing of a thing which ought to be done at the present moment."

My uncle, as I have already observed, when he saw that a word or phrase had attracted our attention, made a practice of desiring us to refer to a dictionary, and trace its derivation and its synonyms, which he justly considered a likely way to fix correct ideas on our minds, and to lodge useful sentiments in our memories; nor were we backward in obeying such a suggestion, as it generally opened the way to conversation, in which we were favoured with uncle's own sentiments on the subject referred to.

Opportunity is explained by Dr. Johnson as "fit place, convenience, suitableness of circumstances to any end." "Opportunity," says another writer, "from *opportunus*, *fit*, signifies the thing that happens fit for the purpose."

"Pray, uncle," I inquired, "does occasion mean the same thing as opportunity? for when Mrs. Rogers told Richard to take the opportunity of a fine morning to gather the raspberries, I heard him say, 'There is no occasion to do that just now; I shall do it in the afternoon.'" "No, Samuel, indeed they do not; as the result of Richard's negligence fully exemplifies. *Occasion* signifies that which falls in the way, so as to produce some kind of change, and requires a certain line of conduct. But *opportunity* means, such a state or concurrence of circumstances as forms the most fit and favourable juncture for pursuing that course with success. The occasion is that which determines our conduct, and leaves us no choice as to the step to be taken. The opportunity is that which invites us to action, and prompts us to embrace the fit moment for taking the step. We do things, therefore, as the occasion requires, or as opportunity offers. A sense of duty will always, to a wise and good person, form a sufficient occasion; and he will desire and embrace every opportunity, or favourable state of circumstances for doing it, though he will by no means wait for them. What is right must be done, however unfavourable and discouraging the circumstances may be in which we find ourselves placed, when the occasion calls us to action; and often, if we honestly and diligently begin to act, we find that difficulties clear off as we proceed, and unexpected opportunities open upon us, and lead to satisfactory results, far beyond our anticipations. A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds: and it is a mark of wisdom to discern, seize, and improve opportunity; but a mark of gross and sinful folly to resist the claims of duty, and the incentives of opportunity. Never forget, my boys, that in all matters, both great and small, every man is obliged, by the Supreme Maker of the universe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him. You have many opportunities; how are you improving them?

"There is one particular connected with opportunity of every kind, that should stimulate us, promptly and diligently, to improve it. Opportunity is uncertain, both in its continuance and return. Richard, you observe, neglected the occasion when he ought to have attended to it, because he flattered himself that the fine weather which furnished the opportunity would last; and in that he was mistaken. Now he consoles himself with the hope that there will be plenty more opportunities before the season is over. Perhaps, in this, also, he may be equally mistaken. Certainly, no opportunity will recur so favourable as that which he has squandered. Too many people, like Richard, spend the first part of their lives in wasting opportunities, and indulging vain hopes; and the last half in bitter disappointment and fruitless regret."

Frank looked very thoughtful. As he afterwards told me, he was engaged in a mental enumeration of his own opportunities, and in self-scrutiny as to his improvement of them. "Samuel," he said, "what a highly favoured lot is ours, and how much have we to answer for! We have opportunities for mental improvement; time, ability to learn, tutors, books, and every advantage of education; we ought to become wise men. We have religious opportunities, the Scriptures, the throne of grace, the invitations of the gospel, ministers, pious parents, good examples; we ought to be good men. Then we have abundant opportunities of doing good to others. We have leisure, property, influence, education; we ought to be useful men. Uncle often says, that these things are

not given us merely for our own sakes, but that we may, as faithful stewards, improve them, for the good of those around us."

"Do you remember, Frank, what that minister said, who called last week to see uncle, and stayed to tea? I did not well understand it; but what you just said reminded me of it."

"I know what you mean. He said that no man was converted for his own sake alone, but also that he might become an instrument of good to others. He thought that no good man could be content to go to heaven alone. And he believed that there was no Christian, however humble his abilities and attainments, but was privileged with some opportunity of being useful to the souls of those around him. He mentioned several instances of very simple efforts having been owned and blessed; and said how much it was our duty to watch for such opportunities, and improve them when they occurred. I recollect he said, there were some poor, simple, unlettered people who, he doubted not, would share largely in the glory promised; 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever,'" Dan. xii. 3.

My uncle, who had been called away, seemed pleased on his return to find that we were still talking about opportunity, and again joined in the conversation.

"How is it, uncle," asked Frank, that opportunities of every kind are so frequently lost and suffered to pass unimproved? I know that in general it may be said, it is owing to the corruption of human nature; but that is a vague expression, and seems to convey no specific instruction. I should be glad to know what are the particular hinderances to our improvement of opportunities, that I may set a special guard against them."

My uncle paused a moment, as he was wont to do, when asked an opinion on what he deemed a matter of importance, and then replied, I "think you will find on reflection, that opportunities are often lost through inconsideration or carelessness. How very commonly do we hear persons regretting the loss of an advantage, which, say they, 'I had such a good opportunity of acquiring; but I never thought of it.'" Instances immediately crowded upon the recollection of each of us.

"I was travelling," continued my uncle, "in company with a young officer, who deeply pained me by his flippant, profane, and sceptical conversation. I made several attempts to address a suitable word to him, but he ingeniously warded off whatever I could say, and we parted without any thing like a satisfactory result. I had in my portmanteau The Life of Colonel Gardiner, Doddridge's Evidences, and the Book of Truth itself, the New Testament. How suitable would either of these have been to him! and, as we stayed at an inn to dine, I might have opened my trunk, and presented them to him; but I did not think of it, and the opportunity was lost. Very shortly afterwards, the unhappy young man fell in a duel; and I had, and have ever since had, to reproach myself with neglecting an opportunity of doing good to his soul.

"It is thus," proceeded my uncle, after a moment of pensive silence, "that the soul's salvation is neglected, both relatively and personally. How often do we fail to do to others the good we might do, but that we do not consider and improve opportunities that present themselves for making the attempt; and how do sinners personally neglect and slight the great salvation by inconsideration. John Bunyan justly describes the careless sinner as spending all his days in 'raking in the muck,' while a crown of glory is suspended above his head, of which he takes no notice. Moses apprehended the like ruinous inconsideration in his beloved nation, when he aspirated the anxious wish, 'Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!' Deut. xxxii. 29; and Solomon, when he said, as with a sigh, 'Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?' Prov. xvii. 16. And it is that which a greater than either Moses or Solomon bewailed, when he pathetically lamented, 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes,' Luke xix. 42. My dear lads, think of that delightful scene at the well of Samaria, John iv., and the glorious results of one well-improved opportunity, an opportunity which, in all probability, never recurred; and never inconsiderately squander an opportunity of gaining good, especially spiritual good, or of doing good to the bodies or souls of others."

I expressed a wish always to have some

kind friend at hand to point out and remind me of my opportunities, that I might not be in danger of overlooking or forgetting them.

"Ah," said my uncle, "you deceive yourself, if you think that any friend or adviser can secure you against your own negligence. Friends may watch over you for good, and suggest and advise, but it must be your own act and deed to improve your opportunities; and if lost, they will be lost through your own fault. The very counsel and vigilance you desire, is a kind of opportunity which must be made available by your own improvement, but which, it is very possible, you may squander and neglect.

"Indolence, I was about to mention, as one cause of the frequent loss of opportunity. It was so as long ago as Solomon's time; for he tells us that 'The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing;' and 'He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame,' Prov. xx. 4; x. 5; and such sluggards he admonishes by the example of the thrifty ant, who diligently improves the favourable season, and derives the benefit of her forecast in a comfortable provision for the time of need. Guard, my boys, now in the morning of your days, against indulging a slothful indolent spirit. It is a bar to excellence and success of every kind; above all, may you never bear the character of spiritual sluggards, lest, when the seed-time and harvest of opportunity are over, you should have to exclaim, in unavailing bitterness, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved,'" Jer. viii. 20.

My uncle mentioned, as a third hinderance to the improvement of opportunity, a spirit of indecision, and took the opportunity of recommending to our careful and repeated perusal, an invaluable essay, then recently published, on decision of character; a piece which has probably been eminently useful to many individuals, among whom I may presume to class myself. The following brief extracts will show its applicability to the subject in hand.

"It is a poor and disgraceful thing not to be able to reply with some degree of certainty, to the simple questions, What will you be? What will you do?"

"A person of an indecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in his way. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. Thus he is occupied, instead of catching with a vigilant eye, and seizing with a strong hand, all the possibilities of his situation.

"The events of life seize such a man as a kind of neutral material, not he the events. Others advancing through life with an internal invincible determination of mind, have seemed to make the train of circumstances, whatever they were, conduce as much to their chief design as if they had taken place on purpose."

"My dear lads, let your eye be single, and your aim steady and well-directed, and then you will find yourselves free to embrace all favourable opportunities of gaining good and doing good; and like that pattern of Christian magnanimity, the apostle Paul, you will find that all events, however seemingly adverse, fall out 'rather unto the furtherance' (Phil. i. 12) of the great object of your lives.

"Timidity is another obstacle to the improvement of opportunity. There are many persons who decide in their own minds on the propriety and desirableness of a certain step, and that the present moment is the suitable and favourable opportunity for taking it, but they parley with a spirit of timidity till it brings them back to a state of indecision. 'Will the thing be quite prudent? Many things are to be considered. May there not be some evil in the change, of which they are not aware? May not some other measures be devised which will meet the claims of duty, and satisfy the requirements of conscience, without involving so considerable a sacrifice of worldly interest? Is this a proper time? What will people say?' etc., etc. Yes, all this reasoning is in the very spirit of him who 'saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets,' Prov. xxii. 13; of him whose 'way is as an hedge of thorns,' Prov. xv. 19; and of him who buried his talent in the earth, instead of improving it, and out of his own mouth is condemned as a wicked and slothful servant, Matt. xxv. 18. 24. 30. It is a sound precept of Dr. Johnson's, 'Neglect no opportunity of doing good, nor check the desire of doing it by a vain fear of what may happen.'

"Opportunity," continued my uncle,

"is often sacrificed to prejudice. We have set our minds against a certain measure, a certain course, or a certain party, and thus we overlook, and perhaps reject, all the good they might yield us—perhaps the greatest good that was ever within our offer. 'How shall this man save us?' was the scornful tone of the children of Belial concerning Saul the Lord's anointed, 1 Sam. x. 27. 'Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?' was the language of many who, through prejudice, rejected the Messiah. It was the language of one, who was afterwards brought to a better mind, to lay aside prejudice, to investigate truth, and to embrace the opportunity of conversing with Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, John i. 45, 46. It is through prejudice that many in our day, like the Jews of old, despise the simplicity of the gospel, or dislike its humbling, or its holy doctrines, and say of the Saviour, 'We will not have this man to reign over us,' and 'reject the counsel of God against themselves,'" Luke xix. 14; vii. 30.

"Procrastination. Ah, there is no obstacle to the improvement of opportunity more universal and fatal than procrastination! Thousands are every day suffering the loss of advantages which they might have possessed, and fully intended to possess, but delayed to embrace the opportunity, until it eluded their grasp. This is seen alike in trifles, and in concerns of magnitude."

My uncle mentioned a painful instance which had occurred in his own experience. A friend of his was suffering from a formidable malady, for which he had been strongly recommended to apply to a physician in London, who had been remarkably successful in cases of that nature. The gentleman who recommended him, related several signal cures wrought under his treatment, which excited lively hope in the mind of the sufferer, who eagerly inquired the name and residence of the physician. The gentleman replied that he had recently changed his abode, but that on his return he would obtain his address, and forward it to my uncle, who was to be in London on a certain day. Immediately on his arrival, my uncle called at the place appointed, but no direction was left there. It arrived by the next day's post; but then my uncle was so engaged that he could not command time to go to such a distance, and the day was lost. Next day my uncle made it his first business to hasten to the address of the medical gentleman. He knocked and inquired if Dr. M. were at home. "This is not Dr. M.'s house," replied the servant, "it is the next door; but Dr. M. now lies dead. He was taken off suddenly two days ago." So, by a little procrastination, perhaps unavoidable delay, the opportunity was irrecoverably lost, of any benefit that might have been derived from his skill. This circumstance my uncle related with much feeling, and added—"And is it not thus in the affairs of the soul? Do not the spiritually diseased put off, from day to day, application to the great Physician? Do not their friends put off, from day to day, plainly to admonish them of their danger, and urge them to seek the remedy, until it is too late. The spiritual health is not recovered, the sinner dies under his disease, not because there is no Physician or no balm in Gilead, Jer. viii. 22; but because the application is neglected. Thus Satan cheats us of all our time by cheating us of the present time.

"There is one more cause of the neglect of opportunity, which occurs to my mind as nearly connected with procrastination. It is presumption. We neglect present opportunities because we flatter ourselves, in defiance of all reason, Scripture, and experience, that we shall have plenty more—that opportunity will either be prolonged or renewed. The young let slip the golden opportunity of youth, incomparably the best time for embracing religion, because they presume on its being time enough to attend to it when age advances. The busy neglect religion, while they presume on future leisure. The healthy put off repentance to a sick bed. Thus each after his own peculiar manner, like Felix, dismisses the solemn truths that claim immediate attention, by presuming on a more 'convenient season,' Acts xxiv. 25, which in the vast majority of cases never arrives. Multitudes of lost spirits might now mingle their voices, in tones emphatic with the horrors of despair, to press upon heedless procrastinating mortals the solemn consideration that, to them, 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation,'" 2 Cor. vi. 2.

I must not omit one remark of Uncle Barnaby on the subject of opportunity. "Opportunity," said he, "is an incentive to good, or a provocative to evil. In the first instance, 'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you;' ask, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do;' and, Work

while it is called to-day: 'the night cometh, when no man can work,' Jas. iv. 8; Acts ix. 6; John ix. 4. In the other, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you,' Jas. iv. 7. The greatest heroism is at once to quit the field where opportunity invites to evil, saying, 'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?'" Gen. xxxix. 9.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

A WHIMSICAL story, says Lane, is told of a king, who denied to poets those rewards to which usage had almost given them a claim. This king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory an ode after having only once heard it; and had a memlook who could repeat an ode which he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice. Whenever a poet came to compliment him with a panegyrical ode, the king used to promise him that if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money equal in weight to what they were written upon. The poet consenting, would recite his ode; and the king would say, "It is not new; for I have known it for some years," and would repeat it as he had heard it; after which he would add, "And this memlook also retains it in his memory;" and would order the memlook to repeat it; which, having heard it twice, from the poet and the king, he would do. The king would then say to the poet, "I have also a female slave who can repeat it;" and ordering her to do so, stationed behind the curtains, she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard: so the poet would go away empty handed. The famous poet El-Asma'ee, having heard of this proceeding, and guessing the trick, determined upon outwitting the king; and accordingly composed an ode made up of very difficult words; but this was not his only preparative measure; another will be presently explained; and a third was to assume the dress of a Bedawee, that he might not be known, covering his face, the eyes only excepted, with a litham, (a piece of drapery,) in accordance with a custom of the Arabs of the desert. Thus disguised, he went to the palace, and having asked permission, entered and saluted the king, who said to him, "Whence art thou, O brother of the Arabs, and what is thy desire?" The poet answered, "May God increase the power of the king! I am a poet of such a tribe, and have composed an ode in praise of our lord the sultan." "O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "hast thou heard our conditions?" "No," answered the poet, "and what are they, O king of the age?" The king replied, "that if the ode be not thine, we give thee no reward; and if it be thine, we give thee the weight in money of what it is written upon." "How," said El-Asma'ee, "should I assume to myself what belongs to another, and knowing too that lying before kings is one of the basest of actions. But I agree to this condition, O our lord the sultan." So he repeated his ode. The king, perplexed and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the memlook; but he had retained nothing, and called to the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word. "O brother of the Arabs," said he, "thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt: I have never heard it before: produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised." "Wilt thou," said the poet, "send one of thy attendants to carry it?" "To carry what?" asked the king, "is it not here upon a paper in thy possession?" "No, O our lord the sultan," replied the poet; "at the time I composed it, I could not procure a piece of paper upon which to write it, and could find nothing but a fragment of a marble column left me by my father, so I engraved it upon this; and it lies in the court of the palace." He had brought it, wrapt up, on the back of a camel. The king, to fulfil his promise, was obliged to exhaust his treasury; and, to prevent a repetition of this trick (of which he afterwards discovered El-Asma'ee to have been the author) in future, rewarded poets according to the usual custom of kings.

This is a story which may be told to the crafty, who, notwithstanding all their cunning, are frequently outwitted. They dig a pit for others, and fall into it themselves. The mortification to be endured in such circumstances must be great, but to practise on the credulity of others incurs guilt also. It is forbidden alike by love to our neighbours and ourselves. The petition of the psalmist should be universally adopted, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me," Psa. xxv. 21.

ANIMALCULES.—No. I.

WITHIN the last few years, a new world of living beings may be said to have opened upon our sight—a world, of the existence of which the ancients never dreamed, and which will long continue to surprise by new facts those who observe it in a series of well-conducted investigations. We allude to the world of microscopic animalcules.

In the hands of the naturalist, the microscope has become, like the telescope in the hands of the astronomer, a source of important information, a means of most interesting research; and philosophers, through the aid of this instrument, have succeeded in exploring the nature of beings far too minute for the unassisted eye to behold; but often of complex structure, and elaborately formed. Among those who stand foremost in the list of microscopic naturalists, Professor Ehrenberg takes the lead. It is not only in Europe, but in Asia and Africa, that this philosopher has assiduously studied the minute organic productions of nature; and the results of his persevering researches, during a period of many years, have been recently given to the world, in various scientific publications of great merit, as the matured fruit of deep inquiry. The following are among the most interesting of the general facts which are established by, or are deducible from Professor Ehrenberg's labours.

Microscopic animalcules often possess an highly organized structure, and constitute two distinct classes, according to their structural peculiarities. Like other animals, they obey fixed laws of geographical distribution, groups and species having assigned limits of habitation. They abound both in the sea and in fresh water; they often give a colour to extensive volumes of water, and by the light which they develope occasion a peculiar phosphorescence of the sea; fishes in ponds are sometimes made sickly or killed by the alteration of the quality of the water occasioned by their presence, or by their decomposition after death; but that they give rise to any pestilential deseases in the human race, or in terrestrial animals, has never been demonstrated, though it may have been suspected. They do not sleep, at least they have never been observed in a state of repose which might be so called. They are found to form a peculiar sort of living earth, and forty-one thousand millions often constitute the volume of a single cubic inch; the absolute number, therefore, of these animalcules far exceeds that of all other living creatures on the surface of our globe taken together. Were mass compared with mass, that is, the aggregate volume which the total of the animalcules existing throughout this globe would constitute, compared with the aggregate volume which the total of all other animals would constitute, it is not improbable that the volume of the former would preponderate. Their reproduction is perfectly astonishing; a single individual in some instances gives birth to millions in the space of a few hours. After their death, the precipitation and accumulation of their hard investments or outer coverings mixed up with calcareous or siliceous particles, produce layers of various earths and rocks, becoming consolidated by time into clays, flints, marbles, etc., in which the shape of these shells and their characters are perfectly distinguishable, so that the very species can be determined. The Turkish stone used for making hones, is a mass of the fossil exuviæ of microscopic animalcules. In Sweden, on the shores of the lake Lettnaggsjon, near Urnea, a vast quantity of extremely fine pulverulent matter is found, much resembling flour in appearance, and called by the natives mountain meal (*Borgmehl.*) It is used as food, being mixed up with flour, and is nutritive. This mountain meal is ascertained by examination with a microscope to consist of nothing else than the shelly coverings of certain polygastric animalcules, which coverings, as the animals perish, accumulate from age to age, at the bottom of the waters, and form a deep stratum; this drying on the shore, or in places no longer covered by the water as formerly, assumes the appearance whence it has its name, and each particle is the relic of a microscopic animal. These beings, then, exercise a great and direct influence on inorganic nature. They exist as *entozoa* in living bodies, and are themselves infested with external parasites and also with *entozoa.* Like larger beings, they are affected by the agency of matter around them; their lightness permits them to be drifted by the gentlest currents, and to be even carried into the atmosphere. Some of these animalcules present wonderful changes of form; but these changes have certain limits, and are referable

to organic laws. It has been pretended by some that these animalcules spring from inert matter by a kind of self-causation; but independently of their complicated structure, which alone demonstrates the fallacy of such an hypothesis, philosophy and common sense equally militate against the doctrine. It is not, however, denied that galvanic or electric agency may stimulate the vitality of torpid embryos, which by their sudden appearance will deceive observers, and lead the unreflective to suppose that they have instantaneously sprung from inert matter. The organic frame of these beings, minute as they are, and transparent as they appear, is comparatively powerful, as is evinced by the strength of the teeth in certain groups, and of their apparatus for mastication. Their actions lead to the inference that they are endowed with instincts and mental faculties of the same character as are possessed by other animals; at all events, they know how to pursue their food, what to take, what to reject, and how to avoid danger. In their evolutions, they swim with great activity, and though thousands tenant a single drop of water, they do not interfere with each other's movements.

Such is a general summary of the principal facts deduced from observations on the microscopic animalcules, all once confounded under the name of "infusory animalcules," because they were found by their first discoverers to abound in water containing vegetable matter, or in infusions of vegetable substances. It is, however, now ascertained that they constitute distinct classes, distinguished by marked organic differences. The minuteness of some is almost inconceivable; under the most powerful microscope, they appear only as moving points, of which eight hundred thousand millions are calculated (by means of the micrometer) to occupy a cubic inch of water, (such at least as contains them,) and were our instruments capable of still greater refinement, and did they at the same time retain their accuracy, it is probable that creatures far inferior in size would be discovered. Let it not be supposed that we are launching out into extravagant and baseless assertions; we are detailing facts which have been repeatedly observed; and, incredible as it may at first appear, startling as it is, it is proved that a drop of water tenanted by those smallest of animalcules, termed *monads*, contains a number equal to that of the whole human population of the globe. In water replete with these *monads*, Dr. Ehrenberg has described species not larger than the thousandth or even the two thousandth part of a line, and which appeared to be separated from each other by intervals scarcely larger than themselves. Such water may almost literally be called alive; it is indeed teeming with animation: our minds are overwhelmed by the idea. But each of the *monads* is an organized being, consisting of various parts, and furnished with various instruments; it moves at will, it enjoys existence! Well may we pause, lost in admiration. From the creature we revert to the Creator, whose power is thus marvellously displayed. With Him, there is neither great nor little; his hand formed, and his eye sees every minute animalcule, as well as all other living things—every atom of matter, as well as worlds or suns. He is all and in all, and his power and his presence are alike boundless.

With these preliminary observations, we introduce the first class of microscopic animalcules to our reader; namely, the class termed *Polygastrica*, from the circumstance of their possessing a number of internal sacs, which are generally regarded as stomachs, and which are easily seen through the transparent investment of the animals, viewed under a powerful microscope. The polygastric (or many stomached) animalcules belong to the *acritous* division of the animal kingdom, so called because no nervous filaments are discernible in the composition of the subjects of this section; nor any brain or central mass to which the impressions received from external agents can be transmitted. It is supposed that the nervous matter, instead of being collected into threads, ramifying through the system, is diffused universally throughout their composition, and is blended up with it; but this opinion is not positively proved, although probability favours it. The acritous section, in fact, comprises those groups, the organization of which is the most remote from that manifested in the vertebrate classes, namely, sponges, polypes, acalephæ, and the polygastric animalcules.

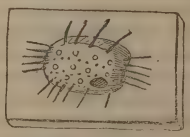
We have already said that the polygastric animalcules formed until very recently part of the "*Infusoria*" of naturalists; they now constitute a distinct class

They abound in all waters, various species being the tenants of streams, pools, rivers, etc., of which they absolutely render every cubic inch teeming with life. Some species are far more common than others; but the rarer kinds may generally be procured by steeping dried grass or leaves in a vessel of water, and leaving it for a few days exposed to the influence of the sun and air, when the infusion will be found swarming with animalcules. A drop of this infusion, or of water from any pond or ditch, if put upon a thin slip of glass, and covered with any delicate film of talc, and viewed through a microscope of about four, five, or six hundred times magnifying power, and of one fourth of an inch focus, will then present an astonishing spectacle. A little practice in the management of the instrument, and also of the eye, is necessary; for experience greatly improves the eye in the use of the microscope.

The polygastric animalcules appear, as far as researches have made us acquainted with them, to be divisible into two primary groups; one distinguished by the soft and shelless condition of the body; the other by the body being more or less protected by an extremely fine and transparent shell, which differs greatly in form in the various species; in some it is a simple transparent shield on the back; in others, the shell approaches that of a bivalve mollusk. To the accumulation of these shells we have already alluded. The forms of these animalcules are as various as the species, and many are perpetually changing their figure at pleasure. All are active, and they dance about in their native element with surprising energy, avoiding each other in their mazy movements, the larger pursuing the smaller, the smaller endeavouring to escape. The nature of their organs of locomotion here demands attention. In the globular monad, the smallest of known animalcules, no organs of locomotion have been satisfactorily demonstrated; the most powerful microscope fails to detect them, if they exist. M. F. Dujardin, however, asserts that in some he has perceived a few most minute and slender filaments proceeding from their bodies, which he supposes to be locomotive agents; other microscopic observers, however, do not appear to have seen them: indeed, he describes them as so minute and fine (the thirty thousandth of a millimetre in diameter) as to require an instrument of very extraordinary powers, to present them to the eye.

Some, as the Proteus (*amœba*) belonging to the naked group, form for themselves locomotive organs at pleasure, and are thus perpetually exhibiting changes of figure. These temporary oars are produced by the animal shooting out processes, or finger-like appendages, from different parts of its semi-fluid body, which are retracted, or which sink down, at will, others being again protruded, as in this sketch.

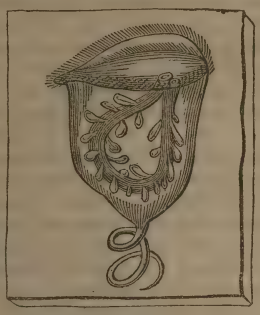
Some of these animalcules, again, are furnished with jointed bristle-like appendages, which are moveable, and by their action propel the beings along; and in addition, some have little hooks, which enable them to stick to other bodies, as in the *Euplæa charon.* (See the engraving.)



Others again, and by far the most numerous, have vibratory fibrils, or cilia, as locomotive organs, either disposed on parts of the body, or distributed universally over its surface; their action is supposed to be circular, or in other words, they are believed to sweep round and round, and they produce a tremulous and very perceptible current in the contiguous fluid, as they thus propel the body onwards. In some species, as the *parmecium aurelia* (see the sketch) and

others, these cilia are regularly arranged so as to encircle the body; but in most, they only encircle the oral aperture, or

are ranged in its vicinity, and besides acting as organs of locomotion, are agents in the acquisition of food, they produce by their incessant vibration a current in the water, converging to the mouth, and hurrying along with it, either smaller animalcules or minute portions of vegetable matter, on which the creatures feed, and which, but for this singular provision, they could not otherwise obtain. The annexed sketch shows the disposition of the cilia, in the vorticella. It may here be



asked, What is the intimate structure of these cilia, and by what mechanism do they perform their rapid and unwearied movements? According to Ehrenberg, each fibril is governed by a muscle surrounding its base, having its fibres disposed in a radiating manner, which by their successive contractions give a rotatory motion to the fibril on which they act. There are, however, many reasons to lead us to doubt the correctness of this opinion; for it can be nothing but an opinion, inasmuch as it requires a good microscope to detect the cilia or fibrils themselves, and the most perfect instrument could not display such an apparatus for moving them, as that alluded to by Ehrenberg, which must be inconceivably minute. Besides, the supposition involving the existence of thousands of these muscles infers an organization far higher than that characterizing the acrita, and one indeed of great complexity. The fact is, that the subject is in utter obscurity; it is indeed ascertained beyond a doubt that the cilia are vibratile, that they move with great rapidity, but we know no more. In the little hydra, or fresh-water polype, which is furnished with tentacular filaments, capable of vigorous movements, and by means of which it seizes its prey, no trace of muscular fibres is discoverable either in these, or in the body of the animal itself, by the most powerful microscopes; and we ask in vain the cause of such contractile and motive power. Yet the hydra can creep along, dilate or compress its body, and twist itself in various directions. The same observations apply to the coral polypes which expand and contract, and move their star-like or flower-like radii of tentacles, but in which no muscular fibres are perceptible. We are, indeed, obliged to conclude that the power of contraction, expansion, and motion, is not exclusively resident in muscular structures, but that it also belongs to, or is connected with organizations of a very different character, and of which the physiologist has yet every thing to learn. The gelatinous structure of the sponge has not been found to exhibit any contractile or expansive movements, though from the circulation of water through the channels which traverse its substance, such may be suspected. But when we come to the *fungiæ*, the lowest of the polypes, we find the gelatinous film which invests a calcareous laminated mass (resembling a mushroom) to be contractile, and when rudely touched to retire as if for safety between the plates of the calcareous support. Here then we have the power of contraction and expansion in a semi-fluid gelatinous, but still vitalized film. The movements, then, of the cilia of the polygastric animalcules, and the changes of figure which many of these creatures themselves assume, do not necessarily involve the existence of muscles, or arrangements of muscular fibres.

M.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

PART II.—PREPARATIONS OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

While the mass of the Romanists were despairing, there was one ardent mind which was not appalled: Robert Catesby determined to rescue his party from their supposed oppressions, and to re-establish Popery as the national religion of England. With this in view, he conceived the horrid design of destroying, by a secret and sudden stroke, the king and queen, the lords and commons. This was to be done by undermining the parliament house, and blowing it up with gunpowder, on the day of the opening of the session. The dreadful purpose appears to have been formed in the spring of the year 1604.

Catesby was a gentleman of good family. Several of his ancestors had represented the county of Warwickshire in parliament. In his early life he recanted Popery, in which he had been brought up; but, about the year 1598, he resumed that profession, and devoted himself most zealously to the conversion of Protestants. He had been engaged in several treasonable undertakings during the reign of Elizabeth, which had involved him in danger and trouble, and pointed him out to the government as a man of desperate character.

The first person to whom Catesby communicated his intention was John Wright, a gentleman of Lincolnshire, his intimate friend. He and his brother Christopher, who afterwards became a party to the plot, had been actively concerned in the earl of Essex's rebellion. Thomas Winter, another of the original conspirators, was a Worcestershire gentleman. He had taken a prominent part in the treasonable intrigues of the Papists during Elizabeth's reign, had conducted the negotiation with the Spanish king, previous to the accession of James, and was in great repute for his talents and accomplishments, his extensive knowledge of men of influence in the courts of Europe, and his aptitude for the management of daring and difficult enterprises.

Catesby, John Wright, and Winter, met at Lambeth. It was there that Catesby revealed his plan. Winter started some objections, which were soon overruled, and it was agreed that he should go over to Flanders, to see Velasco, the constable of Castile, who was on his way to England, for the purpose of concluding a treaty between this country and Spain. The object of the visit was, to endeavour to secure his interposition with king James, on behalf of his Roman Catholic subjects; that the penal laws might be repealed, and Papists admitted to an equality of rights with Protestants. The mission proved unsuccessful, and Winter returned to London, bringing with him Guido or Guy Fawkes.

Fawkes was a native of Yorkshire. He had been a soldier in the Spanish army in Flanders, and was well known to the Romanists generally. His warm zeal and determined courage recommended him to the notice of the conspirators. Father Greenway, a Jesuit, who was privy to the plot, gives a high character of Fawkes. He speaks of him as "a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances." This is evidently the language of partiality; yet the subsequent history will probably convince the reader that Fawkes was rather a fanatic than a ruffian.

An important addition was made to the traitorous band in the person of Thomas Percy, one of the gentlemen pensioners, a relative of the earl of Northumberland, and steward of his estates. His mind had been long brooding over the presumed wrongs and grievances of his party. His first words, when he met the others at Catesby's lodgings were, "Well, gentlemen, shall we always talk, and never do any thing?" Catesby whispered to him that something was about to be done, and proposed that they should previously take a solemn oath of secrecy. A few days afterwards they met for the purpose, in a lonely house in the fields, near the spot now occupied by the church of St. Clement Danes, Strand. There they severally took the following oath, in the most solemn manner, on their knees: "You shall swear by the blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter to be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave." The whole project was then disclosed to Percy and Fawkes, who had been hitherto unacquainted with it; and they then adjourned to an upper room of the house, where they heard mass, and took the sacrament from father Gerard, a jesuit missionary, in confirmation of their vow; thus seeking to connect the sanction of religion with their diabolical design. It was afterwards affirmed, that Gerard was not made acquainted with the purpose for which they met. This may be reasonably doubted. The probability is, to say the least, that he understood them to be engaged in some plot or conspiracy; and in that age of treasons, no priest was unwilling to sanctify such undertakings by sacramental solemnities.

They next proceeded to hire a house adjoining the parliament house. It was held by one Ferris, as tenant to Whin-

neard, keeper of the king's wardrobe, and was taken in Percy's name, who might be thought to require a residence in that neighbourhood, while discharging his duties as gentleman pensioner. Fawkes was put in possession of it, having first assumed the name of Johnson, and given out that he was Percy's servant. Their purpose was to make a mine from the cellar of this house directly underneath the House of Lords, and then to deposit in it a sufficient quantity of gunpowder. Another house was taken in Lambeth, to be used as a repository for the materials which would be wanted; and this was intrusted to the care of Robert Keyes, a gentleman in reduced circumstances, and a Papist, who was, at the same time, admitted as a member of the conspiracy.

Parliament having been adjourned till February, 1605, the conspirators separated for some months. They met again December 11, 1604, to commence operations. Christopher Wright, brother of John Wright, joined them. Having provided themselves with proper tools, and laid in a stock of provisions, they began their work. They had fire arms and ammunition in the house, and were prepared to defend themselves to the death, if attacked. Fawkes was appointed sentinel, to give notice if any one came near the house, that the necessary precautions might be taken. The others laboured hard in the cellar. The earth and rubbish were taken into the garden, and spread abroad over the surface every night, care being taken to cover the whole with turf, to prevent observation. The mine was underpropped, as they advanced, with wood. In this manner they were engaged till Christmas eve. Parliament being again adjourned from February till the following October, they left the house for some weeks. In the interval, three persons were sworn into the plot. One was John Grant, a gentleman of Warwickshire, whose large mansion at Norbrook, in that county, was extremely convenient for the reception of horses and ammunition. Another was Robert Winter, eldest brother of Thomas Winter. The third was Thomas Bates, an old servant of Catesby.

Bates being directed to receive the sacrament on his being admitted into the conspiracy, went first to father Greenway, a Jesuit, to whom, in his confession, he revealed the whole affair. Greenway received his confession, and absolved him: he told him, "that he should be secret in that which his master had imparted unto him, because it was for a good cause." "And that it was not dangerous unto him, nor any offence to conceal it." This clearly establishes Greenway's guilt, as an accessory to the treason.

Some time before this, Catesby had told father Garnet, superior of the Jesuits in England, that "a design was on foot against the government," but without mentioning particulars. Garnet afterwards affirmed that he did all he could to discourage the attempt, assuring the parties that it was altogether contrary to the pope's wishes and commands; but whether he spoke the truth on that occasion is greatly to be questioned. The accession of such a man as Garnet to their number, or even his tacit connivance at the plot, could not but embolden the conspirators in the prosecution of their design. Garnet was a native of Nottingham, and had embraced Popery in early life. He was but twenty-one years of age, when he became a Jesuit. This was in the year 1575. He studied in the Jesuits' College, at Rome, under cardinal Bellarmine and other celebrated professors, and made such proficiency, that he was chosen professor of Hebrew, and appointed lecturer in metaphysics. In the year 1586, he became a missionary priest in England. Two years after, he was chosen superior of the English Jesuits, which important office invested him with high authority, and gave him the opportunity of exerting a very powerful and extensive influence over the Romanists in this country. For several years he lived in or near London, "following various occupations, in order effectually to disguise his real calling." He was also a frequent visitor at the houses of the principal nobility of the Romanist persuasion, by whom he was held in high esteem. Lord Vaux of Harrowden was his particular friend. His lordship's daughter, Anne Vaux, attached herself to Garnet with singular affection, and was his constant companion in his wanderings. Whether their connexion was purely spiritual, is a question which has been warmly discussed, and cannot now be decided: but that it exposed both parties to strong suspicion of improper familiarity is too evident to be controverted. It may be further stated, that Garnet was on terms of intimacy

with Catesby, Winter, and other traitors, and had been so deeply involved in treasonable intrigues, during the reign of Elizabeth, that on James's accession, he found it necessary to protect himself from his liability to prosecution, by the purchase of a general pardon.

Early in February, 1605, the conspirators resumed their labour in the mine. Their toil was excessive; for the stone wall of the parliament house was three yards in thickness. One day, while they were at work, they thought they heard a bell toll, and it seemed as if the bell was in the wall itself. Much alarmed at the circumstance, (they might think it a bad omen; a token for evil; a sign that their own funeral knell would soon be tolled,) they sprinkled the wall with holy water, with which some priest must have provided them, when the sound ceased, or at least they fancied that they heard it no more. Several times afterwards it troubled them again, but the holy water was an infallible cure. No wonder they were afraid, engaged as they were in a work so impious. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion," Prov. xxviii. 1. But a circumstance occurred shortly afterwards, which give a new turn to their proceedings. One morning a great noise was heard over their heads. It was found to proceed from a large vault immediately under the House of Lords, then in the occupation of one Bright, who, being about to remove, was taking away his coals. Fawkes surveyed the place, and ascertained that it was exactly the spot they wanted. As soon as it became vacant, it was hired in Percy's name, under the pretence that he wanted it as a cellar for his wood and coals. The mine was forthwith abandoned. Twenty barrels of gunpowder were not long after carried from the house at Lambeth, and deposited in the vault. Iron bars, large stones, and all the mining tools, were thrown among the barrels, "to make the breach the greater," (as Fawkes afterwards confessed,) and the heap was covered with five hundred fagots, and a thousand billets of wood. Some lumber and bottles were also placed in the vault, to make it appear more evident that it was hired for Percy's private use. All these preparations were completed by the beginning of May. The vault was then closed, the door being first carefully marked inside, that they might know whether it had been opened in their absence; and the conspirators again separated.

During the summer, horses, arms, gunpowder, and other warlike stores were purchased, and distributed in the houses of the conspirators, in different parts of the country, that they might be prepared to meet any resistance that might be made to them after the fatal blow had been struck. Catesby spread a report that he was raising a troop of horse for the Spanish service in Flanders; upon which many gentlemen offered their assistance, and a considerable body of volunteers was collected. They were ordered to be ready at a moment's warning; and Catesby took care to select the officers from his personal friends, and to place among them several of his fellow conspirators. He hoped, by this means, to be able to employ the troop for the purposes of the conspiracy.

In the early part of June, if Garnet may be believed, Catesby "propounded to him a question in general terms, as to the lawfulness of a design intended for the promotion of the Catholic religion, in the prosecution of which it would be necessary, together with many enemies, to destroy some innocent Catholic friends;" but without telling him the particular design in contemplation. Garnet's reply was, that, "in case the object was clearly good, and could be effected by no other means, it might be lawful, among many nocents [guilty persons] to destroy some innocents."* This was quite sufficient for Catesby's purpose; and the opinion, thus obtained, was made use of by him to remove the scruples of some whose better feelings revolted at the indiscriminate slaughter, which would inevitably result from the success of the plot.

Not long after this, father Greenway disclosed the whole plot to Garnet, not in confessive, which would have placed it under the solemn seal of secrecy, (though that plea was afterwards set up,) but "by way of confession," as Garnet expressed it; that is to say, for the words appear to be fairly susceptible of no other meaning, Greenway communicated all he knew to Garnet, in

* "The good husbandman in the gospel," the historian Fuller observes, with his usual quaintness, "permitted the *tares* to grow for the *corn's* sake; whereas here, by the contrary counsel of the Jesuit, the *corn* (so they reputed it) was to be rooted up for the *tares'* sake."—*Church History*, book x. p. 34.

order that he might have the benefit of his advice, and the sanction of his authority. They were often together, and they conferred on the subject whenever they met. Garnet viewed the project as dangerous in the extreme, and of most uncertain issue; and therefore, much as he desired its accomplishment, and anxious as he was for the restoration of Popery, he endeavoured, if he and his apologists may be believed, to dissuade the conspirators from their purpose, hoping that the wished-for end might be attained by some other means. But while he kept the secret of the conspirators, he shared their guilt; and his close and continued intimacy with the chief movers in the affair, and his frequent interviews with them, cannot but be regarded as tokens of his approval of their enterprise.

In the beginning of September more gunpowder was purchased and deposited in the cellar. Sir Edmund Baynham, a profligate Papist, who had been often prosecuted for riotous proceedings, and was captain of a club, known by the name of "The Damned Crew," an appellation which sufficiently indicates its character, was sent by the conspirators to Rome about the same time. He was to remain there till the blow was struck; that when the news should arrive, he might open negotiations with the pope, and procure his concurrence in the ulterior designs of the Papists.

About Michaelmas, three gentlemen of wealth and influence were induced to join the traitorous confederacy. These were, sir Everard Digby, a young man of rich and honourable family, who had been knighted by king James, on his way to London, at his accession to the throne; Ambrose Rookwood, the head of an opulent family in Suffolk, whose house was well known as an asylum for Popish priests, and who had been frequently prosecuted for offences against the statutes of Elizabeth; and Francis Tresham, eldest son and heir of sir Thomas Tresham, upon whose death, a little while before, he had succeeded to large property in Northamptonshire. Digby contributed 1500*l.*, and Tresham, 2000*l.*, besides horses, arms, and ammunition. Rookwood's contribution is not stated, but there is no doubt that it was fully equal, according to his resources, to those of his colleagues. Percy promised to abstract 4000*l.* from the earl of Northumberland's rents.

Parliament had been further adjourned from October 3 to November 5. The time was now near. Frequent meetings were held at White Webbs, a house near Enfield, at some of which Garnet was present. It was then agreed that Fawkes should set fire to the gunpowder by a slow burning match, and immediately cross the river and proceed to Flanders with the intelligence, a vessel for that purpose being prepared for him; that Digby should procure a meeting of gentlemen of tried principles, at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, under pretence of hunting, and persuade them, as soon as he heard that the plot had taken effect, to assist him in seizing the princess Elizabeth, then on a visit at lord Harrington's, near Coventry, and in obtaining horses and armour from Warwick castle, and other places in the neighbourhood; and that Percy, whose office gave him free access to the palace, should secure the prince of Wales and the duke of York, unless either of them should be in the parliament house with the king, and hasten to the rendezvous at Dunchurch. They expected that by that time a general rising of the Papists would take place; and that they should be able to adopt such measures as would assure them of the accomplishment of all their wishes. One of the king's children was to be placed on the throne, under a Popish protector; and the repeal of all the laws against Popery, and its re-establishment as the national religion, would follow as a matter of course.

One or two particulars respecting Garnet must be mentioned here. In the month of September, when Parliament was expected to meet on the 3rd of the following month, the adjournment not having then taken place, Garnet, accompanied by a party of Papists, about thirty in number, among whom were Rookwood and his wife, lady Digby, and Anne Vaux, undertook a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well, in Flintshire. They started from Goathurst, a mansion of sir Everard Digby's, in Buckinghamshire. They rested at John Grant's house, at Norbrook, and at Robert Winter's, at Haddington, (two of the conspirators,) and Garnet said mass at each place. From Holt, in Flintshire, they went barefoot to the well, remained there all night, and then returned to Goathurst by the same route. Having remained there several weeks, on the 29th

of October, only six days before the appointed fatal day, Garnet travelled from Goathurst to Coughton, in Warwickshire, Mr. Thomas Throckmorton's seat, accompanied by Anne Vaux, and the whole of sir Everard Digby's family. He was then in the immediate neighbourhood of the place fixed for the general rendezvous of the conspirators. His undertaking this journey, at such a time, and in connexion with the family of the man to whom the execution of an important part of the enterprise was confided, tended to confirm the impression that he was as guilty as the rest.

THE THREE CROSSES.

Interesting as are many spots on the surface of the earth, there is one which surpasses every other—it is Calvary. Thither, then, let us proceed in thought; and may the Spirit of God assist our meditations! Here, alone, we can learn to be peaceful and happy.

Let the eye first dwell on that centre cross; it presents before us, like the rest, a fearful death. Crucifixion was not only a cruel and excruciating mode of ending life, but it was inflicted only on notorious criminals; thus adding shame to agony; for it was written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Other circumstances strike us as unparalleled, in reference to the sufferer whom we now contemplated. He had attendants, who had listened to his gracious words, and had beheld the wondrous deeds he had performed, but these had fled. Crowds of passers by, drawn to the spot on the way to the temple, shook their heads, and railed at him as they went; the chief priests, too, as they proceeded thither to their usual duties, encouraged them in their revilings, by the bitter insults they uttered; while the soldiers mocked him as the king of the Jews, as if this were an honour to their own sovereign. Yea, more, the sky is darkened above, and the earth is rent under him; his cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" is unheard in heaven, and mocked in hell; almighty power seems unequal or unwilling to support him; his groans are only answered by the moans of the earthquake, or the rending of the sepulchre; and his soul, sunk in unfathomable sorrow, can find no sympathy.

"Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh;" and in that sufferer we behold Him. He who was "in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God,—humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross." There he maintained a mighty contest with all the foes of fallen man. There he humbled to the dust our malignant conqueror, spoiled the spoiler of the world, and turned into mocking its "principalities and powers," that rejoiced when he was condemned to be crucified. He stood accursed: thus alone could man be reconciled to God: he was numbered with transgressors; thus alone could iniquity be forgiven: he died; thus alone could death be abolished.

And now where is the conscience burdened by a load of guilt? where is the tumult of passion deplored? where is the gloom of fear experienced? Through the cross of Jesus relief may be enjoyed. Only let him become the object of trust, and all will be well. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." There is not a blessing possessed by the believer on earth, or the redeemed in heaven, but is to be traced to the suffering and dying Mediator. There is salvation in none other, and he is "able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him," Acts iv. 12; Heb. vii. 25.

We turn now to another cross. It is that of a malefactor, a felon in fact, and a murderer in principle, who, like his fellow in suffering, has been reproaching the Saviour in the midst of his agonies. But now, a power, never till then experienced, begins to operate; it stops the current of impious reviling, it transforms the heart of stone into a heart of flesh, and the malefactor becomes a new creature. Of this he gives the clearest evidence. He begins, as every one truly penitent will, to pray in sincerity and truth. He sees the real character of Christ; for he says, "This man hath done nothing amiss;" and to assert the innocence of Jesus is to admit his Divinity; and addressing him as Lord, he offers him the tribute which is due to God alone. Still further; he beholds Christ as entering an eternal dominion, and cries, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." As we think of this, we are lost in astonishment, until we reflect that he may well be wise whose teacher is omniscient; that he may

well be strong, under whom is placed an almighty arm. Nature has its miracles; here is a miracle of grace!

Have we already mused on faith as necessary to salvation? Here is an instance of its exercise. Here it appears, admitting fully the character of Christ, and surrendering the soul to his care, in the full confidence of its eternal security. Faith is trusting in the Mediator—a trusting in him wholly—a trusting in him only. It is a reposing in him the unreserved confidence of the soul, with the full persuasion that there is no other basis of hope. It is not like the leaning of an invalid on the arm of a friend, when many proffer their aid, or like that gentle pressure which is scarcely felt; it is rather like the clinging of a shipwrecked mariner to the only fragment of the vessel he can find, the only means of deliverance he can grasp, from imminent and irretrievable ruin. Reader, is such a faith yours? remember, no other will avail you. This faith alone will open for your enjoyment now, all the blessings which the gospel reveals, and, as the reply of Jesus did to the penitent malefactor hereafter, all the glory and happiness of heaven.

But let us pause a moment at the third cross. There a malefactor is suspended, who continues "dead in trespasses and sins." "One was saved at the eleventh hour," it has been said, "that none might despair, and only one, that none might presume." Those, therefore, who presume, by cherishing indifference to the soul's welfare, or by hoping for salvation, without a reference to the mediation of Christ, or by delaying an application for mercy till the close of life, may expect to be left, like this man, to "eat of the fruit of their own way," and to "be filled with their own devices." An appropriate yet affecting inscription might be found, for many a tomb, in the language of Christ, in reference to Jerusalem: Oh that thou "hadst known, even thou, at least, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes!" Let, then, this solemn truth be devoutly regarded, and others which have now been urged on the mind, and we shall not have visited the three crosses of Calvary in vain. W.

Mount Hor.

MOUNT HOR.

The name of mount Hor was long given to the whole range of mount Seir, and though superseded by the latter denomination, was preserved in the name of the summit on which Aaron died, and where the Israelites tarried in their journeys to bury him and to bewail his loss. There appears to be reason to identify this mount Hor with the high mountain which rises conspicuously above the surrounding rocks

in the neighbourhood of Petra, the ancient capital of the Edomites. This mountain, whose rugged pinnacle forms a very striking feature in one of the most interesting scenes in the world, is of very difficult and steep ascent, which is partly artificial, rude steps or niches being in some places formed in the rock. It took some modern travellers an hour and a half to ascend its almost perpendicular sides. From its summit, a very extensive view may be enjoyed; while the burying place of the high priest of the Jews may furnish material for much profitable reflection.

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.—No. II.

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

"The old men feel the sunshine of far youth
Returning, fresh as when the hero glow'd.
The young—lip, eye, and daring heart are stirr'd;
Their very blood seems rippling with delight,
So deep the fulness of this warlike joy.
Yea, hollow cheeks of sadness, and the brows
Of poverty, and lean-faced want itself,
Forget their nature in a share of fame."

R. MONTGOMERY.

"SAY what you will in defence of war," said I to my friend Wallace, "you will never make me believe that its evils would not preponderate, if weighed in the balance with the glory and advantages which you affirm that England has derived from its late victories. Setting aside the enormous weight of taxation which it has placed upon our shoulders, and forgetting, for an instant, the dreadful fact that it has sent, unprepared, millions into eternity, I should still be able to maintain the truth of the sentiment so powerfully expressed by the poet, that

'War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.'"—COWPER.

Then, calling my friend to the window, I continued, "Do you see yonder group of villagers, on the brow of the hill?"

"I do," he replied.

"Then," rejoined I, "mark them well, and describe the principal figure there."

Putting his glass to his eye, and minutely observing the party, Wallace said, "The figure, most conspicuous and active, appears, at this distance, to be an aged man with a wooden leg, and a staff in his right hand, with which he is describing sundry evolutions that betoken him to be 'the old Campaigner.'"

"You are right," I observed, "he is; and I have no doubt that, were you within hearing of the story which I perceive him to be narrating, you would find something to interest you, and perhaps, assimilate your views to mine concerning the practice of war."

"Suppose," said Wallace, "we take up our position behind yonder bush, and make it our post of observation?" I cordially assented, and we speedily established ourselves in the immediate neighbourhood of the animated group.

What we heard, with the exception of the oaths which embellished almost every sentence uttered by the old Campaigner, and the loud roar of laughter which ever and anon burst from his delighted auditors, was to the following effect:

"Do they call duke of Wellington the hero of a hundred fights?" asked the old Campaigner: "so am I. In every battle he fought, there was I in his ranks. Glorious work we had, my boys, in many of these battles. I did not think I should like it though, when we went into the first. My blood ran cold, and fear shivered my heart; but after I had heard the roar of the cannon for an hour or two, and had sent my bayonet through the hearts of a few Frenchmen, I began to relish the work, and the experience of two or three battles made it a pleasure. I tell you what, my boys, it's no use talking of humanity to a soldier: what's humanity to him? When you are in battle, it's no use to feel either for yourself or your foes? 'Twas no more pain or trouble for me to spear a Frenchman, than it is for the cook at the hall to run her spit through a sirloin of beef; or for a boy to put a pin through a chafer's wing to make it spin. And this brings to my mind a circumstance at which I have often laughed. In one of the many battles we fought in Spain, I was hard pressed by a huge grenadier sort of Frenchman. Indeed, I made sure that it was all over with me, for he had, somehow or other, knocked my musket out of my hand, and had raised his sword to pay me off for having dispatched so many of his countrymen, when, as my good fortune would have it, a ball pierced him, and he spun round like a top, and fell dead at my feet. Bravo! cried I, and taking up my musket, went to it again more vigorously than before. Be sure I had my revenge!"

At this moment I looked at Wallace, and was not sorry to find that he visibly

recoiled from the hardened warrior, and the sanguinary tale which he related with such *sang froid*. Wishing, however, that the impression might be deepened, I induced him still to listen; and thus the veteran went on:

"Well, my boys, you see that I did not die. Die, indeed! I am as game as ever. I have, it is true, lost a leg. But that is nothing. I have, as you see, got a wooden substitute, and I should yet like to try my skill upon a Frenchman."

"Where did you lose your old 'un?" asked one of the group.

"Where did you lose your old 'un?" reiterated the old Campaigner, sneeringly; "why, I will tell you, since you hav'n't sagacity enough to guess. I told you I was in all duke of Wellington's battles. Don't you see, then, that it must be in the last that I lost my leg—the great battle of Waterloo? There, I would not have lost that sight for more than the worth of two legs. Many a Frenchman did I settle that day; more, no doubt, than I know of; for both we and the enemy exchanged vollies without ceasing. Whiz! whiz! whiz! went their balls round our ears; but we cared no more for them than for pellets driven from the mouths of pop guns. Live or die, it was all one to us. Oh, it was glorious work! But coming to close quarters was most glorious of all. I warrant, my boys, that you would have done as I did, had you seen the wry faces which the Frenchmen made when they received our steel lozenges in their bosoms."

"What was that?" asked some of the by-standers.

"Laughed, to be sure!" ejaculated the old Campaigner, a ghastly grin pervading his grim features, "what else should I have done?"

"Wept, to be sure!" exclaimed Wallace, in an indignant tone, and advancing nearer to the belligerent orator; but I prevented him, and reminded him that any interruption would bring the narration to a close.

"But soldiers are not always fighting, my boys," continued the old Campaigner, "that work, as you know, takes only up a day or two, and at all other times they lead a merry life. They whistle care to the winds, for their pay, if small, is sure; and at home or abroad they are as gay as larks." The old Campaigner now dashed into details which I cannot meddle with: he told of the infliction of brutal and unprovoked wrong in a strain of coarse ribaldry, which showed, beyond all need of further evidence, the brutalizing effects of war.

"'Tis true," he said, "the duke forbade these things; but what cared we for orders when out of sight? He could not see every where, you know; he must have been a strange fellow if he could. Sometimes, to be sure, he would hear of our slips, and lashes, and sometimes worse, were freely administered; but many a glorious rumpus there was that never came to his knowledge. Oh, who would not lead the life of a soldier? I tell you, my boys, those were the happiest days of my life; and it is only because I could not spend more such, that I regretted the loss of my leg. What is a pension, compared with the pleasures of the camp? I would make a scramble for you, my boys, on the next pay day, if I could but be permitted to lead my life over again. But, no," said he, in an altered tone, and drawing himself up haughtily, "I would not; for none of you deserve it. You love the feather bed and lazy enjoyments of home too well for me."

"There are no wars," exclaimed several voices, as if in deprecation of their implied want of courage.

"True," the old Campaigner responded; "the world will rust for want of them. You need a good war to brighten you up. No man knows what spirit he possesses till something stirs it up within him. I like your answer, boys; no doubt you would be men if you could. But still some of the sweets of soldiership are left. You may yet dance to the sound of the fiddle, and march to the beat of the drum. Plenty of money, you know, in the bank of England: a soldier never starves."

Here Wallace whispered an inquiry as to whether the old Campaigner was not employed as a recruiting serjeant? but, I assured him, that sheer love for the art of war made him thus eulogize it.

"A soldier, I say, never starves," repeated the old Campaigner, "and more than that, he gets plenty of grog. That's more than you can say, boys. Have I not hit the mark?"

The whole party shook their heads in significant reply.

"I thought so," he continued. "There, before I would lead such a dastardly life as you do, I would lose both arms and

legs. But why do you eye my wooden leg? What do you think it is?"

"What is it?" answered they, "a wooden leg, to be sure."

"You know nothing at all about it," said the old Campaigner; "it is the fortune of war, and it is shod with glory!"

"And I have no doubt," said I, as I turned away with Wallace, "that if soldiership will ensure them such a leg, more than one of that group, some forty years hence, will stump about this hill, and bellow out the glories of war, like this old Campaigner."

"Do you think so?" asked Wallace.

"I do," I replied; "and that is not the worst. If, spared by a gracious Heaven to return this way, we should again place ourselves within hearing of the party whose wont it is to assemble here, we should hear them performing the same part which the old Campaigner is now acting—that of corrupting the listening youth."

"I hope your imagination speaks rather than your experience," said Wallace.

"By no means, Wallace," answered I.

> 'Tis universal soldiership has stabbed
> The heart of merit in the meaner class.'
>
> COWPER.

"That same old Campaigner, forty years ago, as the tongue of moralizing age has informed me, was the pride of this village. Moral and artless, a simplicity-loving poet might have taken him as a personification of rural innocence. In an evil hour he listened to tales like those he now loves to recite, and went to the wars. What followed we have gathered from his own lips. Did you not perceive his inhumanity?"

"I did," answered Wallace.

"And the spirit of revenge animating him, and which he even made his boast?"

"I did."

"And his thirst for 'glory?'"

"I did."

"And his love of sinful pleasure?"

"I did."

"And his forgetfulness of that God who covered his head in the day of battle?"

"I did."

"And his recklessness of life and limb?"

"I did."

"If, then, you observed all these traits in the old Campaigner's character, you could not fail also to observe his obscenity and profaneness. Now, Wallace, these are some of the fruits of soldiership; and whoever enters its ranks uneducated, as these rustics are, and unguarded by a higher principle than mere morality, must return home laden with such fruits. Is it not then something more than a flight of fancy to suppose, that the listeners on this occasion, may, in their turn, become the disseminators of evil?"

"Surely," Wallace replied; "they are in a course of training for it;" and his face assuming a deeply thoughtful expression, he added, "War, then, is a curse!"

"It is, sir," I exclaimed, "and may Heaven hasten that day, when, according to the sure word of the prophecy, swords shall be turned into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks; when man shall cease to shed the blood of his fellow man, and be lauded for the deed."

"Why should it not be now?" asked Wallace, earnestly.

"I perceive," said I, "that you now agree with me, that the evils of war outweigh its advantages, and that, were mankind wise, they would no longer go out to battle."

"I concur in the sentiment with all my heart," Wallace replied; "the old Campaigner's tale has made me 'a friend' for ever on the subject of war. Peace! humanizing peace, shall be my motto."

"You may well say humanizing peace," I replied, "for wars have directly the contrary effect on poor humanity. I will venture to affirm, that this tale of the old Campaigner, often told as it is, will brutalize more minds than our good old rector, with all his eloquence, can civilize with a thousand discourses. The soldier's tale suits the unrenewed natures of his audience: they possess no power, moral, reflective, or intellectual, to repel his fascination; they think as he thinks, feel as he feels upon the subject, and are willing votaries at the shrine of Moloch. Ignorance binds them with its iron chain, and poverty acts as a spur in their sides to urge them on—to what?"

"The world calls glory," answered Wallace.

"Then tell the world it errs," I replied, "and that the soldier is led on to rapine and slaughter. But there is a day coming," I added, "when wars, and rumours of wars shall no more ar-

rest the sickening ear; when man, meeting with his fellow man, though in the wilds of Africa, shall greet him as a brother. In that day,

> 'They shall beat their swords into plowshares,
> And their spears into pruning hooks:
> Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation,
> Neither shall they learn war any more.'"
>
> MICAH iv. 3.

It is now some years since Wallace and I thus conversed on the subject of war, and lapse of time has only served to strengthen the convictions I then expressed. I do not mean, however, to impugn the propriety of defensive war, and still less would I infer that the army is without its redeeming characters. Both those positions I would be willing to maintain at the point of the pen. But it is not to be supposed that our old Campaigner is the solitary instance of the evils produced by soldiership. Many have returned to their native homes with the same perverted minds, and the same propensity for perverting others. Mothers have bewailed the day on which they departed, and maidens have rued that of their return. Few, however, were so attractive as the hero of our sketch, who literally commanded the attention of his followers. On the brow of the hill in summer, by the blazing fire in winter, he might be found giving them such insights into what human nature may become, under certain hardening and corrupting circumstances, as would make the commonest sensibility shudder, morality retire, and modesty wrap her veil around her blushing forehead. Often as the ribald shout fell on my ear, I have exclaimed, "The old Campaigner has given morality another sword-thrust," and my fancy has seen it fall like a slain Frenchman. It was not illusion, alas! for many are this moment ready to tread in their instructor's steps; and are in a fair way, if war should unfortunately break out, of returning with a "fortune-of-war-shod-with-glory" sort of leg, and are even now such pests to society, that their absence would be as cheerfully greeted, as their return would be dreaded. These unhappy individuals, certainly, owe only the peculiar bent of their dispositions to the old Campaigner; their entire character was not formed by him; the misshapen work was, doubtless, commenced in infancy; and the reckless soldier did but set his rude seal upon it.

The work, however, of the old Campaigner is now over. Not for him is now the struggle of war, or the revelry of peace; heedless youth will no longer give ear to him, nor moralizing manhood frown at his licentiousness. His head lies under the green mound, and pity can afford a sigh even for the old Campaigner. THE RECORDER.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.—THE MORMONITES.—No. I.

IT is a lamentable fact that a considerable number of the people of this country are now led astray by a sect called Mormonites, or latter-day saints. The seeds of this wretched imposture were imported from America about four years ago. The book from which the deluded derive their name contains more than six hundred pages of closely printed matter. Its title is as follows:—"The Book of Mormon: an account written by the hand of Mormon upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi. Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Laminites, written to the Laminites, who are a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jews and Gentiles, written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and revelation." To it is appended the testimony of three witnesses that they "have seen the plates that contain the record;" and know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, and that they "declare that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and engravings thereon." There is also the testimony of eight witnesses, "that the plates of which Joseph Smith, jun., hath spoken have the appearance of gold."

A correspondent of the "Episcopal Recorder," published in Philadelphia, describes one agent of this superstition as named Harris, and a visit which the writer received from him in Palmyra in 1827. The following is an extract from his statement, which is now given with a view to prepare any of our readers, who have "Mormonites" around them, for the exposure of their error. He says,—

Harris remarked that he reposed great confidence in me as a minister of Jesus Christ, and that what he had now to communicate he wished me to regard as strictly confidential. He said he verily believed that an important epoch had arrived, that a great flood of light

was about to burst upon the world, and that the scene of Divine manifestation was to be immediately around us. In explanation of what he meant, he then proceeded to remark that a golden Bible had recently been dug from the earth, where it had been deposited for thousands of years, and that this would be found to contain such disclosures as would settle all religious controversies, and speedily bring on the glorious millennium. That this mysterious book, which no human eye of the present generation had yet seen, was in the possession of Joseph Smith, jun., ordinarily known in the neighbourhood under the more familiar designation of Joe Smith; that there had been a revelation made to him by which he had discovered this sacred deposit, and two transparent stones, through which, as a sort of spectacles, he could read the Bible, although the box or ark that contained it, had not yet been opened; and that by looking through those mysterious stones, he had transcribed from one of the leaves of this book, the characters which Harris had so carefully wrapped in the package which he was drawing from his pocket. The whole thing appeared to me so ludicrous and puerile, that I could not refrain from telling Mr. Harris, that I believed it a mere hoax got up to practise upon his credulity, or an artifice to extort from him money; for I had already, in the course of the conversation, learned that he had advanced some twenty-five dollars to Joe Smith as a sort of premium for sharing with him in the glories and profits of this new revelation. For, at this time, his mind seemed to be quite as intent upon the pecuniary advantage that would arise from the possession of the plates of solid gold of which this book was composed, as upon the spiritual light it would diffuse over the world. My intimations to him, in reference to the possible imposition that was being practised upon him, however, were indignantly repelled.

Before I proceed to Martin's narrative, however, I would remark in passing, that Smith, who has since been the chief prophet of the Mormons, and was one of the most prominent ostensible actors in the first scenes of this drama, belonged to a very shiftless family near Palmyra. They lived a sort of vagrant life, and were principally known as money diggers. Joe from a boy appeared dull and utterly destitute of genius; but his father claimed for him a sort of second sight, a power to look into the depths of the earth, and discover where its precious treasures were hid. Consequently, long before the idea of a golden Bible entered their minds, in their excursions for money digging, which I believe usually occurred in the night, that they might conceal from others the knowledge of the place where they struck upon treasures, Joe was usually their guide, putting into a hat a peculiar stone he had through which he looked to decide where they should begin to dig.

According to Martin Harris, it was after one of these night excursions, that Joe, while he lay upon his bed, had a remarkable dream. An angel of God seemed to approach him, clad in celestial splendour. This Divine messenger assured him, that he, Joseph Smith, was chosen of the Lord to be a prophet of the most high God, and to bring to light hidden things, that would prove of unspeakable benefit to the world. He then disclosed to him the existence of this golden Bible, and the place where it was deposited; but at the same time told him that he must follow implicitly the Divine direction, or he would draw down upon him the wrath of Heaven. This book, which was contained in a chest or ark, and which consisted of metallic plates covered with characters embossed in gold, he must not presume to look into, under three years. He must first go on a journey into Pennsylvania, and there among the mountains, he would meet with a very lovely woman, belonging to a highly respectable and pious family, whom he was to take for his wife. As a proof that he was sent on this mission by Jehovah, as soon as he saw this designated person, he would be smitten with her beauty; and though he was a stranger to her, and she was far above him in the walks of life, she would at once be willing to marry him and go with him to the ends of the earth. After their marriage, he was to return to his former home, and remain quietly there until the birth of his first child. When this child had completed his second year, he might then proceed to the hill beneath which the mysterious chest was deposited, and draw it thence, and publish the truths it contained to the world. Smith awoke

from his dream, and, according to Harris, started off towards Pennsylvania, not knowing to what point he should go. But the Lord directed him, and gained him favour in the eyes of just such a person as was described to him. He was married, and had returned. His first child had been born, and was now about six months old. But Joe had not been altogether obedient to the heavenly vision. After his marriage and return from Pennsylvania, he became so awfully impressed with the high destiny that awaited him, that he communicated the secret to his father and family. The money-digging propensity of the old man operated so powerfully, that he insisted upon it that they should go and dig and see if the chest was there—not with any view to remove it till the appointed time, but merely to satisfy themselves. Accordingly, they went forth in the stillness of night with their spades and mattocks to the spot where slumbered this sacred deposit. They had proceeded but a little while in the work of excavation, when the mysterious chest appeared; but lo! instantly it moved and glided along out of their sight. Directed, however, by the *clairvoyance* of Joe, they again penetrated to the spot where it stood, and succeeded in gaining a partial view of its dimensions. But while they were pressing forward to gaze at it, the thunders of the Almighty shook the spot, and made the earth to tremble; a sheet of vivid lightning swept along over the side of the hill, and burnt terribly around the spot where the excavation was going on, and again with a rumbling noise the chest moved off out of their sight. They were all terrified, and fled towards their home. Joe took his course silently along by himself. On his way homeward, being alone, and in the woods, the angel of the Lord met him clad in terror and wrath. He spoke in a voice of thunder, and forked lightning shot through the trees and ran along upon the ground. The terror of the Divine messenger's appearance instantly struck Smith to the earth, and he felt his whole frame convulsed with agony, as though he was stamped upon by the iron hoofs of death himself. In language most terrific did the angel upbraid him for his disobedience, and then disappeared. Smith went home trembling and full of terror. Soon, however, his mind became more composed. Another Divine communication was made to him, authorizing him to go alone and bring the chest and deposit it secretly under the hearth of his dwelling, but by no means to attempt to look into it. The reason assigned by the angel for this removal, was, that some report in relation to the place where his sacred book was deposited had gone forth, and there was danger of its being disturbed. According to Harris, Smith now scrupulously followed the Divine directions. He was already in possession of the two transparent stones laid up with the golden Bible, by looking through which he was enabled to read the golden letters on the plates in the box. How he obtained these spectacles without opening the chest, Harris could not tell. But still he had them; and by means of them he could read all the book contained. The book itself was not to be disclosed until Smith's child had attained a certain age. Then it might be published to the world. In the interim, Smith was to prepare the way for the conversion of the world to a new system of faith, by transcribing the characters from the plates and giving translations of the same. This was the substance of Martin Harris's communication to me upon our first interview. He then carefully unfolded a slip of paper, which contained three or four lines of characters, as unlike letters or hieroglyphics of any sort, as well could be produced, were one to shut up his eyes and play off the most antic movements with his pen upon paper. The only thing that bore the slightest resemblance to the letter of any language that I had ever seen, was two upright marks joined by a horizontal line, that might have been taken for the Hebrew character ח. My ignorance of the characters in which this pretended ancient record was written, was to Martin Harris new proof that Smith's whole account of the Divine revelation made to him was entirely to be relied on.

The way that Smith made his transcripts and translations for Harris was the following:—Although in the same room, a thick curtain or blanket was suspended between them, and Smith, concealed behind the blanket, pretended to look through his spectacles, or transparent stones, and would then write down or repeat what he saw, which, when repeated aloud, was written down by Harris, who sat on the other side

of the suspended blanket. Harris was told that it would arouse the most terrible Divine displeasure, if he should attempt to draw near the sacred chest, or look at Smith while engaged in the work of deciphering the mysterious characters. This was Harris's own account of the matter to me. What other measures they afterwards took to transcribe or translate from these metallic plates, I cannot say, as I very soon after this removed to another field of labour where I heard no more of this matter till I learned the book of Mormon was about being published. It was not till after the discovery of the manuscript of Spaulding, of which I shall subsequently give some account, that the actors in this imposture thought of calling this pretended revelation the book of Mormon. This book, which professed to be a translation of the golden Bible brought to light by Joseph Smith, was published in 1830, to accomplish which Martin Harris actually mortgaged his farm.

We must return to the details of this gross and wicked superstition.

GENTLE REPROOFS.—No. II.
THE CRUEL BOYS.

It was about half an hour after midday, and the sabbath sun was brightly shining in the south, when on crossing the London Fields, near Hackney, I perceived a band of full-grown, thoughtless boys, indulging in a kind of cruelty that was altogether new to me. It consisted in throwing young birds into the air with a broad piece of paper round their necks. A hole had apparently been cut in each paper to put the head of a bird through it. When the feathered objects of this inhuman sport were thrown up, incommoded by the paper, and obstructed by the resistance of the air, they could not fly more than twenty or thirty yards without gradually coming to the ground; it was therefore impossible for them to escape from their cruel tormentors. While the birds were in the air, they were pelted with hats, turfs, sticks, and stones. When the lads saw that they had caught my attention, they removed to a distance; but, after some time, falling in with a policeman, I directed him to go to them, to speak firmly, but kindly to them, and to bring away the young birds. The policeman set off on his mission in a very proper spirit. "Sir," said he, "if we could always go to work gently, instead of being ordered, as we too often are, to act with severity, we should do much more good than we now do."

While the boys, who seemed of the very lowest order of loitering vagabonds, were at a distance, I observed a well-dressed man with two children join them. At first, I thought it was to reprove them; but no, it was to share in their cruel entertainment. After waiting till I saw in which direction the man proceeded with his children, I threw myself in his way, and was indeed much surprised, when he came nearer, to find him so apparently respectable.

I asked him if the children he led by the hand were his own, when he replied they were. "And no doubt," continued I, "you would be very angry if any one used them ill." He said he should. "How then is it," said I, "that you use them so ill yourself?" He did not appear to understand me. "What I mean is," continued I, "How can you use them so ill as to set them so bad an example in joining the thoughtless lads you have just left in their wanton and cruel sport?" He coloured, and denied having thrown at the birds; but I intimated to him the difficulty of doubting that which our eyes have seen, and expressed my regret that he should think so lightly of departing from the truth. "You must allow me," said I, "to speak to you; for I mean it not unkindly. No doubt you love your children, but you are likely to be a blessing to them, and they to you, just in the proportion in which you bring them up to fear God, and to act uprightly. Now, sir, you have no more real right to abuse God's creatures, than I have to abuse your children; and you have certainly no right as their parent to bring them up in habits of cruelty. The respectability of your appearance only makes me the more anxious to convince you that you have done wrong. I am an older man than you are, and you must not be angry with me, therefore make me no reply. I hope that you will be more careful for the future to set your children a better example, and that they will be a blessing to you all your days."

He walked away with his two little ones without replying a word; but if he only feels as kindly towards me as I felt towards him and his children, he will not fail to be benefited by the medicine that a stranger endeavoured to administer to him, in a kindly spirit, and with a gentle hand.

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. II.

THIRD CLASS. TRIANDRIA.

Whatever department of nature is investigated, it will be found to be inscribed with the name of the Deity. While the Christian botanist regards the earth beautiful with thousands and tens of thousands of flowers, the Christian astronomer gazes on the heavens spangled with stars. The regular revolution of the stars, and the annual reproduction of plants and flowers alike declare the presence of God. His name, written on the earth, in the many-coloured petals of flowers, is inscribed in the heavens in revolving "worlds of fire:" thus the vast and the minute equally declare His praise.

Every month has its returning attractions; when January is past, February, if the season be mild, gives additional interest to the garden and the field. The snowdrop becomes more abundant; the yellow crocus expands its petals; the laurustinus blows; the coltsfoot is in flower; and the catkins of the alder attract the eye.

Nor are the sweet lays of the redbreasted bird to be heard alone; they are mingled with the louder strains of the missel thrush, and the brake-loving blackbird. The bickering rooks are seen wheeling round the tops of their accustomed high trees. The bullfinch, the chaffinch, the woodpecker, and the woodlark begin to show themselves, and to warble forth their varied music; the hedge sparrow gives life and cheerfulness to the hedge of the cottage garden, the flies and gnats increase under the sunny trees; the field cricket unbars the portals of his earthy habitation; and the burrowing mole throws up the fresh mould from his subterranean track. But we will now pass to our third class, *Triandria.*

The plants which are arranged in this class are furnished with "three stamens," as the term *Triandria* implies. The class is divided into three orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as valerian, saffron, gladiole, iris, hog rush, club rush, and cotton grass. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as most of the grasses, wheat, barley, rye, and oats. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as water plinks.

By far the most common and best known plant, of the first order of this class, is the common saffron, or spring crocus of the gardens, (*Crocus vernus*,) which, though not originally a native of this country, has become naturalized about Nottingham, in the fields and meadows. It is a native of the south of Europe, and blows from February, or earlier, till April, growing about six inches high, the flower purplish, with reddish veins, and a long tube, the upper part with six equal divisions. The stigma of this pistil is orange, and when this is dried, it becomes the saffron of the shops, esteemed for the beautiful colour it imparts to water, wine, and liqueurs. What is sold in the shops is extensively adulterated with the dried petals of the common marygold, and with a much less innocent article, the dried fibres of tough beef, which are dyed yellow for the purpose.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter on the manifold deceits which are practised in society, save those connected with the subject on which we treat, otherwise a wide field would be opened for animadversion. Integrity and truth are costly things; but deception is at all times odious. The "bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel," Prov. xx. 17.

It may be remarked, that the numerous sorts of crocus, cultivated in gardens, are not merely varieties of this, but different species; and the meadow saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*) does not even belong to the same genus.

The meadow foxtail grass, (*Alopecurus pratenisis*,) which ranks in the second order of this class, may be met with in every meadow, and sends up its bushy, or foxbrush looking spike in April and May, the husk, with two valves, containing a single plant, with two pistils and three stamens. This grass thrives well in a rich soil, neither very wet, nor very dry, and is, perhaps, upon the whole, as valuable a grass as any which we possess, having the three great requisites of quantity, quality, and earliness, in a degree superior to any other. After it has been mown, it shoots freely, and the after-math is much relished by all descriptions of farm stock.

A field of mowing grass is an extended forest to the myriads of creeping things and insects that seek nourishment, shelter, and enjoyment amid its countless flowery stems. Well has it been said, "What a garden has a grasshopper!"

In the second order of this class is ranked the common sugar cane, (*Saccharum officinarum,*) one of the most interesting plants, from its furnishing an article which, from being a rare luxury, has become almost a necessary in civilized life. It is a native of Africa, lower Asia, the East Indies, and Arabia Felix. It has been long cultivated in tropical America and its islands, from which, indeed, the principal supply of sugar is now derived. Botanists are not agreed whether it is indigenous to America; but the probability is, that it has been introduced there from the old world. The cane grows to a considerable thickness, and bears a loose panicle, or spike of flowers, similar to our reed, (*Arundo phragmites.*) The sugar is prepared from the juice of the plant pressed out by means of an appropriate apparatus, and boiled with the addition of quicklime, or potass, to saturate and remove the superabundant acid in the juice, which would spoil the sugar. The boiling is repeated in vessels gradually smaller; and during the process, it is necessary to skim off the impurities, and employ more lime or potass. When the juice acquires a due consistence, it is suffered to cool in a proper vessel, and the sugar concretes into a crystallized mass. This, after being separated from the molasses, is sold under the name of brown, or moist sugar; which may be purified by boiling with lime and bullock's blood, and thus rendered white; when it is cast in conical moulds, and becomes the loaf sugar of the shops.

Medicinally, sugar is nutritive and wholesome, though, when for the purposes of experiment, Mr. Stark tried to live on it wholly, with the addition of a little bread, he soon became emaciated, and lost strength. When used in considerable quantities, with cream and the like, it is very fattening; and during the cane harvest in the West Indies, the negroes, who eat the green cane, become very stout and plump. It is undoubtedly a popular error, that sugar and sweet things in general injure and destroy the teeth, though, if the stomach be clogged or overloaded therewith, and the general health affected, the teeth will suffer in consequence, as will other members and organs of the body.

We can hardly quit the subject of the sugar cane without some passing allusion to the oppressed race of beings who have been mainly employed in its cultivation. For ages, the slave trade rested as a blot on the forehead of England; and, though at last, ashamed of the reproach, twenty millions were given to cleanse away the foul pollution, yet still is the inhuman traffic carried on by other countries to an extent, it is to be feared, at least equal to that of former times. Not yet are the lines of the Christian poet become obsolete.

> "Think ye nations, iron hearted,
> Lolling at your jovial boards,
> Think how many backs have smarted
> For the sweets your cane affords!"

The paper grass of Egypt (*Cyperus papyrus*) is an interesting plant of this class, growing in the small streams and neglected shallow water courses of the depth of three feet or less, in the vicinity of the Nile. The stalk, eight or ten feet high, is long and naked, and the glumes are chaffy and tiled (*imbricatæ*) in two rows. It grows in similar places about the rivers Jordan and Euphrates. It would appear from Isaiah xix. 7, that paper was made from this plant before he wrote his prophecies, supposed to be about 700 years B.C.; though Pliny on the authority of Varro says, the invention was found out during the conquest of Alexander the Great, when he founded Alexandria. Soon after, according to the same Varro, in the rivalry between Ptolemy and Eumenes to establish their respective libraries, Ptolemy interdicted the sale of paper, about which time the use of parchment was found out at Pergamos, and rendered the interdiction nugatory.

The Egyptians appear to have made their paper from the inner bark or rind of the middle part of the stem, the laminæ or layers being separated with an instrument made for that purpose. The strips were commonly about two inches and a half broad, were squared at the edges, so as to be like ribbons, and were cemented together by their edges, which were laid just over each other. Similar strips were then laid transversely to give the proper substance and strength, and when this was done, a weight was placed upon them while moist, and they were then left to dry in the sun.

The papyrus paper varied in quality and dimensions, according to the uses to which it was to be applied. It was principally manufactured at Alexandria, and was a considerable source of riches to the city, so that, in the time of Adrian, one Fermius boasted, that with his stock of paper, he could maintain an army.

It is not known with greater certainty when the papyrus paper was disused, than when it was introduced; but it was in general use in Europe as late as the end of the fifth century; and in Italy it was partially used till the eleventh; and in France till the twelfth century, when paper, made from cotton, entirely superseded it. The papal bulls of Sergius II., John XII., and Agrapatus II. were written on cotton paper in the eighth and ninth centuries.

Perhaps it would be impossible to give a more striking instance of the importance of the new mode of making paper, connected with the introduction of the art of printing, than by the relation of the fact that in the last half century the Bible Society has spread abroad in the earth more than twelve millions of Bibles and Testaments, and the Religious Tract Society more than three hundred millions of religious publications.

The only common plant of the third order of this class is spring chickweed, (*Montifaontana,*) an annual from three to six inches high, blowing from April to May, with a white blossom on a curved stem. The flower cup (*calix*) has two or three leaves; the corolla one petal of an irregular form, with five divisions; the seed vessel has three valves and three seeds. It may be met with in spring, upon commons, heaths, and mountains, and is a very pretty plant of a fresh and beautiful green colour.

FOURTH CLASS. TETRANDRIA.

The plants which are arranged in the fourth class have "four stamens," as the term *Tetrandria* implies. It is divided into three orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as burnet and sweet woodroof. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as toad rush and elm. 3. *Tetragynia*, with four pistils, as holly and pearl wort.

The fuller's teasel (*Dipsacus Fullorum*) is a biennial plant of great importance in the cloth manufactory, for raising a fine nap, no artificial apparatus having been found equal to this natural production, the awns on the head being finely hooked, in which the cultivated differs from the wild species, (*D. sylvestris,*) the awns of this being straight. These heads are fixed on the circumference of a large broad wheel, which is made to turn round, and the cloth is held in such a manner as to let the hooks of the teasel play on its surface. The cultivation is rather precarious, and not unfrequently makes but an indifferent return to the farmer.

The way-side plantain (*Plantago major*) is a very common plant in all parts of the three kingdoms, and the student may find it in abundance by the sides of paths and roads, and even in the crevices of pavements, in the less frequented streets of towns, as it is not readily destroyed by trampling. It sends up a flower spike about six or eight inches high, the blossom being whitish, but inconspicuous, the flower cup with four divisions, and the corolla four-parted, with the margin bent backwards. The stamens are very long, the seed vessel has two cells cut round, and containing many seeds, of which cage birds are very fond, and they are sold in London for that purpose, along with groundsel, (*Senecio vulgaris.*)

The autumn scabious (*Scabiosa succisa*) belongs to this order, and may be found in flower from August till October, in grassy pastures, heaths, and the open glades of woods, where it is much sought by bees, and other honey-eating insects. It has an abrupt root, as if it had been cut across, or bitten off; and from the very absurd popular notion as to the cause of this peculiarity, it was formerly supposed to have great medicinal efficacy. Old Gerarde, in his Herbal, published in 1597, says, "It is commonly called *morsus diaboli*, or devil's bit, of the root (as it seemeth) that is bitten off: for the superstitious people hold opinion, that the devil, for the envy that he beareth to mankind, bit it off, because it would be otherwise good for many uses."

Another species of scabious, (*S. muschata,*) which smells strongly of musk, is a very common plant in gardens, flowering biennially, and of varying colour, from pale yellowish white, to very deep crimson and purplish black. The flowers, like the former, are produced in round button-shaped heads, containing many individual blossoms, which the young botanist must take off separately for examination, when he will see four tall stamens, corresponding to the four divisions of the corolla.

The chaff weed (*Centunculus minimus*) is one of the smallest plants of this country, and is not uncommon on the heaths about London, and in other parts

of the island, though its minuteness causes it to be frequently overlooked. It has a small white blossom, and a reddish capsule, containing numerous seeds.

The elm (*Ulmus campestris*) belongs to the second order of this class, and is a very common tree, particularly in dry, light soils. It ripens seeds in May; but these are so apt to be crossed by varieties of the same tree that they rarely continue to their parent stock. According to Evelyn, the common elm will produce a load of timber in about forty years; but in favourable situations it does not cease growing at this age, but will live from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years. Young trees, in the climate of London, will attain the height of twenty-five feet or more in ten years. The Wych elm, (*U. montana*,) though it forms a fine large spreading tree has not so tall a trunk as the former. It is more common than the former in Scotland and Ireland, and is frequently called the Scotch elm.

The common holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) ranks in the third order, the flowers forming four stamens and four pistils. It is an evergreen native tree, growing from five to twenty feet high. The blossom is white, the calyx with four or five teeth, very small; the corolla wheel shaped, with four divisions, and the berry scarlet or yellow, with four one-seeded pips. It is a tree of very slow growth, and of long duration. The wood is close grained and the bark smooth, the inner bark abounding in a glutinous mucilage from which bird-lime is made, by pounding it in a mortar to a pulp, and then washing out the fibres in a stream of water. It blossoms in May, and the berries ripen in autumn, and last through the winter.

The ancient Romans sent holly branches to their friends with their new year's gifts, as emblematical of good wishes, a custom said to be nearly as ancient as the building of Rome itself. It is probably from this that the custom originated of decorating churches with holly at Christmas.

The bare mention of the red-berried, glossy-leaved holly brings before us a cheerful though wintry scene. There stands the tree on the brow of the hill braving the northern blast. The fields are white with snow, the distant bell is heard, and old Roger Blake clad in his Sunday blue coat with big buttons, and his fiery red waistcoat, is striding along the narrow path to his parish church. His good old dame, in her red cloak, is behind him carrying her prayer book wrapped up in a blue cotton handkerchief with white spots. On goes Roger over the stile, while the frozen snow crackles under his feet, never waiting to assist his aged partner. Time was when things were different, but he loves her none the less. Though his outward attentions have declined, we will not suppose his inward affections to be diminished.

Some trees, like the holly, in the economy of vegetation, preserve their leaves constantly throughout the year, and are not in the least influenced by the clemency or inclemency of the seasons. Such evergreen trees preserve their old leaves a long time after the formation of the new. Linneus, in his "Lapland Tour," observes that the pine retains its leaves for three years; and in this country, at least, the cherry laurel (*Prunus lauro ceratus*) retains its leaves for above sixteen months.

There are numerous varieties of the holly, consisting chiefly of variegated, white, and yellow on the leaves which do not, as is usual in variegations, appear to be unhealthy. Wrench, who planted the elm trees in St. James's Park, in the reign of Charles II., was one of the most zealous collectors of these varieties of the holly. At the present time, the most extensive collection is in the arboretum of Messrs. Loddiges at Hackney, there being from forty to fifty sorts, from six to ten feet high. R.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

I AM standing for a moment at the entrance of the Tower, before I pass over the bridge, looking at the broad moat that surrounds the place, and regarding the huge superannuated pile that never smiled, and that now frowns as darkly as ever. Famous as a fortress, a palace, and a prison, it cannot be regarded without interest. Time has been when such a scene would have called up all the romance and chivalric feelings of my youthful days. The pageantry of olden times, with armed knights and courtly dames, the joust, the tournament, the banquet, the midnight revel, and the festive dance, would have flitted before me: but years

that bleach the hair sober the heart; my pulse is tranquil now.

As the goodly apparel, the towering plume, the prancing war-horse, the flaunting banner, and the blast of the trumpet, close the eye and the ear to the iniquities of war, so the proud palaces and embattled tower hide from us, in a double sense, the evil deeds that have been done within them. As I stand thus, noting down my passing thoughts, shadowy reflections are stealing over my mind. The White Tower there, had it a tongue, could tell me a fearful tale! How often has Bell Tower rung out its alarms, in seasons of turbulence and strife. Beauchamp's Tower is infamous for deeds of oppression and cruelty, and Devilin's Tower, near the corner, is not unstained with blood. There is a taint in the moral atmosphere of the place. On the hill yonder stood the scaffold, whence many a head, severed by the hand of the executioner, rolled to the ground; but more of these things by-and-by. Were human crimes made visible, and did they occupy a space equal to their enormity, what a mountainous mass of depravity and sin would overwhelm the shadowy pile that now stands before me! When we think on the multiplied transgressions of mankind, well may we exclaim, Lord, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Psa. viii. 4.

The Tower, we read, was founded by William the Conqueror; carried on by his son Rufus; repaired by Thomas à Becket; enlarged by Longchamp, bishop of Ely; and finished by Henry III. Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VIII., made some additions and repairs. The first governor of this fortress, in the time of William the Conqueror, was Geoffry de Mandeville, who laid out much money on the building, and the present governor is Arthur, duke of Wellington.

There is a misshapen irregularity, a strange mingling of ancient and modern times; an anomalous jumbling together of things wont to be kept separate, about the Tower, that takes away the impression which a castle or fortress usually makes on the mind. It is a confused heap of towers of stone, brick, and cement, houses, bastions, batteries, and turrets, walls, sentinels, chimney-pots, and vanes:—but I will enter the place.

The Tower was not always so easy of access; for power is jealous, and oppression and cruelty, which have at times resided there, are watchful, if not fearful. Four gates have I passed, and the warders and armed sentinels have let me pass without a challenge; but in olden times the drawbridge to the Tower was always raised, and the huge, unwieldy gates always closed.

Traitor's Gate looks gloomy; but if so to me, what to the many who have passed under that low-browed arch, with almost the certainty that they would never again return! There is a loneliness, a disconsolateness in the dash of the water, as the tide rolls in, that makes one melancholy. A sluice beneath Traitor's Gate supplies the broad, deep moat with water from the river.

And this is Wakefield Tower, or the Bloody Tower! Whether Richard III., called Crookback, really did cause to be murdered in this tower the children, Edward V. and the duke of York, will perhaps only be revealed, when the secrets of all hearts will be made known. Either he has been sadly maligned, or a sore catalogue of evil deeds has been truly laid to his charge.

What a noble gateway is here! The groined arches that vault the portal, the grotesque heads, and finely carved tracery that springs from them, are exquisitely beautiful. Here is a portcullis, too, with its spikes of iron, and the massy gates have enormous hinges; one of them is broken. There have evidently been two hinges at the bottom of the gates, but they are gone, though the pins on which they turned are remaining still.

The platform and the row of lofty trees to the left, offer some attractions to those who have time to promenade. I have mounted the stone steps, gazed on the shipping in the river, walked in part round the Tower, passed by the Devil's Battery, the Stone Battery, and the Wooden Battery, and am now returned to the White Tower, so called, because Henry III. ordered it to be whitened. It is the original and principal tower in the fortress.

Where now stands the ordnance-office once stood the old palace, the dwelling-place of kings, with its spacious halls and extended galleries, its noble courts and goodly gardens. Not a vestige of these remains; but the antiquarian visitor draws upon his memory, and revels in the knowledge he has acquired from the dusty records of departed days.

What glorious gifts are memory and

imagination! By these I once more build up the princely pile, long since dissolved, and people it with the Edwards, and Henries, and Richards of old. There is the painted hall, and in it are assembled a goodly throng of joyous guests. The royal captive, John, is feasting with the third Edward, and all his court. But this pageant has melted into air; and Henry of Lancaster occupies its place, having received a kingly diadem from the second Richard. Thus are the puppets of power moved backwards and forwards.

> Thus time, advancing with a smile or frown,
> One raises up, and pulls another down.

A further change, and now the painted hall is thronged with other characters: Catherine of Arragon, "beautiful and goodly to behold," Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catharine Howard, and Catherine Parr, in quick succession, hold their interviews with the eighth Henry before their espousals to him. What a lesson for ambition to ponder! Two of Henry's wives were divorced, and two brought to the scaffold by the royal sensualist. Sunshine, and pomp, and smiles, began the dream of joy of the latter; but Tower Hill and the block, and the murderous axe, were at its close. The old palace and the painted hall are gone: the councils are dissolved, the banquets are broken up, the revels are ended, and the guests departed. There stands the modern ordnance-office, and here am I, musing on the unsubstantial past!

In my perambulations I have fallen in with many of the warders, in their round flat-crowned caps and bands of party-coloured ribbons; their fine scarlet cloth coats, with large sleeves and full-gathered skirts, seamed with gold lace, and their broad laced girdles. Bearing the royal badge under their breasts, they accompany the visitors through the different armouries. There are forty of these men in the Tower, all habited like the royal yeomen of the guard; and besides them there are many other officers, among which are "a gentleman gaoler" and four gunners.

The effects of successive reductions in the price of admission, from 3*s.* to 1*s.*, and from the latter sum to 6*d.*, is worthy of remark.

Period.	Fee.	Visitors.	Repts.
Ten months ending March 1, 1838	3*s.*	9,508	950*l.*
Ditto Ditto, 1839	1*s.*	37,431	1891*l.*
Nine months ending January 31, 1840	6*d.*	66,025	1650*l.*

I have passed through the Ordnance office, and have just left the curiously-carved portal of the Record office. This latter office is a place of great importance: "Rolls from the time of king John to the beginning of the reign of Richard III., are kept here in numerous wainscot presses. These rolls and records contain the ancient tenures of land in England; the original laws and statutes; the right of England to dominion over the British seas; leagues and treaties with foreign princes; the achievements of England in foreign wars; ancient grants of our kings to their subjects; the forms of submission of the Scottish kings; writs and proceedings of the Court of Common Law and Equity; the settlement of Ireland, as to laws and dominion; privileges and immunities granted to all cities and corporations during the periods above mentioned, with many important records, and curious and valuable documents, together with the first edition of the Common Prayer-book, as settled upon at the restoration of Charles II., and that very ancient work called Doomsday-book."

Let me now enter the Horse Armoury. Ay! this is a goodly sight in the eyes of a warrior; for here the walls are hung

> Resplendently, with arms and armour bright,
> Habergeon hard, and ponderous battle-axe,
> Hauberk, and helm, and cuirass, lance, and sword.

Armour has, at different periods, been formed of different materials, leather, and padded linen, iron, steel, brass, silver, and gold. The hauberk, or shirt of mail, was formed of rings, placed edgeways, or of flat rings, sewn on the vesture, or of small metal plates, covering each other like the scales of a fish. Over body armour surcoats were once worn, to prevent the sun from heating it. Gambuised armour was made of stitched padded work; leathern vests were worn by archers; mail and plate armour were mingled together, before plate-armour became general. Plate armour was not only plain but also fluted, black, bronzed, and engraved, as well as inlaid and embossed. Armour was at times so expensive that it was said of sir Walter Raleigh, that when habited in his silver suit of armour, "he had a Spanish galleon on his back." When men dwell together in the fear of God, and in mutual affection, how little is armour required!

These mail-clad warriors make us

think of the Philistine giant slain by David, who, nearly three thousand years ago, defied the armies of the living God. "And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him," 1 Sam. xvii. 4—7.

Among such a profusion of armed men and armed horses, the spectator becomes bewildered. Here are Edward I., in his hauberk; Henry VI., in flexible plate armour, with battle-axe, long-pointed toes to his sollerets, and enormous spurs; Edward IV., in tournament armour; Henry VII., in an elegant fluted suit; Henry VIII. and Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, the latter in plate, and the former in gilt plate armour. These, with Charles I. in his gilt armour, James II. in his cuirass, and more than a dozen others, all on horseback, make a formidable appearance. Let me, for a moment, take a single figure, that I may see of what a suit of armour is composed, beginning at the feet, and ending with the head.

First come the sabatynes, or steel clogs; then the greaves, or shin pieces; then the cuisses, or thigh pieces; next, the breech mail; the tuilletes, or waist pieces; and the cuirass, or breast plate. Now come the armbraces, or arm covers; rerebraces for the rest of the arms to the shoulders; gauntlets, or iron gloves for the hands, and a helmet for the head. There are, besides, a dagger, a short sword, a cloak worn over the armour, a bacinet, a long sword, a pennoncel, held in the left hand, and a shield. The lance used in tilting is different to that employed in a deadly enterprise.

I could linger here, but it may not be; hurrying, therefore, past the effigies, archers, soldiers, and swordsmen, officers, cavaliers, cuirassiers, and pikemen, and stealing a hasty glance at the pistols, carbines, muskets, and fowling pieces, the Mameluke crimson-velvet saddle; the splendid Turkish bridle, and the swords, helmet, and girdle of Tippoo Saib, I make the best of my way to queen Elizabeth's armoury, without pausing to admire the ramrod canopy, the gun-barrel pillars, the gigantic man-at-arms, the crusader on his barbed horse, and the curious representation of St. George and the dragon.

And now the implements of war, the instruments of destruction thicken upon me. These are the prolific progeny of evil passions! the scorpion brood of sin. There is a party of visitors before me, and their admiration and praise are unbounded. One timid female alone has whispered the word "dreadful!" and dreadful they are; cross-bows, daggers, swords, pikes, and halberds, hand-guns, arquebuses, haquebuts and demihaques, are mingled with wheel-locks, snaphaunces, calivers, and carabines. There seems no end to the ingenious devices of strife and violence, anger and hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Esclopettes, fusils, musquetoons, and fowling pieces, petronels, blunderbuses, dragons, and hand mortars, dogs, tricker locks, and self-loading guns, are but a small part of the murderous collection.

Turn which way I will, I see weapons of cold-blooded cruelty. Ingenuity has been industrious and successful, in providing means to beat, bruise, pierce, cut, tear, mangle, batter, and destroy the human form. Thumb-screws, yokes, cravats, billhooks, glaives, gisarmes, ranseurs, partizans, and spontoons; iron maces, military forks, and two-handed battle-axes. Here is a tormenting catchpole, with a collar of torment; there, an Iddart staff or a Jedburgh axe; and yonder, a military flail, a beheading-axe, and a murderous morning-star. Did the warlike wielders of these expect to enjoy peace? could the merciless inventors of them ever hope for mercy? If the high and Holy One should deal with them as they have dealt with others, the gates of mercy are closed against them for ever.

In this cell, formed within the thickness of the wall, it is said that Sir Walter Raleigh stretched his imprisoned limbs. There are inscriptions cut on the angles of its entrance, supposed to be by the hands of captives confined there. One is, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved;" and another, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Under any circumstances, these are impressive texts of Scripture, but how significant and striking, with the axe of the executioner in prospect! But enough of the White Tower. Geoffry, prince of Wales, in the year 1234,

broke his neck in the vain attempt to escape from its massy walls, while I can walk away unquestioned and unopposed.

The savage yells and howlings of wild beasts used to resound in sullen echoes from the outward parts of the fortress, but the dens of the old menagerie are deserted. The mint, also, once within the Tower, has been long since removed. I might speak here of the different Towers of the Inner Ward, or Ballium; of Bell Tower, Beauchamp, or Cobham Tower, and Devilin's Tower to the west; of Flint Tower, Bowyer Tower, Brick Tower, and Martin Tower to the north; of Constable Tower, Broad Arrow Tower, and Salt Tower to the east; and of Well Tower, Lanthorne Tower, and Bloody Tower to the south; but my time is fast wearing away. Flint Tower is almost gone; Bowyer Tower has only its basement; Brick Tower is much altered from its ancient state; Martin Tower is now the Jewel Tower, and Lanthorne Tower is clean swept away.

It was in Beauchamp, or Cobham Tower, that the state prisoners were usually confined. The melancholy memorials left by them on the walls, from roof to vault, in the shape of inscriptions: coats of arms, and devices of varied kinds, are numberless. "A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant," and "Close prisoner 8 months, 32 weeks, 224 days, 5376 hours," are two of the inscriptions. I could muse for an hour on them both. Oh what sorrow has sin brought into the world!

In Bowyer's Tower, according to tradition, and for aught I know, according to the records of the place, the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey-wine, by order of Crookback Richard. When a boy, I learned to shudder at this and other inhumanities practised in the Tower.

The secret and subterranean passages of this strong hold used to be many, and no doubt a great part of them remain. Noisome dungeons, dark and airless, flooded with water, and infested with vermin. Little Ease was a horrible place of confinement, and the Pit was a dark and wretched excavation, twenty feet deep.

I am now standing in the open space between the Grand Storehouse and the White Tower, and the past and the present are strangely mingled in my thoughts. There is a tournament on the Tower Green; a press of knights, and a concourse of dainty dames. The massy walls give back the flourish of the trumpets. Minstrels and esquires, retainers, pages, and servitors crowd the place. The council chamber is filled. The sovereign is gorgeously attended in his palace. The draw-bridge is up, the gates are closed, and glittering corslet and pike are reflected on the moat's dark waters. The secret dungeons are crowded; fetters, torturing-irons and racks are ready; and officers, jailers, torturers, and executioners within call. A throng are assembled on Tower Hill, for there frowns the scaffold, and the richest and the best blood of the land is reeking on the soil.

I have passed through the Grand Storehouse and gazed on its cannon and its mortars of wood, iron, and brass. I have ascended the Grand Staircase, and seen the varied devices formed with pikes, pistols, bayonets, and other weapons, as well as the great depôt of muskets. The Regalia also has been visited by me, and now I am on the top of the Devilin Tower, looking down on the new stone battery of six guns: the sentinel is regarding me attentively. Rusty locks, and harsh jarring hinges have turned for me. Trap-doors have been forced open for me, and I have visited the vaults and gloomy dungeons of the place, "by the taper dimly burning." In one of them the mouldy damp was an inch or two thick, and as white as wool. As I look round there seem subjects for a century's meditations.

Once more I pass the guard at the entrance. Strange thoughts are crowding upon me as I leave the Tower. I entered it with a hatred of bondage, and I quit it with an increased love of freedom. In a country cottage, I could sing aloud for joy; but my thoughts are shadowy in this stronghold of power. There is that in its massy bulwarks that speaks of oppression, and a voice in the silence of its gloomy dungeons that tells of violence and blood. On Tower Hill I shall breathe more freely. Famous as is this shadowy pile, I like it not. Not always would I dwell within its moat-surrounded battlements for all the money that was ever coined within its walls: the atmosphere of the past has polluted it. Fit up the White Tower for my princely abode; clothe me with "purple and fine-twined linen;" give me the Regalia for a bribe, and ten thousand marks by the year to keep up my state, compel me to reside there always, and I would not even willingly be Master-General of the Ordnance and Constable of the Tower!

DOMESTIC LIFE IN CHINA.

The dwellings of the opulent are remarkable for the taste and elegance displayed in the arrangement of the furniture, and still more for the noiseless tranquillity that pervades the whole scene. The fondness for gaieties which they evince so strongly in some of their superstitious rites, and on many festive occasions, seems among the more intelligent to give way to a decent plainness in the decorations of a room, as well as in the adornment of the person. Amidst many peculiarities, the Chinese possess a large stock of good sense, an endowment of the mind, which scarcely appears to be compatible with an excessive love of finery. The native processions are made up of emblems, pageants, costumes, and ensigns, so gay in outward show, but so cheap and worthless in reference to the material of which they are composed, that they would lead us to form a very mean opinion of a people who can feel a complacency in trifles so unworthy and contemptible. The writer has seen and taken a silent inventory of many of these; but there is one that is still vivid in his recollection.

A piece of solemn pomp had been got up by persons whose business it is to manage these things, in the behalf of some individuals of rank, as it might be inferred from the genteel appearance of the men and the graceful attractions of the females. The procession consisted of different groups, which were differently equipped in point of dress, badge, and ensign. The outfitter is obliged to furnish men as well as clothing, and of course engages those who may be obtained at the least cost. Hence one of these groups was composed of squalid beggars taken from the way side, who were glad to wear a few articles of gaudy attire, and walk a mile or two for the consideration of a very slender pittance. But the effect of their scarlet robes and their bare legs and feet, lean and scabbed with sores, was irresistibly ludicrous. The stranger laughed, the other parts of the procession with the bystanders took up the strain, and lastly the poor wretches, as if in mockery of their own misfortunes, joined in the chorus. These ostentatious doings are in obedience to ancient custom, which has a paramount authority in China, and are mentioned here for the sake of being contrasted with that sober neatness which pervades the apartments of a wealthy native.

The hall in which he receives his guest is open in front, and has a screen in the back. Before this screen, a square table is usually placed, which may either serve as an altar for the reception of offerings of meats and incense, or as a board for the entertainment of the host and his friends. A row of chairs runs from the bottom to the top of the room corresponding with the ends of this table. A quadrangle is thus formed, at the top of which stands the table, on each side a line of seats with high and perpendicular backs, and at the bottom, which is left unoccupied, the party enters. The visitor bows as he advances within the ranges, and is forthwith invited to sit down, which he does, after some hesitation, by taking the lowest room, or the seat at the bottom of the line. He is scarcely seated before he is told, with a peremptory tone, a little softened by the melodious accent of kindness, to "come up higher." As soon as he has consented to this new arrangement, the host sits down on the seat immediately below the stranger, and thus awards to him the higher or more honourable place. If the stranger be from a far country, he is treated with the same distinction, as the writer of these remarks has often experienced. The ladies of the household are not called for to welcome the stranger, who, though he is presented with a cup of tea, that is fuming with aromatic odours, owes nothing to the kindness shown him by the mistress of the family. Etiquette and some ungenerous misgivings still keep the Chinese from treating woman, among the higher circles, with that honourable confidence which she shares so largely and so worthily in this land of Bibles and tracts. When the writer and a friend once called upon a gentleman of high literary attainments, he indulged the females of his house so far as to allow them to come and gaze at the foreigners. But, ignorant of our habits, he thought it necessary to apologize for this departure from prescript of ancient custom, which he did by telling an untruth. For he said, the ladies did not understand propriety, *um shik to le*, though it was plain they came by his invitation, and retired at his command. A Chinese is a sovereign in his own

house, at least in form, though it appears, that through the tact and contrivance of the wife and her companions, he is sometimes ruled instead of ruling.

When a gentleman makes a feast, he invites his male friends, whom he entertains in a tent reared for their accommodation, in distant similitude of the mode in which Ahasuerus provided for his princely guests, as described in the book of Esther; or he finds room for them in his hall of audience. The guests seat themselves round small tables placed in different parts of the room, which are garnished with fruits and flowers. After a few minutes are spent in tasting these prelusive dishes, and in discussing their merits, the first course presents itself. It consists of a certain number of basons filled with soups and stews, often of the most far-fetched and costly sort. Among them, the tripang, a kind of sea slug, (*Holothuria physalis*,) sharks' fins, and the edible nest of the swallow, make an important figure. They are so ingeniously dressed as to have a high and racy flavour, even to the taste of a European, who only misses the potato or some humble vegetable to subdue the lusciousness of these viands. The guests help themselves as well as they can with a spoon made of porcelain, or with their chopsticks; these are merely two slips of wood or ivory, which the user contrives to hold so cleverly between his fingers, that they lay hold of a morsel with the despatch and firmness of a pair of nippers. Each guest is furnished with a small bason, which is filled from any of the larger he may set his mind upon. This bason he empties, by an action compounded of drinking and feeding oneself with a spoon; for, applying his lips to the edge of the vessel, he sweeps the contents into his mouth. The want of grace in the mode of eating is compensated in some measure by the elegant style in which they pledge each other. The gentleman, who solicits the honour of taking wine with his friend, rises from his seat, bows, empties his cup, with a quick evolution of the hand, turns it so that its bottom is apparent, and then takes his seat again with a courteous inclination of the body. The courses are brought in and removed in silence, and with much decorum. The voice of complaint or chiding is not heard; if the host has any wish to communicate to the steward, he does it in an under tone, just as we see in well-regulated houses in this country. The good order observable among the servants of a Chinese house, is owing to the principle of subordination, which is well understood and strictly enforced by themselves.

While the master of the house is entertaining his friends in the hall, or the temporary abode of festivity, the lady receives her female acquaintances in one of the retired apartments, whom she welcomes to dainties as choice and as costly as those offered by her husband. Fashion has imposed this partition, which reaches as far back as any record that can be found bearing upon the subject. At marriage feasts, women seem to bear a principal part in conducting the ceremonies, though they choose to eat by themselves. They then assume a tone of command, and give their orders with an absoluteness which astonishes a stranger, who may have heard much said about the degradation of the Chinese female. Degraded she is, because her heart is filled with superstition, and her mind a stranger to that knowledge which ennobles while it saves; but there is a dignity in her carriage, and a freedom in her air, which are very striking, and often engaged the attention of the writer, who saw many thousands of them.

In the dwellings of the poor, the wife is obviously on a parity of condition; she governs the children, prepares the meal, and then sits down and eats with her husband and her children. In the midst of her poverty, the erect attitude, the sonorous voice, and the firm look, bespeak a consciousness of her own importance: a consciousness that is not without foundation; for, besides taking the oversight of the family, she is ready to trudge to the hills, to fetch fuel, or to enter upon any other laborious undertaking, notwithstanding the smallness of her feet. If her husband is sick, she cheerfully works for his maintenance, and nurses him with a kindness and fidelity truly exemplary. A poor fellow afflicted with the dropsy, dwelt within the range of the writer's walks, and attracted his attention by a pale visage and an incessant cough. He lived with his wife and children, in a weather-beaten hovel, and

had nothing to support himself but what he received from the earnings of his faithful companion. The apartment was the picture of distress; but nothing in the shape of misery could overcome the courage of the wife: she recounted his symptoms with clearness and precision, listened to advice with intelligence, and talked of her toils and hardships with resolution. It pleased God to bless the remedies resorted to; and, when the writer returned to the country about eight months after, he found the man restored to health, the wretched hovel exchanged for the neat cottage, and the smiles of gratitude instead of the complainings of misery.

Domestic virtues are in great repute among the Chinese, and that woman is most highly commended, who best discharges the duties of a wife and a mother. Praise so judiciously bestowed, acts as a great incentive to good conduct, and confers a merited reward upon those who best deserve it. The young woman looks forward to the matrimonial state, which in China is very honourable, and asks how she can best qualify herself for that condition. The execution of some well-digested plan of conduct or scheme of happiness, interwoven with the comfort and best interests of her husband, is perhaps the scope of her wishes. Him she treats with a respect which is very becoming, and loves with an affection which often leads the espoused damsel to resign herself to the nunnery, and the woman more advanced in life to perpetual widowhood. "There is but one heaven, and my dead friend was that heaven," said a young woman, when her parents remonstrated with her for spending her nights and days at the grave of her lover. A widow at the grave of her husband is one of the most affecting sights the traveller meets with in China. Her loud and agonizing yells, the impotence of grief and despair with which she sinks upon the earth, or the violent efforts she makes to bury herself with the coffin, forcibly remind one of the apostle's words, "sorrow as those who have no hope." The qualities just assigned to the female character in China are set off by a modesty and a softness of manner, which are not forgotten or laid aside even under the most untoward circumstances. This is spoken advisedly, and with a reference to facts.

The barbarous custom of binding up the foot is still adhered to by all who are not compelled to become servants, or to earn their living at the oar, because a small foot is regarded as a fine accomplishment. It is not done to confine the female at home, or to humble her condition; but to improve her beauty. She has naturally a small foot, and therefore is less in need of such a perverse attempt at improvement. She can walk, but her gait is laboured and mincing; yet upon these little feet she will find her way to the mountain's brow for a bundle of grass, to the public theatre to view a dramatic spectacle, or to the distant abode of a friend to spend the day in social converse. She may often be seen a little after sunrise, neatly attired, on a journey to visit an acquaintance, with a little maid who carries a box filled with such things as her mistress may have occasion for during the day.

As to the awful crime of infanticide, it will be sufficient to remark here, that the data upon which this charge rests are very insufficient, and before any thing be affirmed positively upon the subject, it ought to be investigated by persons who will not build a general statement upon a few isolated facts. An edict issued a few years ago, in a certain part of the country, severely condemning the practice as a thing most monstrous, shows that murders of this sort are not uncommon; but, at the same time, it proves that it is not a national vice unchastised by public opinion. Only hard pressure of circumstances drive mothers in China to commit deeds so revolting, for they are not surpassed by any nation in kindness to their children. In England, we hear much about infanticide in China; but in that country we see and hear little—to the credit of humanity be it spoken.

We have passed some encomiums upon the arrangement of a Chinese room, and upon the fare which adorns the table; but we cannot say much about the comforts which give a finishing charm to the whole. We look for the cheering fire, with its most necessary appendage, the chimney, to temper the keen blasts of winter, and to illuminate the social circle, and behold a man, who sits with his hands folded within his sleeves, his body loaded with clothes,

and his eye demurely fixed upon the sad and dripping sky, that frowns upon him through the open door, the unclosed window, or the one-sided piazza. The warm carpet, the soft bed, and the downy pillow are missing, save where the rich have taken a hint from the foreigner, and purchased these pleasant items of luxury. The Chinese bedstead resembles a small house, is made of wood, and curiously carved. Within this enclosure, the native may seek for warmth with the hope of finding it, though the room may be chill and dreary. Instead of the easy bed, we have a deal board; and for the elegant assortment of sheets, blankets, coverlet, and so on, we find mats and padded clothes. But happily their natural clothing of flesh is more yielding and less sensitive than ours, and hence a native will sleep with complacency with a board for his bed, and a stool for his pillow. The Chinese are neat in their attire, and neat in the management of their goods and chattels; but, from a parsimonious use of that wholesome element, water, they deserve not much credit for personal cleanliness. Instead of a copious ablution, they content themselves with a wet cloth, which serves for washing and wiping at the same time. It is amusing to see a common man set about this process: he takes a small tub with a quart of water, and a cloth about a foot square, puts his feet in the tub, and after they are thoroughly cleansed, proceeds to bathe his face and hands with as much of the dirty fluid as the bibulous nature of the towel will hold. This negligence, in respect to cleanliness, so essential to health, entails many cutaneous diseases upon him, insomuch that there is a new field for medical inquirers under this head alone. He never has recourse to that snow-white and soothing layer of linen, in which Europeans invest themselves for beauty, for health, and for comfort, and so possesses not one of the most valuable things a wardrobe can yield.

The common people are well characterized for their frugality in the use of money, and their care of every thing that belongs to them. The Chinese are excellent commentators upon the old adage, "Waste not, want not;" for they lay up in their proper places trifles that we should tread under foot, and never think the meanest article unworthy of a neat arrangement as well as a place. The value of an English farthing is divided into five or six representatives in copper coin. One of these will purchase an orange, and three a bason of jelly, or enough blue dye to make an old suit look like a new one. Each of these small coins has its recognized value in the market, a fact which the Chinese well remember, and estimate it accordingly.

Apart from a frugal employment of means and money, they have such a skill in the science of economy, that they know how to turn every thing they possess to the best account. The common people are excellent cooks, for example, and not only dress their rice in a way almost inimitable by us, but a variety of meats and vegetables so tastefully, that they often have a gentleman's board in miniature. Their knowledge of cookery will enable them to prepare a savoury mess out of things which in most other countries would be rejected as unfit for food. The many things which have been said about a Chinaman's want of discrimination, have been suggested by a fact, which is highly to his credit, namely, that the sea, the lake, the stream, or the freshet cannot produce any thing in the shape of animal substance, which he will not by his art reduce to something that is agreeable to the taste and nutritious to the human system. The writer has more than once shared the hospitality of the Chinese, and hopes that the time is coming when he and many others shall have licence to do it again. L.

OLD HUMPHREY IN HIS SCHOOL DAYS.

To call to remembrance the days that are gone by, and to live again through the scenes of our boyhood, is a favourite occupation with most of us, in a period of leisure. No wonder that old men, who usually muse away many a solitary hour, should now and then indulge in so agreeable an employment. Though life is but a dream, there are parts of it that we would not willingly forget. Blotted and stained, as the page of the past may be with errors and infirmities, with faults and follies, with sins and sorrows, yet do we love to turn back to such passages therein as have afforded us interest or pleasure.

I am about to tell a tale of my boy-

hood. How few of my youthful companions are now inhabitants of this world! Like a shock of corn, when almost all the field has been gathered into the garner; like an aged oak left standing when the woodman's axe has been at work far and wide around it, stands Old Humphrey. Well! well!—a little longer.

As among boys, so it is among men; the least deserving sometimes obtains the greatest reputation. An instance of this is about to be given. From about five years of age, to thirteen and a half, I was a scholar at a country boarding-school in a retired village; and it might be about a year before I quitted the place that the school fright occurred, which is to be the subject of my present observations.

It was near the close of a day in autumn, when two ill-looking fellows called at the school, requesting permission to sleep in the barn. Their appearance and their request seemed very suspicious, and we soon put it down as a settled thing that they intended to rob the house during the night. Our master being from home, the men were refused permission to lodge in the barn, and went away muttering to themselves. Presently some of our schoolfellows, who, acting the part of scouts to our general body, had watched the men, arrived with the alarming intelligence that they had gone up a lane, and whistled loudly, when a third man joined them; finally, they all went away together.

Although considerable fear was excited among us, it was not to be supposed that thirty or forty school-boys were to be long intimidated by two or three men; but, as it was confidently believed that an attack would be made upon us, the necessary preparations for defence took place. All our bats, tipcat-staves, and sticks were got together. The very pitchforks in the stable and barn, and the cutting-knives on the hayricks were collected. Every one had a weapon; and, animated by our numbers, we began to talk largely of the achievements we should individually perform.

Well do I remember that among our offensive and defensive weapons was an old rusty scythe, the very appearance of which was terrible. It was universally agreed that the rogues would stand no chance against the scythe. Each of us in turn took up the deadly instrument to show how we could play the character of Death, and mow down our enemies. Truly, "childhood and youth are vanity," Eccl. xi. 10.

As night approached, we became somewhat more temperate in our words and actions; but having committed ourselves to each other by our boastful expressions, we displayed as little as possible of the fears we felt. Bedtime arrived, and we retired to our several apartments.

The room which we expected to be attacked was over the school; sixteen or eighteen of us slept there together. In that room many ridiculous exploits were acted, in showing each other our different methods of attack, and the way in which we should knock down the rogues as they came up the stairs. In this way, poor foolish lads as we were, did we manifest our folly; but "foolishness is bound in the heart of a child," Prov. xxii. 15.

When we were all in bed, half undressed, with our weapons so placed that we could get hold of them immediately, we attempted to keep up our declining courage by conversation, but, somehow, we could think of nothing but dismal tales of housebreaking, footpads, and desperate highwaymen. With these, for a season, we afflicted each other, till imperceptibly growing weary, some of us fell asleep. Our usher, who was very young, and slept in the same room with us, at last came to bed; but instead of affording such of us as were awake, any encouragement, he expressed his apprehensions for our safety in alarming terms, and deposited his weapon under his pillow to be ready in case of need. Our usher was a clever young man, but he had not a deep and holy reverence for divine things, otherwise he might have encouraged us by referring to the goodness of God, and his promises of protection to those who trust in him. Such promises are abundant in Holy Writ, and suited to all occasions in the experience of those who fear the Lord: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness," Psa. xci. 5, 6. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee," Isa. xxvi. 3. A silence of some length took place; some of us were asleep, and very few of us quite awake, when a most tremendous

crash against the door in the school room below, summoned us to realize our imaginary heroism.

We all leaped out of bed in an instant, and snatched up our weapons; but no one had the temerity to advance. Our usher, whom we expected to lead us on, terrified us as much by crying out that he could not find his weapon, and that we must advance against the foe. How faithfully can I, even now, go back to that fearful moment! It is stereotyped in my remembrance.

We stood, statue-like, until he had found his weapon, when, with much trepidation, we joined him. Another violent blow now burst open the school-door, with a thundering sound, and footsteps were heard advancing across the school. The bottom of the staircase was defended by a second door, which was soon burst open also, and a heavy tread began to ascend the stairs. The critical moment had arrived, and our usher led us on to the attack.

We drove the man back who, with a heavy tread, had partly ascended the stairs, and chased him across the school, but the fellow hastily shut the door, and held it on the outside that we might not pull it open, and overtake him. In vain we tried to wrench open the door, and concluded that the rogue was uncommonly strong to pull against us all. Two or three boys jumped on a desk, and opened the window, through which they plainly saw a man pulling at the latch of the door with all his might. The fellow was at length overcome, and he then loosed his hold. We followed him as he ran off with great alacrity. Some said that he went one way, and some another, but none could lay hold of him. On searching the garden, we found a large hole through the hedge of an arbour, and, as many said that they saw him run in that direction, we doubted not that he had effected his escape. Returning to our dormitory, we felt very thankful for our preservation, though I question if one among us lifted up his heart in grateful acknowledgment to Almighty God.

After a silence of some length, our usher appeared very restless and uneasy, saying that we still might be in great danger, and that he was determined to go round the premises. He asked one of us to accompany him, but this appeared so rash, and so ill-suited to our situation, that no one replied. He then required the biggest boy to go with him, calling him by his name, but this he absolutely refused to do, saying he had had enough of it already. Another name, and yet another, was called in vain.

One of my school-fellows leaped into my bed, and grasped me round the middle in such an agony of apprehension, that he shook as though afflicted with the palsy or the ague. Almost every name had now been called but mine, and I lay in dreadful foreboding of an unwelcome invitation. At length our usher asked me to accompany him; and, though I felt very reluctant, being terribly afraid, yet the opportunity of making myself famous by doing what all my schoolfellows had declined, so far affected me that I consented to go. By what poor, vain motives is the human heart influenced! We put on our clothes, armed ourselves well, and then sallied forth once more in quest of the robbers.

Our usher did not fail to refresh my memory, every five minutes, by reminding me of the danger we might be in; and I really expected, at every turning, that the villains would leap upon us. He led me all round the premises, and then proposed that we should again examine the arbour in the garden. Thither we went, and surely I never shall forget my sensations when, after frightening me all he could, he burst into a loud laugh, telling me that the whole affair was nothing but a plan contrived to punish the boys for their boastful expressions of courage.

This plan had been principally concerted by our schoolmistress, and it was carried into effect by means of the servant girl, who dressed herself in the clothes of her master.

The doors had been left unfastened by our usher, that the servant girl might bang them open, and when we all were pulling at the door, with the rogue on the other side, our usher, unnoticed by us, placed his foot at the bottom of it, to prevent our wrenching it open. Though I saw not then, yet no one can see plainer than I do now, the great want of discretion on the part of my schoolmistress and usher; the one in planning, and the other in carrying on what might have produced the most fearful results. Under less alarming circumstances,

young people have lost their reason. How necessary it is that, in our most lighthearted moments, we should look at the end of our actions as well as at the beginning.

As our schoolmistress had sat up till near midnight to enjoy our terror and confusion, we thought it but fair that she and the servant should be frightened in their turn. Accordingly, we shook the outside shutters of the house violently, and made such noises, that they were firmly persuaded, believing us to be in bed, that the real robbers were come at last. Peeping through a crevice in the window-shutter, we saw mistress and maid standing together motionless with terror, when giving a parting rattle at both the back and front doors, we retired for the night, heartily enjoying the consternation we had occasioned. By this affair I acquired much more credit for courage among my schoolfellows than I deserved. My schoolmistress is long since dead, but our usher is still alive, being only a few years older than myself: much do I owe him for many acts of attention, kindness, and friendship. He would now be the first to acknowledge that the part acted by him partook far more of youthful frolic than of sound discretion.

Had this tale been told by me forty years ago, many who were the playmates of my boyhood would have read it with interest, and responded to every circumstance it contains; but now, I know not if a single being is alive who will identify it as describing a scene in which he acted a part.

What is man! whose "days are swifter than a post;" whose life "fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not?" I speak of the companions of my youth, but I know that they cannot hear me; and I feel like a man walking and talking alone in the path of a deserted mansion, whose solitary walls give back only the whispering of his own voice, and the faint echo of his own foot-fall.

There is a common error among men of supposing that their own private adventures must be interesting to others, merely because they themselves derive pleasure from them. Many a time have I listened with impatience to the inflated nothings and marvellous common-place occurrences of my neighbours; many a time, I dare say, have I inflicted on them the same penance; and it may be that, in the very school fright just described, I may have repeated the offence. If so, the best atonement I can now make is to bring my remarks to a close.

Should it happen, however, that this sketch of what occurred in my boyhood, should take back my aged readers to the days of their youth, and impress their minds with a sense of God's protecting goodness in lengthening their days in the land, it may do them good. Not only our joys, but our sorrows may be made useful, when, with thankfulness, we remember the way in which the Lord our God has led us for so many years in the wilderness, to humble us, to prove us, and to know what is in our hearts. Faithful is He who hath promised to his servants: "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you," Isa. xlvi. 4.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

Under the impression that practical joking is equivalent to a display of wit or harmless humour, some persons delight themselves in circulating scandalous reports of neighbours, and keeping whole circles of friends in trouble. Such circulators of scandal, when challenged with their offence, most likely declare that they meant no harm, "it was a mere joke," or, "they are sorry for it." But this is no proper excuse. The mischief is done, and cannot be undone. One evening, a company of ladies and gentlemen were talking on various subjects in a lively and happy mood, when a young lady, who was absent, happening to become the subject of conversation, a gentleman present observed, "Oh, yes, she is a very fine girl indeed, but she drinks!" The company stared with astonishment. "Drinks! can it be possible?" uttered several voices in reply, "who would have thought such a thing!" The gentleman perceiving he had gone a little too far in his eagerness for a witticism, hastened to wipe off the false impression which had been made. "Yes, she drinks," said he; "she drinks tea!" But the antidote came too late; the explanation was generally supposed to be nothing else than a shift. Many, therefore, went home with an indefinite conviction on their minds, that the young lady in question was a secret and habitual drinker of spirituous liquors. A report to this effect was at least circu-

lated, and a thorough investigation was not long in being instituted by the friends of the injured party. Explanations and apologies followed: but the scandal was never altogether eradicated. The fatal impression had been made, and could not be unmade. The very thought that such a degrading vice had been imputed to her, drove the lady, who was naturally of susceptible feelings, into a state of deep melancholy, which no attentions could soothe; and her depression of spirits and seclusion brought on consumption, of which she ultimately died. As for the wretched young man, who had been the original cause of so much mischief, he was set down by all as one whose acquaintance was dangerous; his prospects of settling himself in the place, were blighted, and he felt himself under the necessity of betaking himself to the West Indies, where he was cut off some years after. How many similar instances could be adduced of the mischief produced by practical joking!

COURT OF RECONCILEMENT.

The most peculiar court of justice in Norway is that named "Forligelses-Commission;" that is, Court of Reconcilement, or Arbitration. There is such a court in every parish; it consists of three persons, chosen by the parishioners, of whom the priest is almost invariably the chief, with the churchwardens or the lensman as his assessors. Every intended litigation must, in the first instance, be submitted to this commission before it can be brought into a higher court. The parties are there personally heard, no professional person being allowed to appear; their evidence is canvassed, and a statement eventually drawn up in which both parties agree, and sign. The assessors then endeavour to reconcile the parties, usually by proposing some middle course. If both submit to the arbitration, the decision is final: if one demurs, he can carry the case to the higher tribunal, but at the risk of having the expenses to pay should it be decided against him; and in no case can any fresh facts be brought forward, other than what are contained in the protocol of the Forligelses-Commission.

Whether any modification of this institution could be beneficially adopted in a country like ours, I am not prepared to say; but I think there can be no doubt, that in a country like Norway it is productive of much more good than evil, as tending to cut short a great deal of litigation. Strict legal justice is very probably not so much aimed at by a tribunal so constituted, as equity and concord. But a great deal depends upon the personal character of the assessors, and especially of the priest: if he be intelligent and painstaking, the result is highly satisfactory; but if he be old and stupid, as will sometimes be the case, material facts are frequently omitted, and the whole case is sent up in so incomplete, jumbled, and bungling a form, that I have heard Amtmen declare it is totally impossible to ascertain its real merits.—*Two Summers in Norway.*

THE OSPREY.

The osprey is every where a bird of passage. In spring, it visits the shores of the larger rivers and lakes of Russia, Germany, and the middle provinces of Europe; but on the approach of winter, they travel southwards. Along the shores of the United States, and the lakes and rivers, they show themselves in spring as they are proceeding northwards, and also in autumn, when they retire to warmer climates.

INTEGRITY.

The acquaintance of bishop Jebb with Granville Sharp arose from his being executor to the will of his cousin, sir Richard Jebb, Bart., physician to George III. The prelate was fond of mentioning a characteristic circumstance connected with Mr. Sharp's discharge of his trust. Having handed over to the residuary legatee the personal property, he closed the transaction by presenting him with the last remnant—three pence half-penny, which he found in an old drawer.

MACHINE FOR COPYING OIL PAINTINGS.

M. Liepmann, a painter of eminence at Berlin, is stated to have invented a mechanical process for taking, in a very short time, a copy of any painting in oil, however old, with an exactitude which cannot be attained by the brush. M. Liepmann has exhibited his machine in the galleries of the Royal Museum at Berlin, and in the presence of the directors, made one hundred and ten copies of a portrait of Rembrandt, with the greatest success.

Chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey.

THE CHAPEL OF HENRY VII.

This chapel is a very interesting part of Westminster Abbey. Immediately behind the choir, but more elevated, is the chapel of Edward the Confessor; beyond this, that of Henry VII. rears its "fretted roof," and forms the eastern extremity of the whole fabric. It is the most florid example of the pointed style of architecture that exists in this country; it is, likewise, the most perfect example.

Leland calls this chapel "the miracle of the world;" and though his praise may well be pronounced extravagant, it is generally considered that the architectural splendour of this edifice is of the highest order. The boldness and ingenuity of the design, and the scientific principles displayed in carrying it into execution, have alike excited great admiration.

The credit of designing this chapel, and of erecting it also, has generally been given to sir Reginald Bray; but it appears to rest on no adequate authority.

OLD HUMPHREY ON DOGS.

Much has been written about dogs, and much more I trust will be written; for the dog is so useful an animal, so faithful a servant, and so devoted a slave to man, that any thing which extends our knowledge of his nature and habits, and makes more prominent his good qualities, increases his claim on our kindness. See how promptly he executes our commands! how forgivingly he forgets our churlish unkindness! how gratefully he acknowledges our smallest favours, and with what fidelity, to his last gasp, he serves even a tyrannical master!

Who would not, if he could, make a dog happy? I know it may be said of dogs that they yelp at the heels of horses, quarrel and fight one with another, run off with meat from the butchers' stalls when opportunity offers, and occasionally worry a defenceless sheep in the fields. No doubt, they do these things, for there are bad dogs as well as bad men in the world; but put their good deeds against their evil deeds, and do them justice. Take the vilest cur that ever ran on four legs, and you cannot say that he is as bad as a bad man without wilfully blackening his reputation. Dogs have been trained to thirst for human blood, and to hunt defenceless human beings; but our indignation should be turned from them to the conduct of their merciless trainers.

I am not about to speak of dogs generally, though the subject is a tempting one, but rather to draw a few graphic sketches of such dogs as have more

immediately attracted my notice. Never do I feel so much at home as when treating on a subject with which both my eye and my heart are familiar. Yes! yes! I will treat of the dogs I have known; but as a musician, before he puts forth his powers, usually favours his auditory with a few gratuitous notes, or flourishes, by way of tuning his instrument, so I, to screw up my mind to its proper pitch of excitement, will venture on a few passing general remarks.

Had I to describe any particular kind of dog, singling him out from among his fellows, I hardly know what kind of dog I should choose. There is the thick-haired, furry-coated dog of the Esquimaux, scampering over the frozen snow, with the loaded sledge at his heels. The African dog who fearlessly keeps the lion at bay, while his master takes aim with his rifle at the king of beasts, or makes his escape. And the dog of St. Bernard's, who goes forth at the bidding of the Samaritan monks, to find out the toil-worn and bewildered traveller, half frozen to death in the snow. All these would have a claim upon me, and willingly would I give each of them a well-covered bone to pick, and an armful of clean straw to repose on; but hardly should I know which of them to select for my hero.

Then, again, there is the sagacious sheep dog, with his long, rough, thick hair, almost a shepherd in himself in his vigilance and watchfulness over the flock committed to his care; the sturdy mastiff, stiffly, and sternly defending the house and household goods left in his charge, against the midnight robber; and the persevering setter running through brake and brier, over arable and pasture land, mountain and moor, from morn to eve, to point out game for the amusement of his master. It does not signify, I could not make a choice of one; were I to do so, the speaking eyes and the wagging tails of the others would reprove me.

It is true, that the noble, shaggy, Newfoundland dog is a favourite with me; that the long-eared spaniel wriggles himself somehow into my affections; and that I have a kindly feeling for all dogs, from that model of grace and beauty, the taper-limbed greyhound, to the bow-legged turnspit or snub-nosed bull dog, though I much regret the uses, or rather the abuses to which the strength of the latter has been made accessary. Still it would puzzle one to decide what kind of dog among his tribe to select for an individual description.

Though no sportsman, yet before now I have seen the buck hound pull down the antlered stag, who could no longer keep him at bay; the fox hound in full cry after wily renard, stretching across, far over the extended fields; and the harrier pursuing the timid hare, doubling and winding in vain to escape her pursuers; and in all, I find the dog to be the same ardent helper, obedient servant, and humble slave of mankind.

In my youthful days—these grey hairs tell me that the summers and winters that have since then rolled by me are not a few—In my youthful days, the Nimrods of the neighbourhood occasionally assembled near the village school, where I was a scholar; for my schoolmaster was a sportsman and very fond of the chase. No sooner did he know that the hounds were abroad than his scholars were forgotten, his black mare, or brown gelding, was saddled in haste, and his authority delegated for the day to his milder representative, to the great delight of the whole school. He was also fond of coursing, and, not unfrequently, a friend of his called upon him with a brace of greyhounds. White Juno and black Hero were two of the first dogs in the country.

> "From slip or leash there never sprang
> More fleet of foot, or sure of fang."

Thus in our playhours we sometimes gazed on the exciting scene of a pack of hounds in full cry, or a brace or two of greyhounds in full chase after a hare. But it is high time that I began to speak of the particular dogs I intended to introduce to your attention.

Rover belonged to a neighbour; he was one of my early playfellows, and if ever I did love a dog I loved him. He was a fine fellow, of the Newfoundland breed, black as a sloe, with a snow-white bosom, soft as silk, nimble as an antelope, and frolicsome as a young kitten. We had our mimic battles, fighting and rolling and tumbling over one another on the ground, till we were too tired to romp, and too happy to lie still. At one moment, he lay panting, his vermilion tongue rapidly moving in and out of his mouth, his ears half

raised, and his white paws projected. At another, he started up and bounded forwards, coming against me like a bundle of wool. Landseer has beautifully painted many a beautiful dog; but he never yet painted one like Rover. When I returned from school, my favourite had been sent to a distant part of the country. As no register is kept of the death of dogs, and as no historian has chronicled the latter days of Rover, so am I destitute of all further information respecting my early playfellow. His picture correctly drawn, hangs up in a golden frame in the archives of my memory.

Not willingly would I hear malice, towards even a dog; but it is quite as much as I can do to think kindly of Jowler, a stout and strong grizzly-haired animal, half greyhound and half pointer, with a most fierce and savage aspect, that terribly annoyed me in my youthful days. Jowler's kennel was hidden in a recess, so that in going down the passage where it stood, the hole, or entrance of it, could alone be seen. Jowler's business was to guard the passage; but his pleasure was to frighten people half out of their senses. Scarcely was there room to go by his kennel in safety, even by keeping close to the wall on the opposite side; but if a stranger, unaware of his lurking enemy, took no precaution of this kind, he could only save himself by a sudden spring beyond the boundary of Jowler's chain. Whether the dog was as terrific in reality as he appeared to be, I cannot say; but his snorting growl, the savage glare of his eyes, and the ferocious rush with which he bounded forward, left an impression on my mind, that if he once got me within his clutches, a complete suit of armour would hardly prevent me from being torn in pieces. How did my heart beat when I had to pass down that passage! All was quiet, not a breath heard, not a shadow seen; but the fearful presentiment, or rather certainty of what was about to take place, was terrible to me. Often did I make a feint of running by to draw him from his hiding place, that I might be spared the shock of his bursting forth all at once; but no, he was too wily for me; not an inch would he stir, till he saw me at the spot where he could come nearest to me, and then the suddenness of his spring, and the fearfulness of his mingled snort, growl, bark, and howl, completely electrified me. Had not his chain been a strong one, it never would have endured the half throttling jerk with which it pulled him back after his leap. Sometimes, on my return up the passage, trembling with apprehension, I could see his fore paws and his glaring eyes, as he lay in wait ready for the spring. Oh! how he did terrify me! What became of Jowler, I know not, and can only hope that he became more peaceable in his old age. I have long since forgiven his ill nature.

I once had a dog named Keeper. He was far from being a handsome dog, nor was there anything particularly amiable in his disposition; but I could not fail to love any animal if I had fed him for years, and been regarded by him as his master. He was of a dirty ash colour, with much of the pointer, and still more of the mastiff in his appearance. By day, his chain restricted his perambulations, by night he had the range of two large yards, not to mention his occasional researches in the adjoining garden. On the whole, he had a fair reputation as a good watch-dog, and even now, I should blush could I call to mind any instance in which he was used unkindly.

One night, while Keeper was ranger of the yard, a noise of an unusual kind awoke me. As nightly fears are more apt to increase than to diminish, at least until the cause which excited them is fully understood, up I got to reconnoitre. By the time that I was in a position to repel any personal attack, a strong conviction had possessed my mind, that thieves were effecting an entrance at the back door. I heard, as I thought, the stealthy footfall, the suppressed whisper, the wrenching of the panels, and, at last, the filing away of the lock. In respect to this latter operation, as I approached the very door on tiptoe, it seemed next to impossible to be mistaken. I spoke and the filing ceased, but when I unfastened the door, it was plain that the burglar was none other than Keeper himself. A rat had run beneath the water tub, and Keeper's paws, in effecting the necessary excavations to dislodge him, produced the sounds I had so badly interpreted.

Keeper grew old, and became sadly diseased, until it was so distressing to see the poor creature's sufferings, that at last it became necessary to kill him. For days

and weeks, this was a trouble to me; yet could I not help going to the canal's side, when the appointed day arrived, to see that he underwent no unnecessary suffering. Two bricks were made fast to his neck, with a cord, and he was flung in where the water was six or eight feet deep; but he rose to the surface, tugging hard at the bricks for his life. I feel sure that he saw me, and struggled to get to me; but the next moment he gave a last struggle, and sank to rise no more. Thirty years have passed since this occurrence; but should I live thirty more, and my memory be unimpaired, the dying look of poor Keeper, and the stroke of the stone, will not be forgotten.

Mungo was a big, black, ugly dog, neither a mastiff, Newfoundland, nor greyhound, and yet partaking of all three. His shaggy hair, wide mouth, tremendous whiskers, and surly looks, rendered him the terror of the vagabond race. Woe be to the beggar that ventured to display his fluttering rags inside the vicar's fold-yard gate; for, unless he could effect a most precipitate retreat, or had nerves as endurable as cast iron, Mungo's horrible growl and furious rush was enough to shake his very soul. Yet, for all this show of fury and ungovernable rage, on the part of Mungo, I never heard of his harming man, woman, or child. If no one else loved Mungo, the vicar and his niece did most unfeignedly, even to the letting him gnaw a bone on the parlour hearth-rug.

Mungo was once inveigled into a boat, about to cross the river, but when he found the boat moving with water all around it, how he did whine and tremble. Never did a harlequin take a nimbler leap than he took from the boat when it neared the opposite shore, and it can scarcely be a question if the promise of a new kennel and clean straw, with two pounds of beef steaks per day, would have tempted him, at that time, again to enter the boat.

For a week no tidings could be obtained of him, of a satisfactory kind, and the vicar mourned his loss; but at last up came the old ferryman, who lived on the river's brink, to say that he could "hardly sleep a'nights for the howling that came from the river, when he was safe in his bed.'

At twelve o'clock that same night, was the old ferryman called up from his bed by old Humphrey and the minister's niece to cross the river with his boat; for the howls of poor Mungo were fearful. The ferryman took with him a lantern, and before his boat had touched the opposite bank, into it leaped Mungo, half mad with joy. Had it been possible for a dog to sink a boat by the wildest excesses of joy, we might all of us that night have slept at the bottom of the river; as it was, we reached the shore in safety. Mungo awakened the whole village by his rejoicing bark, gladdened the very spirit of the kind-hearted vicar, and was left, when the household at the vicarage had retired to rest, gnawing a bone on the mat at the bottom of the stairs in the hall, the happiest dog in England—ay, in the whole world! There he is, in my imagination, as vividly seen as ever, cranching the gristled ends of his bone with delight, while the happy vicar is giving him a lingering look from the top of the black oak staircase. Mungo and his master are now dead; and though the vicar's niece is still alive, and old Humphrey is now penning down this narrative of days gone by, the time is hastening on, and will make no long tarrying, wherein it will be said of them both, "Where are they?"

A few months ago, a dog somewhat lean and shaggy, of a brindled grey colour, with long hairs or smellers spreading on each side from above his mouth, attracted my attention. The poor animal had evidently lost his master, for he challenged in quick succession half-a-dozen or a dozen different persons, and met with as many disappointments. Every movement, every attitude manifested extreme and distressing anxiety. After snuffing the ground and whining piteously, he stood trembling from head to foot, his head on one side, his left ear half raised, his right leg lifted from the ground, listening with as much intensity as though he had no other faculty than that of hearing. Then fixing his ardent eyes on some figure in the distance, as though every particle of his body had the sense of sight, he darted forward in a line straight as the path of an arrow from a well bent bow.

At length the dog discovered that his master had entered a dwelling, which had a garden in front, surrounded with high palisades. After a desperate, yet fruitless, leap at the gate in front, he ran round to the side of the fence, but could not succeed in surmounting it. Again

he leaped at the gate, and was again unsuccessful. Exertion, anxiety, and disappointment excited him almost to madness; the hairs on his neck and back stood up seemingly electric; his lolling tongue dilated and contracted rapidly, and his enlarged eyes were full of high-wrought energy. He attempted to plunge through two of the upright bars of the gate. Time after time he fell backwards, and time after time he renewed the attempt, till at last flinging himself forward, with much more than his wonted desperation, he urged himself half through the bars, struggled violently, forced a passage, and won his way soon after to the side of his master.

"Poor fellow!" thought I, "he deserves a kind-hearted master! and yet it may be that his ardent attachment and devoted fidelity are shown towards one who will reward him only with kicks and curses." This little incident made me think the better of dogs in general, and the worse of such masters as treat them unkindly.

Thus might I run on for a dozen additional pages; but enough has been said, perhaps, to recall to the reader's mind many a dog about which I know nothing. Few of us are so churlish as not to have been pleased with the fidelity of the dog, and we have all stroked the smooth back and patted the head of some favourite, who has repaid our attention with usury, by the extravagance of his joy; the sparkle of his eye, the wriggling of his back, and the wagging of his tail, on such occasions, has been worth silver and gold. Well would it be for us, if we could learn a lesson from this faithful servant and willing slave of man, and receive our abundant blessings from above as gratefully as he receives his bits and drops from the hand of his master. I feel kindly towards the whole species, and would use what little influence I possess in prevailing on every one to treat them with kindness. There is not a dog among them, from the pug and poodle to the pointer, from the turnspit to the terrier, from the mongrel to the mastiff, and from the beautiful dwarf spaniel of King Charles to the noble giant of Newfoundland, that has not a friend in old Humphrey.

THE TUTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

The following interesting facts are taken from the Life of the late Reverend John Griffin, of Portsea, the author of the useful Tract, entitled, James Covey.

The death of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, which took place on January 10, 1808, though to Mr. Griffin it was naturally the source of much personal regret and temporary grief, excited in his mind many endearing reminiscences of the circumstances and scenes of his own early studies and ministry, while it revived his reverential and affectionate sense of the many personal and ministerial excellences of his departed friend. In a sermon preached to improve the event, we have the following lively sketches of Mr. Winter's character. Under the head, "He was an eminent Christian," it is observed, "His devotedness of soul to God turned every thing into an occasion for prayer, even the most trivial concerns. His devotion preserved him from despondency, made him observant of the hand of God, sweetened his studies, and calmed his spirit in trouble." "He was eminent for humility. This was evinced in the modesty of his conversation. He never obtruded his opinion, and seldom desired to appear as the first of the company. He refused the honours which would have been heaped upon him.

"He possessed a tranquil mind, owing to its being stayed on God. He was often called into circumstances which put his faith to the test; and, in most of these, his faith rose superior to every discouragement. In many cases of active benevolence, he proved the efficacy and confidence of faith. I know enough of his circumstances to be aware, that in a season of great dearth of trade among the manufacturers in his neighbourhood, and at a time when the dearness of provisions, and the inclemency of the winter added to their distress, he was accustomed to give more to the poor than his circumstances would prudently admit. In one instance, which I will mention, he had visited many of the poor in the neighbourhood, and had distributed so extensively, and, for his circumstances, so liberally, as to put himself to sensible inconvenience. In a few days, he mentioned his difficulties, with a design to engage my attention in prayer; and being alone with him, one evening, when the other students were out, he came to me, and said, 'Let us make this subject a matter of prayer!' After I had spent a few minutes in this sacred exercise, he prayed in such strains of fervour and

confidence as will never be obliterated from my recollection; and afterwards he said, 'I have no doubt, that in a few days, the God of Providence will manifest that he has the hearts of all men in his hand, and will prove that he is a God answering prayer.' Before the week had closed, he called me aside one morning, and, with tears of joy and gratitude glistening in his eyes, said, 'My dear friend, it is come! Did I not tell you it would come? Look here,' said he, holding a twenty pound bank note. This, I understand, was sent by an hon. bart. and M.P., then leaving Italy, who, for years, honoured him with his correspondence, and occasionally made him his almoner. 'Now, we shall go, this afternoon,' said he, with a peculiar emphasis, 'and make the hearts of the aged widow and fatherless to rejoice.' Had some covetous persons witnessed the scenes of that evening in several families, it must have made even their penurious souls to feel that there is a virtuous luxury in benevolence, which yields an exquisite pleasure, far surpassing any thing to be enjoyed from accumulating wealth."

That the pupil drank into the spirit of his tutor, will be evident from the following statement.

When a student, his vacations were usually devoted to preaching the gospel in the adjacent towns and villages; and after the labours of the sabbath, he felt it to be his duty, during the week, to visit the members of the church of Christ, especially the poor of Christ's flock. On one of these occasions, he called to see a poor but pious widow, who kept a small shop in the haberdashery line, and on which alone she depended for a maintenance. While they were in conversation in the shop, a person entered, whose presence so alarmed the widow, that she abruptly left, and ran up stairs to her chamber. Unacquainted with the sudden disappearance of the widow, and wondering in himself what it could mean, he anxiously inquired of the stranger his business, who promptly replied, that he had a bill against Mrs. —— for goods, which he was anxious to have discharged; and he supposed his unexpected appearance had created the alarm he had witnessed. A glow of benevolence fired the breast of the young minister, and he requested to know the amount of the bill. The bill was then produced, which amounted to between six and seven pounds, just about the sum he had in his possession. Now the question arose in his mind, for the moment, as to the path of duty; but the kind and sympathizing feelings of his heart overpowered every other consideration: he paid the bill, and obtained the receipt for the same. After the creditor had taken his departure, he called to the widow to come down. She came with a heart big with anxiety and grief. He stated to her what he had done, that whenever it was in her power she could repay him, and then presented her with the receipt. The joy she felt was expressed with overpowering feelings, mingled with tears, to her kind benefactor. On leaving the widow's shop, he experienced some conflicting feelings, lest he should have overstepped the bounds of prudence; he had emptied his purse, but the sweet recollections he entertained of the encouraging admonitions to acts of benevolence, which he had received from his venerable tutor, enforced, not only by precept but example, had the effect of removing his scruples on this point, and of encouraging him to cast himself and his circumstances on his Redeemer. On the following sabbath, he was engaged to preach to a large congregation, and an aged widow lady, of some affluence, had her attention excited by what she had heard of the preaching of the young minister, and determined to hear him in the evening. She was conveyed to the chapel in a sedan chair; and such was the effect of the sermon on her mind, that, on the following morning she sent for her attorney, and directed him to place Mr. Griffin's name in her will for one hundred pounds. Mr. G. recollected seeing the lady in the congregation, but never spoke to her. The circumstance remained unknown to him till the death of the lady, which occurred several years afterwards, when he had become the settled pastor over the Independent chapel at Portsea, surrounded by a numerous and rising family, whose calls, at that time, were of a very pressing nature. The post brought him tidings of the late decease of the lady, and of the unexpected bequest of this unknown friend.

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. III.

FIFTH CLASS. PENTANDRIA.

The monthly addition to the beauty of the vegetable world, and the countless variety of plants and flowers that follow

each other in succession as the year advances, is a striking feature in the wide-spread benevolence and goodness of our heavenly Father. We have lightly glanced at the general appearance of nature in January and February. March is still more abundant in its gifts.

> "Pleased with young life, the sportive lambs are seen,
> Striving in mimic race with guileless mirth;
> Kind nature now prepares her garb of green,
> To clothe her flowerets teeming into birth.
> At this sweet season let not man be sad,
> While boundless Heaven makes all around him glad."

When the sky is clear, and the sun enlivening, but not intense; when the fields are beginning to be green, and the warblers of the woods increase their music; when the buds are swelling in the hedges, and a general freshness pervades resuscitated nature, it is delightful to walk in the open air: not only, in such a season, does the eye see, but the heart feels that God is abroad, scattering liberally his blessings around.

As the months grow milder, the creatures of earth and air are multiplied. The sleepy dormouse awakes, the torpid toad begins to crawl, the viper uncoils his long length, the squirrel leaps from branch to branch, and the magpie, the jay, and the jackdaw mingle with the more harmonious of the feathered race; while the speckled wood, the red admiral, and the tortoiseshell butterflies are seen fluttering in the air. No sooner does the crocus expand its petals, than the daffodil, the small periwinkle, and the crown imperial prepare to burst forth, followed by the green hellebore, heart's ease, colt's foot, and golden saxifrage; while the green leaves of the lilac, and the fresh foliage of the currant and gooseberry trees peep forth.

In the fifth class, *Pentandria*, are arranged such plants as have flowers with "five stamens," as the term *Pentandria* implies. They are arranged in seven orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as the primrose and violet. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as parsley and carrot. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as the elder and chickweed. 4. *Tetragynia*, with four pistils, as grass of Parnassus. 5. *Pentagynia*, with five pistils, as flax and thrift. 6. *Hexagynia*, with six pistils, as sundew. 7. *Polygynia*, with many pistils, as mousetail.

In the first order there are about forty genera of native plants, besides a considerable number introduced into our fields and gardens from abroad, so that the botanical student can scarcely fail, in every walk during the summer months, to meet with one or other in flower to illustrate the class and order. In the woods, there is the primrose; in hedges, the violet; in corn fields, the pimpernel; on heaths and commons, the bell flower, (*Campanula;*) in ditches and marshes, the forget-me-not, (*Myosotis;*) in farms, the potato; and in gardens, the gooseberry, the honeysuckle, the vine, and many others. Even throughout the winter the flowers of the ivy (*Hedera halix*) may be found for illustration. The following may be selected as examples of the order.

The honeysuckle, (*Lonicera,*) which, as Mason says,

> "Loves to hang on barren boughs remote
> Her wreaths of flowery perfume."

There are three species, natives of this country; two, common in woods, thickets, and hedges, namely, the common woodbine (*L. periclymenum*) and the upright (*L. xylosteum;*) the other, or goat's leaf, (*L. caprifolium,*) being rare. The common woodbine rises from five to twenty feet high, and has a calyx, with five entire teeth; the corolla, with a long tube and five divisions. The scarlet berry is three celled, and many seeded, and plants may be raised by sowing the seeds in autumn, when they are ripe. There are many varieties and foreign species cultivated in gardens.

The honeysuckle is a general favourite. It embraces the cottage wall, creeping up to the very thatch. It twines itself round the door posts, and beautifies the summer arbour, hanging down its tubular flowers, as though to greet and bid you welcome. The rich and the poor love it, and well they may; for whether in the cultivated garden, or in the hedge rows of the field, it is one of the sweetest and loveliest of flowers.

The ivy (*Hedera helix*) flowers in September and during winter, the corolla being green, and consisting of five oblong petals, succeeded by a blackish berry, surrounded by the calyx, and containing five seeds. There are several varieties of the ivy, as the broad-leaved, or Irish, the silver variegated, and the golden.

We are much indebted to this plant for the beauty it bestows, and the solemnity it imparts to country churches, castles, abbeys, and houses. Whether

sunbeam or moonbeam falls on its polished leaves, they are beautiful, and when rustling in the breeze, they possess an additional interest. The ivy has been used in many a superstitious rite; let the Christian make a better use of it.

"Ivy! thou art ever green,
Let me changeless then be seen:
While my Saviour loves me—ne'er
Let my love grow old and sere.
Ivy! clinging round the tree,
Gladly would I learn of thee;
Clinging, as the year goes round,
To the cross would I be found."

The potato (*Salanum tuberosum*) belongs, as already mentioned, to this order, and has been of more advantage to the human race than any other production of America, from which it was introduced in the reign of queen Elizabeth, by the celebrated sir Walter Raleigh, who first planted it in his garden at Youghal, in the south of Ireland. The original wild potato of America has a small worthless root; but this has been wonderfully improved by artificial cultivation. In this country, the potato blooms from May through the summer, according to the period of planting; the flower being of various shades, of purple or white, with large yellow anthers, in some degree united and opening by a double pore at the end. The berry which succeeds has two cells and numerous seeds.

One of the most common plants of the second order, both wild and cultivated, is the carrot, (*Daucus carota*,) which may be met with on the borders of fields, and in pastures and waste places, on almost every variety of soil, from granite to chalk. The flowering umbel is hollow, like a cup, and hence it has been popularly called bird's nest, a character which may help to prevent the young botanist from mistaking it for any other plant of the order, the *umbelliferæ* being so very similar in general appearance. The flowers are separate, the outermost irregular and barren, the inner fertile, the central one generally neutral and often coloured; the calyx indistinct, the petals inversely heart shaped, with an inflected point, irregular; the filaments hairlike and spreading, and larger than the corolla. The flowers appear in June, July, and the subsequent months.

As an example of the third order, the common elder, (*Sambucus nigra*) termed, provincially, bower tree, is one of our best known shrubs or small trees, rising about fifteen feet high, and flowering from May till July, with a quintuply divided bouquet, or umbel of white highly-fragrant blossoms, the corolla having five divisions, and the berry three seeds. There is a dwarf species, (*S. ebulus*,) which is purely herbaceous, dying down to the ground every year; but the root is perennial. It is not very common, but in Wiltshire, about Compton Basset, where the writer has met with it, the farmers find it difficult to eradicate it from the ground.

In the fourth order, we find classed a very pretty mountain meadow plant, the grass of Parnassus, (*Parnassia palustris*,) which, during the autumn months, renders whole tracts of the moist upland pastures, where it grows, white with its beautiful blossoms. In such situations, it is common in the three kingdoms; and the writer has also seen it equally abundant in the valley of Chamouni, Switzerland, and other Alpine countries. The petals are veined with pellucid lines, and within these are numerous yellow glands, supported on footstalks of a very singular appearance, the use of which, in the economy of the plant, is unknown. The seed vessel has four valves and numerous seeds. The leaves, from the root, are heart shaped and taper pointed.

As an illustration of the fifth order, the cultivated flax (*Linum usoristissimum*) is not only very pretty, so as to be ornamental in the flower garden, and by no means uncommonly sown as an annual in the gardens around London, but it is one of the most important plants, next to cotton, for our manufactures. It blows in June and July, with a fine blue flower, followed by a seed vessel with ten valves and ten cells. The seeds are used for making linseed oil and linseed meal.

Flax appears to have been cultivated from the earliest times, being mentioned in the Old Testament among the productions of Egypt, Exod. ix. 31. When it is ripe, it is pulled up by the roots by hand, and laid in water to soak, till it begins to rot. It is then taken out, spread in the air to dry, and to fit it for the operations of breaking, scatching, and combing, or heckling.

Another common plant of this order is thrift, (*Armeria maritima*, formerly *Statice Armerica*,) a native plant, which grows profusely on some of our coasts, above high-water mark, and also on the tops of the highest mountains in England, Wales, and Scotland. It blossoms

from May till August with red, purple, scarlet, or white flowers, in a roundish head. The calyx has two leaves, entire, plaited, and membranous; the petals are five; the leaves linear, flat, and blunt. It makes a good garden border, and will thrive and blossom even in the smoke of towns and cities, and is most easily multiplied, to any extent, by division of the crowns and roots.

As thrift is cheaper than box for a garden border, the poor usually give the preference to the former. Thus poverty becomes its patron: while the flower is fresh, it should teachus thank fulness, and when it fades, it should remind us of our mortality. "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am," Psa. xxxix. 4.

The sixth order may be illustrated by a very curious and interesting plant, the sundew, (*Drosera*,) of which there are three native species: round-leaved sundew, (*D. rotundifolia*,) long-leaved sundew, (*D. longifolia*,) and English, or great sundew, (*D. Anglica*;) the first two, common on most heaths and bogs; the last, rather scarce. They have a quinquefied calyx, fine petals, which rarely open, except when the sun shines upon them brightly. The seed vessel has one cell, with three or four valves, and many seeds. The plants are all small and inconspicuous, of a reddish brown colour, so like the soil, that the student requires to look minutely into the localities, in order to find them. The leaves nearest the root are furnished with glandulous hairs on the upper surface, and fringed round the edge; each hair having, at the extremity, a small globule of pellucid liquor-like dew, continuing, even in the hottest part of the day, and in the fullest exposure to the sun: hence the name of sundew, and the old Latin one of *Rosa solis*.

The only not uncommon native plant, illustrative of the seventh order, is mousetail, (*Myosurus minimus*,) which grows in the cornfields and gravelly pastures, and is often found in the vicinity of London. The stamens vary in number from four to twenty; but the tail-like form of the flower, or rather seed spike, and the grass-like leaves, will prevent the student from mistaking it for any other plant. The flowers are extremely small, the calyx having five leaves, with a spur at the base, and the corolla five petals with a tubular claw. The seeds are numerous. The plant varies extremely in size, according to the barrenness or luxuriance of the soil. It blossoms early in summer, from April till May, after which it soon ripens its seeds, and then withers and dies.

SIXTH CLASS. HEXANDRIA.

The plants which are arranged in the sixth class have six stamens, as the term *Hexandria* implies. It is divided into six orders, like the preceding class. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as the lily and onion. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as mountain sorrel. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as the dock. 4. *Tetragynia*, with four pistils, as water plantain. 5. *Hexagynia*, with six pistils. And, 6. *Polygynia*, with many pistils.

The natural order, *Liliaceæ*, or liliceous plants, all belong to the first order of this class, which contains some of our most choice flowers, including the tulip, hyacinth, and jonquil; and there are few seasons of the year when some species of the order may not be procured for illustration in the garden, if not in the field, from the earliest months, when the snowdrops appear.

> "The first pale blossom of the unripen'd year,
> As nature's breath, by some transforming power
> Had changed an icicle into a flower."

They may be found till the later months of autumn, when the spiderwort, the Guernsey lily, and the oriental hyacinth come into bloom within doors.

The snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*) is a native bulbous-rooted plant, half a foot high, flowering from January till April, according to the soil and situation; and in a wild state, in woods, and on banks, covering larges patches of ground to the exclusion of every other plant, in the same way as the blue bell (*Scilla nonscriptus*) does, which grows in similar situations. The flower bud, enclosed in a sort of thin leathery sheath, (*sputha*;) the calyx has three concave divisions; the corolla is cup shaped, with three small-notched divisions; the stigma is simple, and the leaves simple and of a glaucous green colour. The double varieties are the most common in gardens, in which the stamens, from luxuriance of growth, are replaced by petals.

Following the snowdrop, in the succession of flowering, the daffodil, (*Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*,) belonging to this order, flowers in March and April,

the blossoms being pale yellow; the calyx with six equal divisions; the corolla in form of a cup, funnel shaped, and having a single saw-toothed leaf. The stamens are placed within the cup. The most common variety of this, also, cultivated in gardens, is that with double blossoms, which the student will, accordingly, not find to agree with the class from the stamens, having been replaced with petals by over luxuriant cultivation. There are several species of this genus with white flowers, often doubled and of exquisite fragrance, common in gardens, such as the poet's lily, (*N. poeticus,*) which blows considerably later than the daffodil.

Succeeding the daffodil we have the tulip, (*Tulipa gesneriana,*) flowering from May till June, the blossom being in numberless varieties, produced by crossing, and by diversity of cultivation. The calyx or corolla, about which botanists are not all agreed, has six divisions, is bell shaped, blunt, and smooth.

It is said that a country fellow was once sent on an errand to the house of a Dutch tulip fancier. The Dutchman prided himself on the costliness of his flowers; and many of his tulip roots were worth from twenty to thirty pounds a piece. As the countryman had walked a long way, some refreshment was given him, which, indeed, he seemed to want. As he stood in the yard, eating a piece of bread and cheese, he fixed his eyes on what he supposed to be a number of onions, placed on a lone wall to dry. Thinking that an onion would make his bread and cheese relish the better, and not imagining that he was doing any harm, he laid hold of a couple of them, and proceeded, too hungry to be over nice in his taste, he cut them in slices. He had eaten one, and had almost finished a second, when the Dutchman, who had caught sight of him through the window, rushed upon him like a tiger. Mynheer was in a terrible passion, and no wonder; for the simple-hearted countryman, in appeasing his hunger, had been demolishing some of the choicest tulip roots that Mynheer had in his possession.

A singular foreign plant, the maguey, (*Agave Americana,*) or American aloe, belongs to this order; but though this plant is by no means uncommon, being kept most usually in large boxes or pots to ornament lawns and terraces, the student may not so readily meet with it in flower. It was first known to blossom in England, in the year 1729, in the garden of Mr. Cowell, at Hoxton, near London. Another plant flowered in 1737, at Eaton hall, in Cheshire, of which a print was engraved; and from the inscription thereon, we learn that the stem bud appeared on June 15, and for some weeks grew at the rate of five inches a day, the flower branches being perfected in twelve weeks, and then ceased to grow for a month, while the buds were forming. It produced one thousand and fifty blossoms. One, which blossomed, at Leyden, in 1760, produced more than four thousand blossoms.

The popular notion that this plant blossoms only once in a hundred years is quite a vulgar error; for the time of its flowering depends on the growth; and in warm countries it will blossom in a few years. The stem will grow from twenty to forty feet high.

The mountain sorrel (*Oxyria reniformis*) is the only British plant of this order, and is not uncommon on the mountains of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and elsewhere. The writer of this article found it on Skiddaw and on the Mam Tor, in Derbyshire. It is a very pretty plant, with kidney-shaped leaves, and a greenish blossom, with two petals.

In the third order, we find the common dock, of which field sorrel (*Rumex acetosa*) is a well known species, common in meadows and pastures, sending up a pannicle of reddish-brown flowers during the summer months. The calyx has three leaves, the petals are three and convergent, the seeds are three sided. There is a smaller species, (*R. acetosella,*) common on bare heaths, turf walls, and other barren places. The leaves of both are agreeably acid, the acid having the property of taking ink stains out of linen.

We have all of us, in our youthful days, employed the dock to cure the pain inflicted by the stinging nettle; and we have gathered green sorrel, and enjoyed the pleasant acid it contains. Too little do we call to mind the pleasures of childhood, and the mercies of riper years.

> "While God has given us rosy hours
> Of health and peace, and fruit and flowers;
> While we in pleasant paths have trod,
> What have we rendered back to God?"

The fourth order contains the water plantain, (*Alisma plantago,*) which is to be met with in almost every pond of

water, sending up its broad leaves, and its tall branching spike of purplish white flowers during the summer months. The corolla has six divisions. There are several other species, which have all a similar appearance to those just described.

The petiveria (*P. alliacka*) is a stone plant of this order, a native of Jamaica and the other West India islands, where it grows in the low lands, in dry gravelly soil, and shady situations. It has the property of enduring much drought, and remains green when other vegetation is burned up; a valuable property in a hot climate. The cattle eat it greedily; but it gives to their milk the disagreeable odour of garlic.

Of the other orders we have no common illustrations to offer that would be useful to the student.

CHILDREN OF PRISONS.

When I was in Berlin, I went into the public prison, and visited every part of the establishment. At last I was introduced to a very large hall, which was full of children with their books and teachers, and having the appearance of a Prussian school room. "What!" said I, "is it possible that all these children are imprisoned here for crime?" "O no," said my conductor, smiling at my simplicity; "but if a parent is imprisoned for crime, and on that account his children are left destitute of the means of education, and are liable to grow up in ignorance and crime, the government places them here, and maintains and educates them for useful employment." This was a new idea to me. I know not that it has ever been suggested in the United States; but surely it is the duty of government, as well as its highest interest, when a man is paying the penalties of his crime in a public prison, to see that his unoffending children are not left to suffer and inherit their father's vices. Surely it would be better for the child, and cheaper as well as better for the state. Let it not be supposed that a man will go to prison for the sake of having his children taken care of; for those who go to prison usually have little regard for their children. If they had, discipline like that of the Berlin prison would soon sicken them of such a bargain.—*Professor Stowe.*

ODD SORT OF PEOPLE.

"Don't go in there, Frank; they are such odd sort of people," said Arthur, as Frank was dismounting to open the gate of Mr. Welford's cottage. "I must go in," replied Frank; for uncle desired me to call." "Then," said Arthur, "you may depend upon it I shall not accompany you. I will ride on and speak to Ned Tankerville: you can call there for me; or I will meet you at the end of the lane." So saying, Arthur put spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a minute. I accompanied Frank in his call at Mr. Welford's, where we were received with cordiality and politeness. The commission which Frank had to execute, was to request the company of Mr. and Mrs. Welford and family to dine at the Hall one day in the ensuing week: the invitation was accepted, and the day fixed upon. While the deliberations on this matter were proceeding, I was—I hope not rudely, but certainly with some curiosity excited by Arthur's remark—engaged in scrutinizing the scene around me; and I saw nothing, either in the house or its inhabitants, which seemed to me to exemplify it. The house and furniture were neat, comfortable, and even elegant. The grounds, though not very extensive, were laid out with exquisite taste, and preserved in the nicest order. The family appeared to be intelligent, active, and cheerful. "Odd sort of people!" said I to myself: "I wonder what Arthur could mean; I expected to see a place as gloomy and unfurnished as a hermit's cell, with inhabitants uncouth or fantastic in appearance, and morose or ridiculous in manners; but —Ah! well. I shall see more of them when they spend a day at my uncle's, and perhaps find out what Arthur means."

The Welford family paid their visit. Whoever might regret this, I did not, for we passed the day most agreeably; and it was not till after the visitors had taken their departure, that I even recollected Arthur's sneering remark about their being "odd sort of people."

At the breakfast-table next morning, several topics of conversation which had been started on the preceding evening were resumed; and while referring to the pleasure we had enjoyed, I said to Frank, that I thought if Arthur had staid to spend the day with us, he must have changed his opinion of the Welford family. It could only be for want of

knowing them better, that he looked upon them as odd sort of people.

"I don't know that," said my uncle; "our opinions of others are in a great degree influenced by our own tastes and habits. We are very apt to judge of things not so much by their intrinsic merits as by their accordance or dissonance with our own preferences and practices. When things are in their own nature perfectly indifferent, customs which are new to us, and of which we do not understand the reason, seem preposterous and absurd. By uneducated people, even to converse in a foreign language is condemned as talking gibberish; and people of different nations acquainted with no language but their own, are thus barbarians to each other."

"But that is very narrow-minded," said Frank.

"Yes," replied my uncle, "want of information naturally cramps the mind; but pride and prejudice do so in a still greater degree, and lead to much greater illiberality. A naturally noble mind, though placed in circumstances unfavourable to its developement, will admit the possibility of there being truth and good sense in matters which it does not understand; but a contracted mind will condemn, as foolish and ridiculous, all persons and practices not exactly conformed to its own standard, especially if the practices can by any means be construed into a tacit reproof of its own."

My uncle's remarks brought to my recollection an ingenious story I had just read in "Evenings at Home." It is called "Travellers' Wonders." A captain being importuned by his children to tell about some of the strange countries he had visited, relates to them a variety of strange particulars which excite their wonder and censure; but they afterwards find that they had been listening to a description of their own habits and practices, expressed in other words than those with which they were familiar, and placed in a somewhat different point of view from that to which they were accustomed; and I thought, that perhaps in saying that the Welfords were odd sort of people, Arthur meant no more than that they called things by different names, or perhaps acted differently from himself in some little matters to which he might attach undue importance.

"Nothing more likely," replied my uncle. "I can easily suppose that the vocabulary of Mr. Welford and that of Arthur Longley would almost be as different as if they were foreigners: they may possibly call the same animal a dog or a cat; but as to any quality, action, or habit, I can scarcely imagine them to have an idea in common. Arthur, you know, considers himself well born, because he happens to be related to one or two persons possessing a title, or the shadow of a title, and was never, that he is aware of, connected with any person engaged in trade or commerce. Mr. Welford, too, considers himself well born; for he is the son of virtuous and intelligent parents in humble life, who early instilled good principles, and set good examples before him, and who denied themselves to obtain for their sons an education which they knew how to appreciate, though they did not possess. This proved the foundation of their son's rising in life. He was placed in a manufactory, and by his diligence, punctuality, and skill, gained favour with his employers, and was advanced in the establishment. Meanwhile his leisure hours were employed in applying the mathematical knowledge he had acquired, to practical purposes connected with his employment. In time he matured several experiments, and they proved completely successful in simplifying the process and improving the product of his labour. The value of his discoveries was honourably acknowledged by his employers, and he was admitted to a share in a most extensive and lucrative concern, and to a family connexion with the senior partner. After a prosperous commercial career of fifteen or twenty years, Welford said, what few prosperous tradesmen under fifty years of age can be induced to say, "I have enough; I will retire to educate and enjoy my family, and leave the field of commerce open to new competitors." He purchased the estate, and erected the modest dwelling you saw last week, and there settled with his family a few months ago. His father resides with them, a fine old man full of intelligence, benevolence, and vivacity. He is at present visiting a daughter at some distance, or would have made an agreeable addition to our party of yesterday.

"Our worthy neighbour, you perceive, has made out his own patent to nobility, by rendering important advantages to the commercial interests of his country, and by uniformly maintaining a noble course of conduct: not least so in his fulfilment of "the first command-

ment with promise"—I mean honouring his aged parent. But in this and in some other particulars, Arthur, I believe, thinks differently. It happened that when Arthur, in company with his father and aunt, last spent a few days here, I was engaged to visit the Welfords. My guests accompanied me. To my friend Longley and to myself the visit was highly agreeable; but to Miss Longley and her nephew it furnished matter for many contemptuous remarks: and during the remainder of their stay with us, the name of Welford could never be mentioned without calling forth, from either the aunt or nephew, some such exclamation as, 'How extremely odd!'' Did you ever see any thing so odd?'—Among the many things they found to censure, they were absolutely indignant when they learned that they had sat at table with an operative! 'Surely,' they thought, 'if Mr. Welford had been fortunate, and raised himself in life, he might have been content with showing kindness to his father at a distance, without attempting to introduce him into society.' Poor things! as if there were no society but that which is formed on their factitious model. I believe Miss Longley has not yet forgiven me for the degradation to which she accuses me of having exposed her; and I suppose she has imbued her nephew with such horror of a repetition of the offence as induced him to hasten his departure before the visit of yesterday."

"I know now," said Frank, "what Arthur meant when he asked us, after we called at Mr. Welford's last week, whether we saw the old pauper."

"Shame upon his upstart pride!" exclaimed my uncle; "he despises worth and independence to which he is not likely to attain; and his silly aunt encourages rather than corrects his follies."

"Yes, that she does," said Frank; "for all his contemptuous remarks were given second hand from his aunt.

I recollected his having asked us if we saw the gardener's labourers, and whether we did not greatly admire the Miss Dowdys, as his aunt called them.

But my uncle reminded us that we were getting into a strain of speaking which he could not approve. He regretted some sad mistakes in Arthur's education, which he feared would have an unhappy influence on his character through life. "Had he," said my uncle, "been as highly favoured as the young Welfords, he might have proved as honourable and valuable a member of society as they bid fair to become."

Of course we forbore to make any further remarks; but Frank and myself exchanged glances as uncle uttered this disparaging sentiment; for Arthur had declared that it was impossible for boys educated at home ever to be fit to appear in society, and asserted, that niggardliness alone induced a gentleman, who could afford to place his sons at a public school, to keep them at home. Hence he affected to pity and despise the young Welfords for having "such odd sort of parents." What would have been his astonishment had he heard himself brought into unfavourable comparison with them!

No farther reference was made to Arthur and his aunt; but as the conversation about "odd sort of people" was kept up, my uncle made the following observations:—

"The vain and silly are apt to call those very odd sort of people who do not make as much display as they can possibly afford to do. Welford might easily have laid out twice as much money on the erection of his house, without making it one whit more commodious or comfortable: he might keep twice as large an establishment of servants, and bring up his children in ignorance and helplessness as to common things; and those who would have done so think it odd that he does not. It is to the indolent and frivolous very odd indeed that any one should choose to work who is not obliged to do it. But from extensive observation and experience, my worthy neighbours know that work of every kind is most regularly and satisfactorily accomplished when each one engaged in the performance fully, and was not oppressively employed. On this basis, therefore, they have formed the scale of their domestic establishment. They know also that well directed activity is essential to real enjoyment, and they consider it an important part of education to cultivate a love for useful employment, and to give their children such knowledge and aptitude in common things as will qualify them to take care of property, and manage an establishment, which may, amidst the fluctuations of this changing world become yet more absolutely needful to them. Each of the Miss Welfords, in alternate weeks, is employed an hour or two each morning in the superintendence of domestic affairs; and is accustomed to consider

herself not degraded by the employment itself, or by being attired for the time in a dress suitable to the occasion. Thus, without sacrificing an atom of real gentility or accomplishment, they are acquiring solid, valuable qualifications for wives and heads of families, of which the mere ignorant and slatternly fine lady is altogether destitute. Their brothers, at the same time, are acquiring not merely a knowledge of the technical phrases of botany and other sciences, but a practical aptitude at planning and carrying into effect operations with which these sciences are connected. It was by such knowledge well employed that their father rose to his honourable standing; and he justly considers that it would be employing his prosperity in a manner most unjust to society and most injurious to his children, if he suffered it to become the occasion of leading them to pass lives of lounging idleness, trifling pursuits, or giddy dissipation. I need not say to you that these lads find more real recreation in cultivating and arranging their flower-beds than Arthur does in idly twirling off the buds with his whip; and that their ingenuity in the construction of machines and vehicles (to say nothing of the possibility of its being useful) is at least as interesting and harmless as the degrading intimacies of the stable-yard; yet Arthur thinks it 'very odd' that the former should be preferred.

"It is sometimes reckoned 'very odd' that people who have leisure and opportunity to go abroad, and to choose their own society, should habitually give the preference to the quiet duties and pleasures of home; should remain in the country when 'all the world' is in town, or stay away when 'all the world' is gone to a fashionable watering-place, and that they should prefer the society of the wise and good, though undistinguished by rank and fashion, to that of the great and gay, who are 'lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.' I should not be surprised if this is one of the oddities of the Welford family.

"It is thought very odd when parents who can afford it, do not cram every one of their daughters with every species of thing under the sun that goes by the name of 'accomplishments,' whether or not the said daughters have any talent or taste for them, and are or are not likely to derive any sort of pleasure or advantage from the acquirement. It is by exercising discrimination in this particular, that the parents of the young people with whose society you have been so much gratified, without professing to give to every child a smattering of every thing, have found time to cultivate in each every kind of knowledge that is really essential, and to confer on each a competent portion of such of the lighter accomplishments as taste or circumstances rendered most eligible.

"Persons are sometimes called odd, precise, particular, etc. who regularly act by a plan, who observe punctuality in all their habits and engagements both in greater and lesser matters, though it admits of easy proof, that by steady adherence to such a method, twice the good may be accomplished in a life or in any given portion of time. The early hours of the Welford family afforded much merriment to Miss Longley, although it was obvious that by such an arrangement the younger children were sharers in the regular attendance on domestic worship, from which they would otherwise have been excluded, or at best but occasionally present.

"Those who are economical, that they may be generous, and deny themselves that they may help others, often come in for a share of the world's sneer at 'odd sort of people,' niggardly, cynical and morose; though, if the truth were known, they are the people who most truly relish the enjoyments of life, and are the subjects of habitual cheerfulness and serenity, to which the gay and selfish are strangers. It is sometimes considered an odd thing to pass by an injury rather than resent it. To such conduct I have heard a certain captain of our acquaintance apply the epithets mean-spirited, sneaking, cowardly, unworthy of a gentleman; but I have thought, however uncommon such conduct might be, it was the mark of a truly noble and dignified spirit. He was a brave man who said, 'I fear sinning, though you know I do not fear fighting;' and he who forgives an injury which he might justly and safely resent, acts not only a manly but a godlike part.

"The epithet 'odd sort of people,' is not unfrequently applied to those whose religious profession and observances differ from theirs who throw out the censure; or, rather, it is a censure cast by those who are indifferent about religion, or altogether opposed to it, on those who are conscientiously, consistently, and constantly actuated by it. I suspect this has

something to do with the dislike which the Longleys have taken against our new neighbours."

"I think not, uncle; for I have heard Arthur speak very much against religious bigotry and sectarianism, and say he did not care a pin's point what people believed or professed."

"Perhaps so; but people who profess such boundless and baseless liberality are often found, in reality, to be the most violently bigoted against vital, practical godliness whatever be its outward form. Many who even prided themselves on their own indifference to religion of any kind, were among the most bitter persecutors of the Christians. It was not because Paul's reasoning was inconclusive or absurd, but because his manner was earnest, because he evidently lived and acted under the power of his principles, that Festus said with a loud voice, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.' And justly might the persons ridiculed reply, 'We are not mad, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness,'" Acts xxvi. 24, 25.

My uncle paused, when I took the opportunity of asking, "If all these are unjustly called odd sort of people, pray, uncle, whom do you call so?" My uncle smiled, and replied, "Why, Samuel, it does not become me to call any of my neighbours by ill names; but if I must tell you whom I reckon odd sort of people, and with whom I would never wish to come in contact, they are such as seem to cast off all sort of rule, and act as if they were subject to no law—the laws of reason, the laws of society, the laws of God. They are selfish in their indulgences, extravagant in their expenses, irregular in their habits, and care not how they engross the time, squander the property, trifle with the feelings, and trample on the rights of others. Such characters in their maturity render themselves odious and contemptible enough; but the germ of such a character is often suffered, in the season of youth, to bud almost unobserved, and to gain strength before its existence is even suspected. So take care, my boys, that you never indulge the beginning of habits that a few years hence may seem as unconquerable as they are evil. Never make yourselves needlessly singular in things that are in themselves innocent, but rather comply than resist. On the other hand, never be afraid of being called odd or singular, where truth and principle, and duty are at stake. Dare do what is right, though it expose you to the scorn and ridicule of the vain and foolish, and strengthen yourself by reading the histories of holy men of old, who dared to be singular for God, and were honourably signalized by him. For those that honour God, he will honour; but those that despise him shall be lightly esteemed, 1 Sam. ii. 30. C.

THE LAKE OF GENNESARET.

The lake can be seen from the city of Tiberius, through its whole extent. It may be about eighteen miles long, and in its widest part, about six miles broad. The shape is irregular, something resembling a boy's kite, or a bird flying. It is called, in the Old Testament, the sea of Chinnereth, and in the New, the sea of Tiberias, the sea of Galilee, and the lake of Gennesaret. Its appearance is striking, but rather disappoints the traveller, as it differs entirely in its character from the beautiful imaginations with which it is always associated. I could have wished to see more wood upon its shores, less ruggedness in the aspect of its mountains, and a greater softness and warmth in its general features. The mountains, in some places, come close to the water; and towards the north we could discern a far higher chain, their dark sides, and still darker bases, presenting a fine contrast to the robe of snow in which their lofty summits were enveloped. The waters are clear, and were then perfectly still; but from their situation, between hills and ravines, they must be liable to sudden squalls, and to great agitation during violent gales. The expanse that unfolds itself, from this place, is perhaps little changed since the time of our Lord. The works of man are imposing to-day, but in a little time they are deserted and in ruin: temples, palaces, and even cities, are destroyed; and no investigation can discover the spots where they once flourished, though the detail of the events, that took place within them, may be familiar to our minds; but mountains and seas have been named "everlasting;" and as they looked a thousand years gone-by, so look they now. It was upon this sea that our Lord sat in a boat, and thence taught the people standing upon the shore: and what a sight it must have presented, to have seen the boat in the water, and the Prince of Life, and

the listening multitude, lining in rows the slopes of the ascent, as if in an immense amphitheatre, all so still that the little birds would not be frighted from their course in approaching the solemn audience; and the whole reflected upon the clear waters at their feet. On the opposite coast, the "herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." It was upon this sea that Jesus walked, like a spirit, in the fourth watch of the night, when the wind was boisterous, and the waves were high; and it was to these waters he spake, when he said in majesty, "Peace, be still," and the rebuked wind ceased, and there was a great calm. Not a single boat is ever seen upon its surface in our day; and the fish that do not approach the land are never molested by any of the devices of man. Josephus tells us, that the water of this lake was so cold, that it could not be warmed by setting in the sun, even in the hottest part of the year; but it has now lost this virtue, and in summer becomes warm and offensive. This lake was the scene of an engagement under Vespasian, in which some thousands were slain.—*Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.*

ASTON CHURCHYARD.

A NIGHT SCENE.

It was night, and I stood alone in the burial ground of an old country church, having a tall spire. A few light clouds were slowly sailing toward the face of the full round moon, which, shining high in the heavens, cast down its brightest and clearest beams on the graves and gravestones, and on the few sheep that were scattered between them. At first, I could see only one small star, but gazing stedfastly upwards, another, and then another, glimmered into sight.

All was not quite still around me; there was a sound beside the quick, short, snatchy grazing of a few of the sheep that now and then tore away the grass; there was a constant breeze whispering among the boughs of the high elm trees that stretched their arms far and wide above the dark, decaying bricks of the old park wall on the right of the churchyard: deep was the shadow of night that dwelt among their lower branches; but at the top a thousand loop holes of light came and went, and every fluttering leaf seemed stretched against the sky. It was a gentle, but continual breeze that played with the leaves, and as it swept over the churchyard, the heads of the long feathery grass that grew here and there by the gravestones, trembled.

The ancient baronial hall, of dark red brick, with its many turrets and short pointed cupolas, was hidden by the trees. Often had I looked, in days gone by, through the goodly avenue of oaks with childish wonder, at the hole made by the cannon of Cromwell, in the reign of king Charles; but the mansion was now, as I said, hid from my view. At the east end of the church, in the house with the garden in front, lived some that I loved; but they knew not that I was near them.

My arm rested on the rough stone basement of an old gothic window. I looked into the church, and the light falling upon the window opposite, revealed distinctly the cross bones, and the red hand in the coat of arms, painted on the glass. At that moment, I heard a harsh grating noise over my head, and then came the first heavy toll of the clock for eleven. I lingered till the humming sound, after the last stroke had died away, and then left the window.

In turning by the corner of the church, a lamb that had been lying against it, sprang up: we both started at the same time; and the lamb leaping upon a broad, flat tombstone in its way, turned round to stare at me, now and then licking its lips in a quick, agitated manner. The pretty creature looked a perfect picture, standing on the tomb in the moonlight; so I stept back lightly over the dewy grass, and gaining another path left the gentle animal undisturbed to the stillness of the graves.

While I was in the churchyard, the hour, the place, the silence, and the solemnity had their influence over me, life, death, and eternity were present to my thoughts; but the lamb, standing on the tombstone, gave a turn to my reflections, and I walked along, musing till my thoughts were led by the power of association to the "Lamb of God," my eyes brimmed with tears, and my heart was full of peace, while I thought that he "taketh away the sin of the world," and is revealed to us as "a Lamb in the midst of the throne."

Profession of a Benedictine Monk.

THE ENGLISH MONK'S PROFESSION.

An English monk passes through the ranks of a postulant and a novice, and the time is then fixed for his profession to take place. A description of his career will be found in a volume recently published by the Religious Tract Society, called "The Spirit of Popery," from which the following extract is taken.

On the morning of the day appointed, high mass is celebrated. As yet, his dress has been only the cast-off garments of some of the professed; these are now placed on one side of the altar, and a new habit on the other, which, as the full monastic costume is not now worn in England, is merely a gown and cassock, nearly resembling those of the English universities. Led by the novice master into the chapel, where the brethren are assembled, and prostrating himself in the presence of the prior, who is seated at the high altar, he gives him the usual signal to rise on his knees, and then proposes the question, "What do you want?" He answers, "Permission to persevere in my holy resolutions." The prior, according to his system of ignorance, superstition, and delusion, then addresses the novice on the trials of the monastic life, and expatiates on the pleasures resulting from the mortification of the senses, and from living in sacred seclusion, and also dwells on the rich compensation in heaven for all the discipline he will have to undergo. "Dost thou then," he continues, "notwithstanding all this, persevere?" The novice answers, "Yes;" and is then directed to read the form of profession in the Latin tongue, which has been already prepared.

A translation of this document is as follows:—"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen, in the year of my nativity ——, on the —— day of ——, I, brother ——, of ——, in the county of ——, in England, promise before God and his saints, stability, reformation of my manners, and obedience, according to the rule of our most holy father, (St. Benedict,) under the very reverend

——, of the English congregation of the same order, our holy father the general president of the same order, and to his successors in this monastery of St. ——, in ——, in the county of ——, of the same congregation and order, in the presence of the very reverend ——, prior of the monks of the same monastery, to the faith of which thing, this schedule or petition, written and undersigned with my hand, in the year and day of the month above added." Here is a solemn engagement of unreserved submission to human authority, which, with the Bible in our hands, it may be said none ought to exact, or if exacted, none ought to yield.

As soon as the person being professed has read this form, the black pall (that which is used for funerals) is brought in, and spread on the ground before the altar; on this he prostrates himself, and the sides being thrown over him, he is hidden from the view of all present. The brethren now commence chaunting "the Long Litany," an appeal to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, for mercy on the person making this profession, and to the Virgin Mary, to the angels, and to many saints and martyrs, virgins and confessors, imploring their prayers in his behalf. At its conclusion, he rises, proceeds to the left hand of the altar, on which the mass is still being offered, and there takes the oath of obedience to his superior and successors for ever, and also of chastity and poverty. Placing his left hand on the crucifix, he signs his name in full to the oath he has taken, prefixing to it the declaration, "*Tango crucem*"—"I touch the cross."

Immediately after this act, the recital of which is deeply painful, from a conviction that such vows are frequently broken, and that the consequences of keeping them are also fearful, the following vow is taken:—"I brother ——, in the place of ——, in the county of ——, in England, promise, vow, and swear, before God and his saints, that I will go to the work of the English apostolic mission, and return again whenever and wherever the most reverend president of our congregation shall judge expedient, and shall command: I touch the cross." To this are appended the

(Name of the professed.) ———

(Names of witnesses.) ———

The state of a slave has frequently called for the sighs and the tears of true philanthropy: are they not then demanded by the spectacle on which we are now looking? Where can bondage be more complete? Henceforth the professed is the mere instrument of those to whom, whatever be their dictates, he has declared he will be, in body and in mind, entirely subject.

The mass is now concluded, and he returns to the noviciate, to spend the remainder of that day, and the two following, in silence so profound, that he is forbidden to hear his own voice, even in devotion. After three days have elapsed, he receives the wafer, or host of the sacrament, and is then conducted by the novice master to the calefactory, where he is introduced to each of the assembled brethren, who having offered their congratulations, proceed to the prior, and ask relief from study for the whole monastery.

Two facts should be remembered as to this act of profession. One is, that since the year 1829, in which the emancipation bill was carried through Parliament, the profession of monks has been prohibited in England. Still it occurs, and sometimes every year; the precaution being taken of performing the ceremony, now described, either during the night, or at an early hour in the morning, when only the initiated are present. The other fact is, that the sum paid by each individual, at or about the time of profession, is six hundred pounds, though this is remitted, in some instances, from the hope that special service will be rendered to the Romish mission in England. Gold has, however, in all monasteries and nunneries a powerful attraction. Strong, indeed, must be the case that allows it to be declined.

It might be supposed, that an appetite for gain would be satiated by the sum just mentioned, but still there is the cry, "Give, give;" for immediately after profession, the individual is required, according to an invariable rule, to resign, in a testamentary form, the whole of his property; not only what he has, but what may be his at any future time; property, in fact, whether afterwards arising from heirship, from gift, or from accumulation in the service of the mission, to the monastic establishment. As, however, it is against the English law to do so specifically, the plan is, to surrender such property to two members of the Benedictine order, so that the professed is unable to make any gift, without ren-

dering an account to the prior, or, in the prospect of death, to bequeath any thing he has possessed.

Exorbitant as this requirement is, more still is demanded, (shame—shame that an intelligent and accountable being should ever yield it!) for he must tender to his president, every four years, a statement of all he has received, all he has used, and how it was spent. So long, too, as he is the inmate of a monastery, he has to give in annually, "a bill of poverty," including all he has about his person, or in his cell, even to a pen, a nail, or a small piece of string; and in such subjection is he to his superior, that the prior may demand his key whenever he thinks proper!

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.—No. I.

The colonization of New Holland occupies so much of the public attention at present, that we shall probably afford gratification to our readers, by giving some characteristic descriptions of the aboriginal natives.

All the tribes have such a general resemblance to each other, as would lead us to deduce their descent from a common stock. The researches of some ingenious travellers, however, have led many to suppose, that the natives on the northern portions of Australia are of Malayan, or Asiatic origin, and that the other parts of this immense country have been peopled from New Guinea, and are of the Papuan (black) race.

But, without entering into any discussion on this subject, or dogmatically assuming any precise origin for a race of mankind, which with varied language has the same distinguishing habits, it may be remarked, that the difficulties of migration to New Holland by the islanders in the North Pacific, may have been surmounted without great difficulty, and that some of the inhabitants of Malay, in particular, may have passed to the northern extremity, by intermediate location on Melville or Bathurst islands.

All the tribes through this vast extent of country have the same peculiarities of the savage, in mild and hot climates: indifference to the shelter of a hut, indisposition to labour, general improvidence, love of hunting and fishing, with the same methods of killing game; the same passion for disfiguring the persons with scars, and lines painted across the forehead and cheeks with white or yellow clay; the more rare dandyism of a bone or feather drawn through the cartilage of the nose, and a universal neglect of dress, except a narrow band of network about the waist, and sometimes on the head.

Their modes of living are the same. When successful in the chase of the kangaroo, or in fishing, they will eat to repletion, careless of succeeding wants, while the means of gorging last; but, generally speaking, they are abstemious in the extreme, and very simple in their dietary. Roots of various kinds, and of spontaneous growth, with wild honey, lizards, fresh water muscles, fish in general, wild ducks, and other water fowl, the emir and the kangaroo, which they flay, and then cover with the skin, as the Armenians cook a sheep,* roasting it whole with a quick fire over and under it, constitute their food. Temperate in their habits, and living at large in the open air of a delicious climate, they are of course exempt from the diseases consequent on a life of luxury, or arising from foulness of atmosphere and deficiency of ventilation.

But since disease and decay and death are the doom of erring and corrupt man, these children of nature have their peculiar maladies, arising in general from exposure to night air, in unfavourable seasons, without domestic security, in general, from its influences, (unless a rudely-constructed wigwam, formed of a few boughs and rushes, pervious to rain and wind, can be considered such,) and from frequent deficiency of food; they suffer much from bronchitis, from one of the causes first assigned, and from opthalmia, which is probably attributable to the sandy nature of the soil. They rarely attain a green old age, and know nothing of the honours and the blessings of the patriarchal life: yet they are a cheerful and intelligent people.

Their dialects vary considerably, so much so, as to embarrass considerably the verbal intercourse of different tribes. The natives of the northern and southern extremities cannot at all understand each other.

It is to the reproach of all European nations, that while colonization in pagan countries has advanced with rapid strides, while enterprizing ingenuity has introduced among them some of the advan-

* Major Mitchell's expedition to the rivers Darling and Murray.

tages of civilized life, there has been no anxiety amongst the colonists (commensurate with that which has actuated them to add field to field) to spread the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, to diffuse the blessings of the Christian faith among the benighted sons of Adam, in any of those places which we have wrested or obtained by other means from the natural occupiers.

Nor need we revert to those dark periods in the records of human guilt, when the conversion of the pagan was sought, not in the spirit of Divine truth, by apostles and prophets, and evangelists, and pastors and teachers, for the edifying of the "body of Christ;" not with "the whole armour of God," the "breastplate of righteousness," and "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," the "shield of faith," the "helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," with "prayer and supplication in the Spirit," but with the arm of flesh, the sword of human power, in the hands of ungodly men, arrayed in the pomp and pageantry of war, ready to destroy those whom God had formed in his own similitude, if they refused to embrace the dogmas which they could not understand, and bow down to the cross, which in their minds must have been associated with the ideas of oppression and of cruelty.

Alas! in our own times, and especially in the heathen country under consideration, the beauteous form of religion, freed from meretricious ornament and compulsory advances, has not been presented as it ought to have been. If there has been there erected an altar "To the unknown God," him whom they "ignorantly worship" has not been declared unto them in the degree in which it might have been expected from a country which, while (like the pure spirit of Christianity) it broadly and distinctly repudiates all violent dissemination of the word of God, upholds the principle of being "debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise," in the preaching of the cross.

We have often heard these poor savages upbraided with their treachery, their dishonesty, their cruelty; with their sloth, and ignorance of the distinctions between right and wrong, yet we have acted towards them, as if they were in every respect enlightened in the practices of civilized nations; as if they, who are under a law unto themselves, were under obligation to ours, and understood them too; we have made little allowances for the influence of principles diametrically opposed to our own, and which have originated a system of conduct in them which we have no right to condemn, under existing circumstances. We talk to them of morality, and we present them with a poisoned bowl of liquid fire; and while they are maddened by its power, we sometimes take advantage of their helplessness, and rarely make allowance for the acts which they may commit under an influence communicated by our designing craftiness or senseless folly. We have had too many of our countrymen, there and elsewhere, under similar circumstances, who, though boasting of being in the light, have not been "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation," shining as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life.

These are no false assertions or exaggerated statements, but facts which can be proved, in too many cases, by indisputable evidence.

That these people are capable of receiving instruction in evangelical truth is by no means doubtful; and when adequate attention shall be given to the general improvement of their minds, they will become impressed with all those motives of action which influence in social and civilized life.

The rational system of treatment which they have experienced from Mr. Dawson, in South Australia, and the Hon. George Fletcher Moore (on the Swan River) who is represented as peculiarly gifted for conducting negotiation, and possessing extraordinary aptitude for holding intercourse with the natives, is precisely that which, with the Divine blessing, may Christianize these people. The latter gentleman, whose private letters it has been our occasional privilege to peruse, is precisely the person likely to afford valuable suggestions to the clerical missionary who has gone there recently, and who will probably undertake the interesting though arduous task of instructing these heathens, some of whom have translated the Lord's Prayer into their own language, with very tolerable apprehension of its meaning; some of them are now tending sheep for the colonists: and in thus advancing from a state of wildness to the pastoral character, they afford reasonable presumption of making further progress to civilization.

It does not appear that they have any notion of a beneficent God; their deity appears in unmitigated manifestations of wrath; they view him as the spirit of evil only; they know nothing of the God of love.

On an exploring expedition, undertaken by Mr. Moore, in 1835, he had several opportunities of witnessing the superstitious impressions by which the natives of western Australia are influenced. They attributed the spiral motion of dust and wind, an ordinary whirlwind, to the agency of a demon, whom they call Ching-ah, and some rheumatic twinges with which they were affected during the route, to the venom of a bite from this malignant being. On another occasion, Mr. Armstrong, an interpreter of their language, having spoken irreverently of a monster, whom they believe to dwell at the bottom of the Melville river, was entreated not to pronounce the fiend's name, under the belief that he would be drowned if he attempted to cross the river, from the vengeance of the offended god. Unfortunately, in confirmation of their superstition, Mr. Armstrong's foot slipped, and he fell heels over head into the river. They asserted, with great energy, that he had been so punished for his irreverent allusion to the deity.

They have a confused notion of a future state; they believe in the transmigration of souls, and are certain that the white men are the embodied spirits of their deceased friends. So fully are they impressed with this doctrine of reappearance on earth, that they name many of the white men after their dead relatives. How this belief originated, it is impossible to conjecture.

In all the parts of Australia with which we are acquainted, the natives so studiously avoid the observation of the white men, when performing their funeral obsequies, that nothing certain is known respecting those formalities; they conceal the dead bodies, and bury them with the utmost privacy, in the most sequestered spots.

Ululation at wakes is not uncommon. Mr. Moore saw the mother of a dead child clinging to the knees of an old man, who stood apparently unmoved, while she muttered a long and mournful recitative, like the Irish Keene, as if apostrophizing the spirit of the deceased.

These circumstances clearly demonstrate the predisposition and capacity of these people to hear of Him who is the resurrection and the life, and the expediency of preaching to them Christ crucified, him who has "the keys of hell and of death."

The great principle of sacrificial and vicarious offering, by the shedding of blood, so prevalent throughout the world, is not without its practical illustration among those people.

From the memoranda of Mr. Moore we have been informed that whenever an injury is sustained, either from an unfriendly tribe or an individual offender, or even when a natural disease occurs, the ceremony of spearing a victim to death, or in a slight degree, or merely for form's sake, according to their systematic code of retaliation, frequently takes place.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE RIMY MORNING.

Now had I the dancing spirits, the buoyant elasticity of youth, how would my delighted eyes, and exulting heart, revel in the wondrous scenes around me! Even as it is, I can scarcely rein in my ardent imagination, that is ready to spring forward as recklessly as an unbroken steed. The sharp freshness of the air, the crimp snow beneath the foot, and the novelty of the scene, give an hilarity of feeling that is delightful.

This morning, when I rose, the beautiful frostwork on the window panes, spelled me with its rich variety of glass-like foliage, trees and grasses, floods and waterfalls, crystal rock work, and landscapes of silvery brightness; and now, in the open air, on the skirt of a wood, a richer treat awaits me. Every tree, shrub, bramble, thorn, and blade of grass is covered with rime; and look which way I will, I am gazing on a world of transcendent wonders. The snow, the frost, and the rime, mingle their several attractions. How poor are the pearls on the neck of beauty, compared with the coruscations of this spreading hawthorn! How dim the diamonds, in a monarch's crown, in competition with the myriad gems that are sparkling on these frosty straggling brambles. The most elaborate workmanship, the costliest carvings of human hands, is a coarse and blundering performance, in comparison with the more than magical creations that are profusely flung on every brake and brier. Every leaf is, in itself, a study

for the reflective mind; every shrub a museum, and every bush a cabinet of curiosities!

The fields around are only partially covered with snow, and the broad patches of brown blend not inharmoniously, in the distance, with the white colour which mostly prevails; the trees are bold and dark in their stems, but faint and feathery in their sprays; and the sky is grey: neither sun nor cloud, neither shine nor shadow is to be seen above the horizon: all is grey, grey, monotonously grey!

On my road to this place, I gazed on the different trees and shrubs that adorned the gardens and pleasure grounds of the goodly mansions by the wayside. The dark-mossy, green, flaky-foliaged cypress, with its leaves beautifully edged with silver; the laurel, laurustinus, variegated holly, and ivy, all fantastically fringed at their terminations, and trees with clusters of red berries on their leafless boughs; but one picture, above the rest, spelled me to the spot. I will try to describe it.

There were plants and shrubs in abundance on the fanciful parterres which opened right and left from the gate at the entrance of the ground, and the snow, and the frost, and the rime, had disposed themselves in every seeming variety of form on their stems and leaves. At a distance of a dozen paces from the place where I stood, rose a dense mass of laurel, so sheltered, that its bold green foliage was almost free from rime, while, in front of it, sprung a silver-barked birch tree of the most romantic beauty. The contrast between the laurel bush, and the light feathery tree, was singularly striking, and the one furnished the most appropriate relief to the other. The birch was exceedingly beautiful, and its graceful and elegant branches were so elaborately adorned with rime, that I gazed on the scene with extasy. Talk of paintings!—bah!

What a blessing has the great Giver of every good thing bestowed on man, in the change of the seasons! It is a boon worthy its Almighty Donor.

"Who loves not spring's extatic hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet, who would choose, however dear,
That spring should revel all the year?

Who loves not summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet, who would choose, however bright,
A dog-day noon without a night?

Who loves not autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet, who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenewed decay?

Who loves not winter's awful form,
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet, who would choose, how grand soever,
The shortest day to last for ever?"

On a pond, which I passed half an hour ago, were assembled two or three groups of happy-hearted pleasure takers, differently employed: six or eight boys were rapidly pursuing each other along an extended slide: one young man was, apparently, making his first essay on skates, for every time he stirred he manifested fear, whirling his arms in the air, ludicrously, to preserve his balance; while another, revelling in his conscious superiority, called forth the wondering admiration of those around him, by skating backwards, cutting the outside stroke, and forming the figure three. A young urchin had tied, under one of his shoes, a lump of ice, as a skate; and a few girls, and lesser boys, occupied a smaller slide at the far end of the pond. Winter has its pleasures, and being of a hardy kind, they brace the framework of the body, and give elasticity to the spirit.

At the entrance of the wood, here is a painted board, denouncing a woe to all sportsmen who shall dare to appear with a gun on the manor, without due permission, and against all dogs trespassing on the preserve. Sportsmen may take warning, and escape the punishment; but the poor dogs are still unlettered and in danger, for though the schoolmaster has been so long abroad, they have not received the benefit of his instructions.

In the hedge of an adjoining field stands a tall oak, with neither leaf, spray, nor branch upon it; for the woodman's axe has lopped away all its graceful appendages, leaving the crooked unsightly stem a spectacle to gaze on: it only wants a crow perched upon the top of it, to make it a perfect picture of the unnatural and the unlovely in nature.

An infinity of spiders must have been at work to form the unnumbered myriads of lines, which are now rendered visible by the fallen rime. Trees and brushwood are covered with a gauze-like mantle of unwonted loveliness. A man of imagination might well be pardoned if, with such objects as these before him, he manifested a few singularities. He who could gaze around him, from this place, on the fairy scene, without emotions of thankfulness, must be deficient, either in

susceptibility, or in love to his Creator. Beauty is here embodied in a thousand shapes, fantastic formations, romantic featherings, magical fabrics, and creations of surpassing delicacy and loveliness. These are the works of his hands, who "doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number," Job v. 9.

The wood scene is a striking one. The oaks, with ruddy brown and yellow sere leaves, the elms, birch, and other trees finely sprayed, and the holly, with its red berries and glossy green leaves, rejoicing amid the snow, powdered thick or sparingly with frost or rime. The ditch and bank furnish a rich and tangled variety of dark, dry wood, withered foliage, reedy grass, sedge, and weeds of all kinds, overhung with straggling purple-coloured briers. In the midst of these, are numberless miniature caverns, holes, cracks, and crevices; safe and snug retreats for beetles, spiders, rats, mice, and such "small gear" as make the wood their covert, and revel in their warm and comfortable retreat, while the harmless wintry winds blow over them disregarded.

I have placed part of a rime-covered web on my gloved hand, to examine its texture with my magnifying glass. To the naked eye it is composed of pearls; but the glass reveals its composition to be of diamonds. As I gaze upon it, it writhes with the heat of my hand, as though it were alive: its diamonds become dim. There! It is going! It is gone!

> "And such, alas! is human life,
> That sheds the brightest ray;
> It sparkles through its little hour,
> And then it fades away."

In days long gone by, I have entered public rooms, lighted up and adorned for the festive dance; the floor has been elaborately chalked with some imposing design; the walls have been decorated with gildings and vivid colourings; and, from the ornamented roof, brilliant festoons, and costly chandeliers of glittering cut glass have hung, bursting with a blaze of light on the eye of the beholder: but what were those brilliant festoons and glittering chandeliers compared with the countless myriads of pearly and diamond wreaths that so redundantly bedeck the vegetation around me! They were poverty-stricken in comparison with this boundless infinity of glowing beauty. Here all is fair, fantastic, wild, and wonderful. Think not that this arresting prodigality is wasted; that it is flung to the idle winds! There is, doubtless, some benevolent design accomplished by it beyond the mere gratification of man, though we are too purblind to discover it. Let me gaze with thankfulness; let me "stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God," Job xxxvii. 14.

The smooth surface of the snow, in my pathway, brings before my imagination the frozen plains over which the Laplander urges his flying deer; and the extended wilds, across whose slippery surface the fleet dogs of Kamtschatka drag the sledges of their fur-clad masters. The deserts of Siberia rise around me, where the Russian banishes those who call forth his displeasure, to waste their lives and strength in perpetual bondage. How bitter is the chain of servitude! How sweet the breath of freedom!

> "Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
> And I will sing, if liberty be there:
> And I will sing, at liberty's dear feet,
> In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat."

The snow-drift, stretching over that sloping bank, conjures up before me the everlasting hills and peaky cliffs, where the glacier glitters in the sun, and the trembling avalanche overhangs the valley. I see the Switzer chamois hunter, with his iron-shod pole and spiky shoes, pursuing his watchful and nimble-footed game, from height to height, from crag to crag, from rugged rift to fearful precipice. Hunger, toil, and danger, are his companions, and the bleak wintry winds are abroad on the mountainous wilds of snow his foot must traverse; but exercise gives strength and agility to his sinewy frame; enthusiasm lights up his eager eye, and enterprise animates his glowing heart.

Among the myriads of spiders that have woven their filmy webs over all created things around me, not one is to be seen; either they are coiled up closely in their hiding places, or the frost has killed them. The workmanship, adorned with rime, appears to be ostentatiously displayed, while the nimble-footed workmen have retired from view. How quiet is all around me! A lonely crow has given a lonely caw in flying over my head; and a wren, in hopping from a holly bush, has somewhat rustled its frosted leaves; but other sounds have not yet reached me. How eloquent is silence!

In these solitary scenes, the littlenesses

of life prevail not; the envious and hateful emotions; the overreaching, grasping, money-clutching artifices that disfigure humanity, are in abeyance, for nothing calls them forth. Natural scenes are favourable to peaceful emotions and kindly aspirations. When man compares himself with pigmy man, he is proud; but when brought fully into contact with the works of God, his pride is humbled and brought low. Solitude has given birth to many a high-wrought and ennobling plan of benevolent action. The very absence of our fellow creatures promotes a love for them in our hearts, and the philanthropic suggestion of the poet is in unison with our desires.

> "Some high or humble enterprise of good
> Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
> Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
> And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
> Pray Heaven for firmness, thy whole soul to bind
> To this thy purpose; to begin, pursue,
> With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind,
> Strength to complete, and with delight review,
> And grace to give the praise, where all is ever due."

But there is a danger, even in scenes like this, of remaining satisfied with our admiration of the wondrous works of God, and our kindly feelings towards mankind. We may revel in principles, excellent in themselves, without a practical application of them to useful purposes. Many a benevolent heart has been shipwrecked on this rock, resting on its kindly intentions, and never embodying them in kindly deeds. It is an easy thing, when well fed and comfortably clad; buttoned up to the chin in warm apparel, with woolly gloves upon our fingers, to muse joyously on the wintry wonders around us, encouraging grateful emotions towards God, and kindness of heart to our fellow beings; but is this all? "If ye love me," said the Saviour of the world, "keep my commandments," John xiv. 15. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" "Feed my lambs;" "Feed my sheep," John xxi. 15, 16. Love to God and man is but a delusion, a mere mockery, if not embodied, according to our ability, in cheerful obedience to the one, and in active benevolence to the other.

As I gaze on the wild, the fantastic, and the beautiful around me, the cold is intense, and hardly can my benumbed fingers note down my passing thoughts. But what is the cold here to that at Baffin's Bay, where the whaler harpoons the huge leviathan of the deep? or at the Great Slave Lake, or still farther north, where the white fox and the beaver, the musk ox, the buffalo, the rein deer, and the big white bear, wander amid the snows? The bird-rind and the dog-rib Indian would think this climate, in winter, mild; and the Esquimaux, with his seal-skin boots and hairy dress, could tell me of a degree of cold that would indeed make me shiver. In northern climes the cold is truly fearful. God congealeth the floods by his breath, and "giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.—Who can stand before his cold?" Psa. cxlvii. 16, 17.

But it is time to retrace my steps. How unequal is the pencil or pen to describe the delight of the eye, and the jubilee of the heart, when the beauties of creation are abundant around us! I have gazed on the sun, rising and setting, till my eyes have been blinded with tears, caused less by the effulgence of the glowing orb, than by the unutterable delight his glory has given me; and I have been spell bound by the silvery clouds, as they have sailed majestically, or flitted fitfully through the azure heavens; but never have I felt a more entrancing emotion of irrepressible joy, on beholding outward objects, than when I have gazed on the rime-clad creation around me. After all, perhaps, it is not so much the glory or beauty of the object gazed on, as the mood of mind of the gazer that occasions delight. Let the heart be in the attitude of adoring the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, and of admiring his works; and whether we look on an elephant, or an ant, the splendour of the sun, or the lustre of the diamond beetle, the glittering glacier of Mont Blanc, or the pearly rime upon a thorn, our bosoms will almost equally expand with thankfulness, and our mouths be filled with praise. We shall be ready to cry aloud, "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvellous works. I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High," Psa. ix. 1, 2.

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.—No. III.

OLD GRIPE.

Many thoughts crowded into my mind as I stood musing over the grave of old Gripe, and recollected how deeply

the village accounts of him had interested my boyish fancy. Mixing with these thoughts, came the sable muse of Blair, and I repeated his striking picture:—

"Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift!)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eased of a tax it irked the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd;
By clamorous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,—
First, starved in this, then——"

The poet concludes his picture by assigning to the soul of his hero an eternity of woe; but recollecting I was but fallible man, and therefore had no right to condemn my fellow man, I checked myself from adopting his harsh phraseology, and amidst perplexing thoughts, asked, And yet, whither has the soul of old Gripe departed? And I added,

"———If it be true,
What Plato and his sapient followers say,
That the soul shifts at death its house of clay;
That when he dies, the coward's soul is joined
Unto some feeble form of woman kind;
That the grim murderer is housed within
A savage's uncouth and rugged skin;
That the lascivious, full of lust and wine,
Becomes a grovelling and disgusting swine;
The vain and the inconstant, birds that fly
The subtle air, they know not where or why.
And the dull soul, and those that love their ease,
Fishes become, and revel in the seas."

Upon these philosophic principles, old Gripe has exchanged his being in this life for that of a mole, or a worm, and is now grovelling in the dark bowels of the earth, in search of that sordid pelf, which while living, was so dear unto him. But, if this be not true, as it certainly is not, Whither, I ask again, has the soul of old Gripe departed? My fallibility, and charity which "thinketh no evil," forbids me to say. I judge not him, but I call on the reader to remember that covetousness is idolatry, and excludes from the kingdom of heaven.

A miser is usually considered as a blot in the creation, and yet the deformity attracts many eyes, and his habits secure him a notoriety, which many a legitimate candidate for fame fails to obtain. This record, therefore, will only serve to perpetuate for old Gripe the reputation which he possessed whilst in existence, and which extended to many villages in the vicinity of his own. Old Gripe was, indeed, an extraordinary specimen of the muckworm family, and seemed guided by an hereditary instinct; for he was the last of a race of misers. The same itch for gold was felt in the palm of every hand of the family of the Gripes. Strange tales have been handed down traditionally of his immediate progenitor. How, to save the pasturage of his own meadows, he followed his thousands of sheep as they grazed on the waste common; how like "a thing of shreds and patches" he dressed, warming himself in the winter with hay bands; how he received, as he walked along, the pittance of charity with hypocritical thankfulness, begging Heaven to bless the donor; and how, to fill his coffers, he was ever careful to defraud his species.

With so illustrious an example of self-denial constantly before his eyes, could we expect the hero of our record to disregard or despise it? And yet observation teaches us that the expectation would be far from unreasonable. Indeed, it is proverbially said, that what is hoarded in thrift is expended in prodigality; that, in fact, misers beget spendthrifts. But the family of the Gripes formed an exception to this rule. The sons followed the example of the sires to the very letter of the law of selfishness. Old Gripe's brothers were all misers, but they were not speculators; they held with the tenacity of a giant grasp what they possessed, watching with delighted eyes the process by which large funded sums generated sums still larger. Old Gripe himself was immersed in business, and was always eager to clutch at a bargain. If a man in distress proffered anything to him, he never shrank from the negociation; but rarely offered more than a third part of its value, accompanying the offer with the chuckling exclamation, "Ready money, boy! ready money, boy!" Having thrown out the tempting bait, he would reiterate the phrase to the utter silencing of all argument that might urge the truer value of the property, until its hapless owner sighed and received the gold. In this way, many things fell into old Gripe's hands, and his bargains were always such as denoted the shrewd calculator and the man of business. Ignorant as he was; for his sire, of course, "could not afford" to have him educated, yet was he learned in all sordid matters, and knew the value

of every mundane thing that fell within his reach. Nor did he confine his appreciation of those things to matters which other men consider of worldly importance; his was a comprehensive affection, embracing with equal avidity the mighty and the mean. Meet him wherever you might, in the paved street, or the green lane, his eyes were bent searchingly on the earth. And his scrutinizing examination of the ground he trod went rarely unrewarded; for he remembered the old adage, "a pin a day is a groat a year;" the discovery of a pin, therefore, gave him exquisite pleasure, and it might be questioned whether a farthing found on the high road, did not gratify him more than a guinea already in his stores.

The hours of the sabbath are the most precious which mankind enjoy on earth. And they are given us, to aid us in our toilsome journey through life, and to enable us to secure for ourselves, through the merits of the Redeemer, a blissful eternity. But not so did old Gripe esteem them. He used the hours of the sabbath only in collecting his rents, or as the world would phrase his conduct, "in making his fortune."

Poor old Gripe! I have him now in my mind's eye, starting on the morning of the sabbath, to collect the rents of his numerous cottages. Yes, reader, on the sabbath day morning he was to be seen in an old worn-out chaise, drawn by a sorry jade—both in admirable keeping with the appearance of the respectable proprietor—bound on his money-gathering expedition.

In vain did our good old rector, when he met him, point out the evils of sabbath breaking, and the preciousness of sabbath hours. "The better day, the better deed, boy; got no time other days, boy," would be old Gripe's reply; and he would jog on, regardless of remonstrance, and intent only upon mammon.

Need it be recorded that this was always a successful quest with old Gripe? Those who covet gold to the extent that he did, have little sympathy with the struggles and sufferings of mankind. There is small room for the gentle flower of compassion to spring up where the soil is overgrown and choked with selfish cares. Unable to accomplish the possessor's desire of turning all things else into its own likeness, it can at least turn the heart of its adorer into stone. If his unfortunate tenants were not ready at his approach, they knew their doom. How poor soever they might be, their landlord was still poorer, and would neither afford to lose the money, nor consent to the postponement of its payment. "Pay, or take your goods, boys," was his common and coarse rejoinder to a plea of inability, and the immoveable disposition of old Gripe was too well known for any one to tempt the latter alternative by long delay. If they could not answer the demand, they were compelled to have recourse to "meek-eyed Charity," who gave freely from her blessed stores to fill the unhallowed coffers of old Gripe. Nor was this mode of payment unwelcome to the latter; nay, it has been said, that it was an additional stimulus to his rigour, for he loved to take money from those who wore a better garb than himself. It seemed as if he really deluded himself into the belief that the wearer of a better coat than his own must necessarily be the possessor of more wealth; and he has been known to take off his napless hat to a mechanic, who, imagining from his unhappy appearance that he was in a state of destitution, held out his pence unasked; and it was his delight to earn a sixpence by taking care of a stranger's horse. To poor old Gripe these were acceptable opportunities for getting money.

Poor, indeed, he was, in the strictest sense of the word. It has been well observed by a moralist, that "that man is poor who covets more, and yet wants a heart to enjoy what he possesses." Such a man as this was old Gripe. Superfluities were never seen on his table, and the commonest necessaries of life were spread there with a niggardly and grudging hand; the scant fare with which he allowed his home to be supplied was a source of constant regret and reproach, and, in his estimation, was the forerunner of utter ruin. "I shall be ruined, boy," was an exclamation that invariably accompanied the purchase of the most trifling article; and he used it not unfrequently when closing the bargains over which he gloated most. Very sincere and deep rooted was this apprehension, and its influence grew stronger with his increasing years, and so wrought upon him, that though rolling in wealth, he at length believed that his prediction was verified. During his last years, he

would stand in the road opposite his miserable cottage, and with the most rueful look that ever clouded "the human face divine," he would cry out to every passer by, neighbour or stranger, "I am ruined, boy! I am ruined, boy! got nothing to eat, boy!"

So unconquerable was Gripe's delusion on this point, that, though his good dame, in order to awake him from his melancholy dream of famine, would sometimes privately fill his larder, and take him to behold the goodly things therein, the exhibition was of no avail. The sight of such extravagance only tended to convince him that his worst fears were realized. He would then rush to his coffers, and on his bended knees count and recount his gold, to ascertain if his dame had intruded on the forbidden store, and still, whilst thus employed, he would mutter, "Gripe, I am ruined, boy! I am ruined, boy!"

As was to be expected, the knowledge of old Gripe's riches, and his seeming defencelessness, at length tempted the cupidity of some midnight marauders. Armed robbers broke into the miser's castle and fairly took possession of every part of it, save his stronghold, the chamber in which he slept, and where he kept his treasure. Roused by their approach, he advanced to the defence, and so successfully maintained his position that the robbers were glad to sound a retreat, with the loss, it was said, of one of their band. In the morning, the simple-hearted rustics gathered round the miser's door to compliment him on his courage, and congratulate him on his deliverance from such imminent danger. Gripe, however, appeared to think as little of his own prowess as of their congratulations; and his only reply to every one was, "Saved the gold, boy; could not get the gold, boy." And henceforth this sole object of his adoration grew, if possible, more precious in his sight.

This absorbing worship occupied him in health, and maintained its exclusive influence on the bed of sickness. With the prospect of death before him, he still saw only his idol. In vain did our worthy old rector set before him life or death, as his to choose for eternity. The unhappy wretch had even then no choice but gold! "Any gold there, boy?" he would ask with all eagerness, whether the anxious pastor spoke of worlds of bliss or worlds of woe.

But if the physician of the soul was unwelcome and unavailing, with even more reluctance did old Gripe listen to the physician of the body. As soon as he entered the room, he gave him to understand that, having always done without him, he could still dispense with his assistance. "There is nothing the matter with me, boy," said he, turning his eyes from the practitioner to that quarter of the room in which was deposited his household gods.

Long was the dispute maintained between the doctor and the failing miser; but at length the former outwitted his unwilling patient, by threatening to charge him double for every drop of physic he refused, and to avoid this infliction, old Gripe drained each nauseous draught to the very dregs.

But old Gripe was now past the aid of medicine. Avarice had acted like a sword in his bones, and had consumed his very vitals. This soon became apparent to the physician, who as a last prescription prescribed the lawyer. It would require the pencil of a Hogarth to do justice to the scene presented in old Gripe's room when the professional man became an actor therein. The dying man knew his visitor, and exclaimed, the recollection of many a bygone transaction flashing through his memory, "Got an estate to sell, boy?" The lawyer looked grave, "as a lawyer knows how," and in his usual cautious style told him that he was come to assist him to set his house in order. Such language, not being clear to Gripe's comprehension, the man of law was compelled to tell him in plain terms that "his friends wished him to write down whom he would like to leave his money to?" Direful to poor old Gripe was this inquiry; and raising himself with difficulty in his bed, he said, "I shall get better, boy." By dint of long and earnest persuasion, he was, however, induced to will away his estates; but when the lawyer came to the disposal of the gold, Gripe murmured, "I shall keep that, boy;" "I shall get better, boy," was the reply to every argument affecting this precious mass, and it was only by entering into his humour and affecting to believe that he would do so, representing to him that to will it away was not depriving him of it until he could no longer retain it, that he was at length induced to bequeath it. As the lawyer left the apartment

exulting in the achievement, (for few people expected that the miser would ever be persuaded to make a will,) old Gripe called after him, "I shall get better, boy; I shall keep the gold, boy," and, so exclaiming, his spirit took its flight.

And now old Gripe lies in his grave, stripped of the wealth for which he toiled throughout a weary and joyless existence, and for the possession of which he sacrificed more than life itself. He was followed thither by no weeping eye; no one in life had loved him, and in death no one missed or lamented him. And yet on the stone which perpetuates his memory in our village churchyard, alas! this epitaph is inscribed:—

"If honesty e'er claimed a man's good word,
Industry, likewise, here it lies interr'd:
A husband, father, dear, to all a friend,
Who ne'er was known an idle hour to spend:
O reader, copy him! and meet reward,
In heaven above, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Comment is superfluous here, and equally unnecessary is it to enlarge upon the character now drawn: its worldly absorption, abominable selfishness, and sordid misery point the tale.

THE RECORDER.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

PART III.—DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY—EXECUTION OF THE TRAITORS.

As the day approached, several of the conspirators began to feel anxious for the safety of their friends, many of whom would be in their places in parliament, and, unless they were by some means induced to absent themselves, would be involved in the common destruction. Several of the nobility were mentioned:—the lords Stourton and Mounteagle, who had married sisters of Tresham, the earl of Northumberland, the earl of Arundel, and some others. How to save them without risking the discovery of the enterprise, was the difficulty. Catesby had little compunction on the subject. He wished, he said, as much as the others, "that all the nobles that were Catholics might be preserved, and that tricks should be put upon them to that end; but," he added, "with all that, rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must be blown up!" It was at length concluded that nothing more should be done than by such individuals as chose to persuade their friends to abstain from attending parliament, by the plea that as they would be utterly unable to make head against the majority, or to prevent the enactment of severe measures against the Papists, it would be better to stay away. What was done by the other conspirators, is not known; but the attempt made to save the life of lord Mounteagle, most probably by Tresham, led to the discovery of the plot.

As lord Mounteagle was at supper on Saturday, October 26, a letter was brought to him by one of his servants, who said that it was given him by a stranger, with a charge "to deliver it into his master's own hands, as it contained matters of importance." The letter was as follows:—

"My lord, out of the love i beare to some of youer frends, i have a caer of youer preservacion, therefor i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lif to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament, for god and man hathe concurred to punishe the wickedness of this tyme, and thinke not slightlye of this advertisement, but retyere youreself into youre contrie, where you may expect the event in saftie; for thoughe there be no apparance of anni stir, yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament, and yet they shall not seie who hurts them. This councel is not to be contemned, because it may do yowe good, and can do yowe no harme, for the dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter: and i hope god will give yowe the grace to mak good use of it, to whose holy proteccion i commend yowe." The letter was addressed, "To the right honourable the lord Mounteagle."

The letter was taken by lord Mounteagle, the same evening, to the lord high treasurer, Cecil, earl of Salisbury, (son of the celebrated lord Burleigh,) and other lords of the council; but nothing was done till the return of the king, who was hunting in Cambridgeshire. He came back to London on Thursday, October 31, and on the following day the letter was put into his hands. Several members of the council had already expressed a suspicion that some awful destruction, by means of gunpowder, was intended;* and the

* "We," the earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, "both conceived that it could not, by any other way, be like to be attempted than with powder, while the king was sitting in that assembly; of which the lord chamberlain conceived more probability, because there was a great vault under the said chamber."—*Winwood's Memorials*, ii. 171.

king, who read the letter repeatedly, and with much concern, entirely concurred with them. At a subsequent meeting of the council, on the following day, it was therefore resolved to institute a thorough search of all the premises in the neighbourhood of the parliament house; it was further agreed that "nothing should be done to interrupt any purpose of theirs that had any such devilish practice; but rather to suffer them to go on to the end of the day;" and for this reason, the search was delayed till the day before the meeting of parliament, that the arrangements might be all finished, and the expected discovery more complete.

Thomas Ward, a gentleman in the service of lord Mounteagle, seems to have been privy to the plot. He was present when the letter was delivered, and read it aloud, at lord Mounteagle's command. Next morning he informed Thomas Winter of what had happened, and he carried the intelligence to Catesby. Suspicion immediately fell on Tresham, who had been absent for several days, under the plea of a journey into Northamptonshire. He returned on Wednesday, October 30, and met Catesby and Winter on Enfield Chase. They charged him with writing the letter to lord Mounteagle; but he resolutely denied it, and swore the most solemn oaths in confirmation of his denial. Had he faltered, or betrayed any fear or confusion, they had determined to stab him to the heart on the spot. On their return to London, they sent Fawkes to the cellar, to see if any one had been there. He found every thing undisturbed, and promised to repeat his visit daily till the 5th of November. On Sunday, November 3, Thomas Ward reported to some of the conspirators that the king had seen the letter. Tresham and Thomas Winter met that same evening in Lincoln's Inn Walk, when the former declared his conviction, that the plot was fully discovered, and most earnestly entreated that the purpose might be abandoned, and the safety of the conspirators secured by instant flight. This might have been easily done, as the vessel provided for Fawkes's voyage to Flanders was lying in the Thames, and could be prepared for sailing at a few hours' notice. But an unaccountable infatuation seized them. Flattering themselves that the information possessed by government, would be insufficient for the discovery of the plot, they resolved to act as if nothing had taken place. Catesby and John Wright arranged to leave London on Monday, November 4, to join sir Everard Digby, at Dunchurch. Fawkes took his station at the cellar. The others held themselves in readiness to start at a moment's warning.

Suffolk, the lord chamberlain, on whom it devolved, by virtue of his office, to see that all the necessary arrangements for the opening of parliament were duly and properly made, visited the vaults and cellars under the parliament house on the Monday afternoon. He was accompanied by lord Mounteagle. Having reached that in which the gunpowder was placed, they observed the large quantity of coals and wood deposited there, and asked Fawkes, who was standing in a corner, to whom the fuel belonged. He told them that the cellar was rented by Percy, and that the fuel was his. When they were gone, he hasted to inform Percy of their visit, and then took his station again in the cellar. The lord chamberlain reported to the council the results of the search; all agreed that the quantity of fuel was much greater than could be wanted by Percy, who had not been known to reside in the house; and it was resolved that the cellar should be more carefully searched that night. Sir Thomas Knevett, a Westminister magistrate, was employed for that purpose. A little after midnight, he and his assistants repaired to the house. Just as they reached it, Fawkes came out, having completed all his preparations, and dressed and booted as for a journey. He was detained while the officers examined the cellar. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were found concealed under the fagots. A dark lantern, with a light in it, was discovered in a corner behind the door; and Fawkes was well provided with slow matches and touchwood, to set fire to the train he had laid. He had also a pocket watch, then a rare and expensive article, and which was, doubtless, procured for him, in order that the explosion might be accurately timed.

He was immediately taken before the king and council, and briefly examined. To the many questions that were hastily put to him, he answered with perfect calmness, and undisturbed effrontery. He said that his name was John Johnson, and that he was Thomas Percy's servant. He told them, "That when the king had come to the parliament house that

day, and the upper house had been sitting, he meant to have fired the match, and fled for his own safety before the powder had taken fire; and that, if he had not been apprehended that night, he had blown up the upper house, when the king, lords, bishops, and others had been there." When the king asked him how he could conspire against his children, and so many innocent persons? he replied, "Dangerous diseases require a desperate remedy." Some of the Scoteh courtiers beginning to question him, he said, "That one of his objects was, to blow them back to Scotland." He refused to mention the names of his fellow-conspirators; and, after a lengthened examination, which occupied great part of the night, was committed to the Tower.

As soon as Catesby was informed of the lord chamberlain's visit to the cellar, he and John Wright left London in great haste. Percy and Christopher Wright waited till they heard that Fawkes was seized, when they followed their companions. Rookwood and Keyes remained in town till the morning of November 5, and then they also hurried away. Tresham continued in London, as though he was totally unconnected with the affair. He was not apprehended till November 12.*

It will be remembered, that sir Everard Digby had undertaken the management of that part of the conspiracy which related to the movements in the country. He punctually performed his task. A large party of gentlemen was collected at Dunchurch, under the avowed pretence of a great chase on Dunsmore heath. They all knew, however, that some great blow was to be struck in favour of their cause, and that they would hear of the result that night. The arrival of Catesby and his companions revealed the secret, and spread general dismay. The company quickly dwindled to a small amount, few being left, except the original conspirators, and some of their dependents. After a hurried consultation, they resolved to attempt a passage through the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford, into Wales, in the hope that the Papists of the Principality, and its neighbourhood, would aid them in exciting a general insurrection. For this purpose they left Dunchurch immediately, as no time was to be lost. Next day they reached Norbrook, the residence of John Grant.† From thence Catesby despatched Thomas Bates, his servant, to Coughton, only ten miles distant, whither Garnet had repaired, as has been already stated, a few days previously, and where, on Allhallows day, November 1, he had very significantly urged his friends "to pray at that time to be rid of heresy." Two days after, he had been heard to say, that "it were good that the Catholics, at the beginning of the parliament, should pray for some good success towards the Catholic cause." Such expressions betrayed his acquaintance with the plot, and were, doubtless, intended to prepare the minds of his hearers for the full disclosure on the appointed day. Catesby's letter informed him of the failure of the plot, and requested his advice. Father Greenway was with him at the time. They walked together, in the hall, for about half an hour, engaged in deep consultation. Greenway then went to Haddington, (Robert Winter's residence,) at which place the conspirators and their party arrived in the afternoon, and where they were joined by Thomas Winter. "Here is a gentleman," Catesby exclaimed, when he saw Greenway, "who will live and die with us!" Greenway spent a little time in conference with Catesby, and then withdrew. On the morning of Thursday, November 7, the company went to Whewell Grange, the seat of lord Windsor, and seized a large quantity of arms and armour. The same night they reached Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire, and found accommodation in the house of Stephen Littleton, one of the party who had met at Dunchurch. By this time, their numbers were greatly reduced. Of those who had accompanied them from Dunchurch, the greatest part

* The discovery of the plot occasioned, as might be supposed, great excitement in London. Horror and indignation, at the diabolical deed, were mingled with gratitude to God for the timely discovery. The princess Elizabeth, then only eight years old, wrote in the following terms to her brother, prince Henry, (the original is in French:)

"My dear Brother,—I doubt not that you have rendered thanksgivings to our gracious God for the deliverance which he has vouchsafed to us, as I have also done, and still do on my own account; but I wish to join your vows with my own, and to say with you, 'If the Lord be for us, who shall be against us? While he keeps me, I will not fear what man can do.'"—*Ellis's Original Letters*, First Series, iii. 91.

† "Where Rookwood's wife, Morgan's wife, with some others of the same stamp, met, to rejoice with them for the downfal of heresy; encouraging their husbands to go on, increase their forces, and fight it out to the last."—*Foulis's Romish Treasons*, p. 510.

had already abandoned the enterprise, and none joined them.

Finding that they were closely pursued by sir Richard Walsh, sheriff of Worcestershire, who was not, however, aware of the plot, but supposed that he was putting down some trifling insurrection, they determined to make a stand at Holbeach. Thursday night was spent in fortifying the house. The next morning, Littleton, the owner of the house, fled. Sir Everard Digby also left, intending, as he afterwards said, to hasten the arrival of some friends who were expected to join them. He was overtaken near Dudley, apprehended, and conveyed to London.

An accident happened soon after the departure of sir Everard Digby, which might have proved fatal to the whole party. A quantity of powder had been wetted, the day before, in passing through a ford of the river Stour, and Catesby, Rookwood, and John Grant, were drying it on a platter by a fire. A coal fell among it, and occasioned a terrific explosion, by which a large bag, lying near, was carried quite through the roof into the court yard. The bag contained about fifteen pounds of gunpowder; had it taken fire, the premises would have been completely destroyed, and the whole party buried in the ruins. As it was, several of them were much burned, and all were filled with fear, deeming it a judgment from Heaven for their wickedness. Catesby himself began to be apprehensive that God was angry with them; and Rookwood and others "perceiving God to be against them, all prayed before the picture of our lady, and confessed that the act was so bloody, as they desired God to forgive them."

Sir Richard Walsh, attended by an armed company, reached the house about the middle of the day, and summoned the rebels in the king's name to surrender. A brief encounter followed. Thomas Winter was disabled by an arrow from a cross bow. The two Wrights were mortally wounded. Catesby and Percy were standing back to back, when John Streete, one of the sheriffs' men, fired at them, his musket being doubly loaded, and shot them both through the body.* Catesby crawled into the house, seized an image of the virgin, embraced it, and died. Percy expired the next day. The rest of the party were soon overpowered and made prisoners. Keyes was apprehended the same day in Warwickshire. Thomas Bates, who had left Holbeach in the morning, was seized a few days after. Robert Winter contrived to elude his pursuers, and was not secured till the following January.

The day after his apprehension, Tresham sent a long declaration to the council, professing to give an account of the part he had taken in the plot, and stating, among other things, that by his persuasion the conspirators had been induced to abandon the project, that he had furnished them with money to go beyond sea, and was greatly surprised to find that they had adopted a contrary course. All this was palpably false. He was committed to the Tower, and not examined again till November 29, when he confessed that he had been engaged with Garnet and others in the treasonable correspondence with the king of Spain, a short time before the death of Elizabeth. On December 23, he died in the Tower. In the very article of death he retracted his assertion respecting Garnet, and affirmed that he had not seen him for sixteen years. But the wretched man died with a lie in his mouth; for it was afterwards proved in evidence that "Garnet had been with Tresham continually, until within a few days before the discovery of the plot, not only at White Webbe's, at Erith, and in London, but also at his own house in Northamptonshire."

* John Streete obtained a pension of two shillings a day for this service.

THE SOLDIER BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

Thomas Cranfield was born in the borough of Southwark. He was sent to the parochial school of St. Mary Overie when seven years of age, and continued there till he was fourteen. Averse to instruction, and impatient of control, he often absented himself, without the knowledge of his parents, for two or three successive weeks, and was, in consequence, severely punished. As he grew older, his evil dispositions became stronger; he was cruel to the brute creation, profane in his language, a breaker of the sabbath, and always foremost in fights and contentions. Again and again he was saved from death; but these

interpositions of a gracious Providence left no impression on his mind; like "evil men and seducers," he waxed "worse and worse."

After absconding from a respectable tailor, to whom he was apprenticed, and being reduced to the greatest distress, he suffered much cruelty from another master, to whom he bound himself. On escaping from him, he met with a recruiting party, and enlisted into the 39th regiment of foot. This being ordered to Gibraltar, from Spain as well as France supporting the Americans in their contest with this country, he proceeded thither in the ship Exeter. As he could now read and write tolerably well, he was considered by his comrades an excellent scholar. His conduct also secured him the favour of his commanding officer; and, as soon as he became master of his exercise, he was employed in making clothes for the regiment.

After some time had passed, the Spaniards laid siege to Gibraltar. The town and fortress stand on a rock, which being connected with the continent by an isthmus, or neck of low sand, and almost wholly surrounded by the Mediterranean, forms a promontory, or high cape, of three miles in length. On this isthmus twenty thousand Spaniards encamped, while the garrison was defended by less than six thousand men. All communication was now cut off from the continent; as Spanish armed vessels and gunboats sailed in all directions, to prevent it receiving any supplies.

Cranfield no sooner beheld the enemies of his country, than he requested his commanding officer to allow him to share the duties and dangers of the private soldiers, from which his employment exempted him. His desire was gratified. The English fired now and then on the Spaniards; and in one case, six thousand thirty-two pound shots were discharged in less than half an hour; but, at length, the Spaniards poured in such a large quantity of shot and shells, that the inhabitants of the town and fortress were filled with the greatest alarm. The oldest soldier declared he had never witnessed so terrible a sight; and to avoid the shells, as they exploded, the men were obliged continually to fall flat on their faces. In the midst of this imminent danger, Cranfield's labour and fatigue were excessive. His general good conduct, however, was noticed by the colonel, who raised him to the rank of corporal, and treated him with confidence. Meanwhile, though his old sins and the roaring of the cannon, he says, produced a very hell in his soul, the God, of whom he did not think, covered his head in the day of battle.

One instance of preservation must not be omitted. Cranfield was ordered to join the attacking party, and although he usually cared not for danger, his heart quailed on leaving the fortress. The moon, which had been shining very brightly, had now fallen beneath the distant waters of the Atlantic, and all around was dark. No sound of voice or foot was permitted to be heard, and the whole detachment moved forwards towards the Spanish lines. Cranfield's mind, long and fearfully depraved, was awed by these circumstances. His thoughts recalled the scenes of his youth; his offences against his parents appeared to rise up, and to set themselves in array before him, and now he had proof that "the way of transgressors is hard;" for it is a "bitter" as well as "an evil thing" to sin against God. "What recompense," thought he, "have I made my parents?" "None! and I shall now never see my father and mother again." The tears had begun to trickle down his cheeks, at these reflections, when he found that he and his party were near the Spaniards. The batteries were set on fire; the mortars and cannon were spiked; the isthmus appeared in a blaze; and the loss of the enemy, in a few minutes, was great. Cranfield's life was exposed, in this encounter, to the utmost peril; but so far from his heart being softened by deliverance, it was the more hardened; and he declared, that there was not a shot in Spain cast for him.

His dangers continued; in one hour he counted no less than eighty shells, besides cannon balls, that fell near him. Frequently, when overcome with fatigue, he lay all night on the wet ground, while the water from the heights was running beneath him. Often was he reduced to the greatest extremity for food, so that he was compelled to eat the flesh of cats and dogs, and even rats. At length, the Spaniards put forth their utmost energy. Showers of shells and balls were thrown into every part of the garrison, without ceasing, and seemed to render escape impossible. Still their efforts failed; one battering vessel took fire, and the others

were blown up. Their cries and groans were distinctly heard amidst the roar of cannon, and the shouts of the conquerors. And but for the humanity of the English, who assisted, at the hazard of their own lives, in saving many of their fallen foes, thousands more than actually fell would certainly have perished. In this engagement Cranfield was at his post, and wonderfully escaped unhurt, excepting only a slight wound in the leg, caused by a splinter from a rock.

After the siege had lasted nearly four years, it was broken up. Cranfield was now speedily married to an amiable young person, one of the only two marriageable women in the garrison. Very soon after this event, he left Gibraltar with his regiment, reached England in safety, and was, subsequently, joined by his wife. He now determined to leave the army, and obtained his discharge, to the universal regret of his comrades and officers. But if he was in favour with men, he was still an enemy to God, and under the curse of his righteous law. His heart was not melted, though wonderfully saved from death. He had pursued a course of constant rebellion against his heavenly Benefactor and Preserver. He had not been renewed in the spirit of his mind. He had not believed the record which God has given concerning his Son; nor poured forth his heart in humble and fervent prayer; nor raised to God his song of grateful praise; nor cherished one serious or useful thought. He was still "dead in trespasses and sins."

But such were not the circumstances of his father, in whom, during the absence of his son, a great change had taken place. Strolling one sabbath morning along the streets of London, he came near to the church of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and as several of the congregation were entering, prompted by curiosity he went in, and heard the late excellent Rev. W. Romaine. The truth came to him, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." He became convinced of the evil of sin, and of his need of salvation through the Redeemer, and feeling deeply the value of the Bible, he sat down at the age of forty-two, to learn his letters, and by the aid of his wife, was soon able to read the Scriptures. He now wrote to his son, urged him to read the Bible diligently, and to pour out his heart before God; but his recommendation was of no avail.

There was, however, one thing which might still be done. He knew the command, "In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanks giving let your requests be made known unto God," and this was obeyed. Constantly did he bear his absent son on his heart at the throne of grace. It is also worthy of remark, that just before the bombardment of Gibraltar, some poor and aged people met with this pious father and mother for social prayer, when it was most earnestly implored that God would preserve his life, and restore him again to his family and friends.

Abundant was the encouragement afforded to this exercise by the remembrance that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer. Proofs of this may easily be gathered from the holy Scriptures, and from the histories of those who fear the Lord. One occurs, at this moment, to the mind of the writer, which is peculiarly appropriate from its taking place in the British navy. A seaman in the Mediterranean, in the fleet under the command of lord Nelson, desirous of doing good to his messmates, began with a man who was sick, talked to him till his mind was awakened, and he became truly pious. Another, seeing the change wrought on his messmate, and observing how kind his companion had been to him, listened to their conversation, till his mind was also brought, by the grace of God, under saving impressions. Nine of the men were serious; and before the battle of the Nile, when they saw that the engagement would soon commence, they assembled as many of their friends as they could together, spent a few minutes in prayer, commending each other to God, and then took leave of each other, expecting never to meet all together again. But after the engagement, in which a great number of their ship's company were killed, they sought for each other, and though some of them had been stationed at different guns, where several of their shipmates had been killed, not one of them was even wounded.

The God who thus mercifully interposed for them, had, as we have seen, spared Cranfield also; and the father received his long lost son with feelings which cannot be described. He considered him as being sent back by the

hand of God, alone and entirely in answer to prayer; and he often mentioned this circumstance afterwards, as an encouragement to parents similarly situated, to persevere in prayer for their ungodly children. Early on the morning after his return, Cranfield accompanied his father to hear the Rev. R. Cecil, but though interested, he derived no real benefit. On the following day, he visited some of his old companions, and returning home late in the evening, in a state of intoxication, he found his father engaged in family prayer. Reduced by drunkenness below the level of the beasts that perish, he became very troublesome, and swept every thing with his hand from the mantle shelf. His father said little to him that night; but in the morning, he severely reproved him for his sin, urged on him its awful consequences, and stated that he must find some other abode if he persisted in his evil practices.

This remonstrance appeared to have produced its desired effect, and on the following sabbath, Cranfield asked permission to accompany his father to the house of God. In one of the discourses of the Rev. W. Romaine, to whom he now listened, as that esteemed and useful minister dwelt, more than usual, on the depravity of the heart, and showed that its opposition to the dominion of God required a change of nature, he became, in some degree, convinced of his awful condition as a sinner, and of the necessity there was that he should become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

At first, his impressions were slight; but it was soon made manifest that God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, was shining in his heart, to give him the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, 2 Cor. iv. 6. He renounced all hope from his own doings, and trusted alone in "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." His pious father, who was on the watch for the first tokens of true penitence in his son, now observed with satisfaction and gratitude, the decided change in his conduct, and took every opportunity of encouraging him in his new and heavenward course.

Convinced of the value of his own soul, Cranfield longed for the salvation of others. His first anxiety was for his wife; but through the pious example of her father-in-law, she had become "a partaker of the grace of life. He wrote to her relations, who were then in Ireland with their regiment, and urged on them the care of the soul. His old comrades, too, shared much of his solicitude, and in the hope of being instrumental to their conversion, he tried to obtain his former situation in the regiment. And throughout his future course, which did not end till he was eighty years of age, did he deny himself and labour unceasingly with the hope of saving souls from death, and of hiding a multitude of sins, and thus render applicable to himself the words of the apostle, "Poor, yet making many rich," 2 Cor. vi. 10.

What a change was this! It proves the folly and wickedness of infidelity, by showing the reality and power of true religion, which can be wrought in the soul alone by Him who is almighty. Have you, dear reader, experienced this change? If not, let this narrative awaken your deep anxiety; for, unchanged, you are condemned of God, and in danger of his wrath for ever. If he received unto his favour those only who were free from gross offences, it may be that your heart would at once sink within you; but here you see that his voice is still heard saying, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," Isa. i. 18. Well may we look upward and say, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy," Micah vii. 18. Addressing the Ephesians, the apostle says, He "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus," Eph. ii. 6, 7.

Great and aggravated, then, as have been your iniquities, for you there is hope. The God of grace bestows his favours not merely on the undeserving, but on the hell deserving. His arm is not shortened that it cannot save you: his ear is not heavy that it cannot hear you. Attend to the declarations of his written word, listen to his preached gospel. There he appears as waiting

to be gracious, as ready to pardon, as able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. Oh, take him at his word, cast your soul on his mercy; plead, as the only ground of your hope, the mediation of the only begotten and well-beloved Son of the Father. Shake off delay. To think of lingering another week, or day, or hour, may issue in the ruin of the soul. Now is the time to seek the Lord. The misery which sin has brought into your soul says, Now; every tolling bell says, Now; every open grave says, Now; the gospel says, Now; the eternal Father says, Now; the gracious Redeemer says, Now; the Holy Spirit says, Now; "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," 2 Cor. vi. 2. W.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

A LARGE portion of the time allotted to education in England is spent in the study of ancient languages. By this practice, the mind of a youth is brought betimes into an immediate contact with the arts and achievements of the most famous nations in antiquity, and the thoughts are trained to look beyond the confines of one's native country. A Chinese, on the contrary, has no conception of any language more ancient than his own, and dreams not that there are any literary monuments which would amend or improve those of his country. Among us, the study of the French, Italian, and German literature not only enlarges the boundaries of our knowledge, but makes us esteem those nations from whom we derive our pleasure and instruction. The Chinese who live in Macao acquire a knowledge of the Portuguese language for the purposes of buying and selling, but seldom trouble themselves about the syntax, much less about anything that might be found in books from Lisbon. Many learn a few English terms for the transaction of business, and the natives of Canton have proceeded so far as to publish a vocabulary of our language in about a score of pages. And this, they idly think, includes all the words we are capable of using. As they have only a very limited acquaintance with the Portuguese, and that of the lowest kind, and a most penurious stock of English, they are necessarily led to think meanly of foreigners, and consequently of every thing which a foreigner might communicate in the way of information. Nothing, therefore, of this kind enters within the sphere of educational training.

The mathematics, pure and mixed, are strangers in China to the purlieus of the school and the college, though there be persons in the country who have made some proficiency in these branches of science. Arithmetic is left to the shopman, who learns it of another, or buys a book in which the principles are laid down in connexion with the *swanpan*, or calculating table. The elementary steps of philosophic research are also excluded, so that there is nothing to expand the mind, or to give it a bold and healthy tone of investigation.

The first years of a youth are spent in learning the characters of a copious language, which native genius has never reached far enough to reduce to any kind of logical system. The learner is therefore obliged to toil at what fairly appears to be an endless task, and to pick up knowledge a grain at a time, without any plan to keep the parts together. Analogy never seems to lend, either the master or scholar, any of her timely succours; authority alone gives laws, and memory has the whole burden of keeping ideas in the mind. The characters are learned simply by inspection, and fastened in the retentive faculty by daily iteration. And as all the scholars study aloud, the school room is a very Babel, from the varying sounds that meet and conflict together. After the pupil has made some progress in reading, he begins to use the pencil, and to portray those characters which he has been gazing at for so many weeks. In this exercise, the master announces the word from the desk, which the scholar converts into a symbol with his brush, which in China fulfils the office of a pen. In this way the art of writing is acquired, and the mind is stored with sentences. A tasteful and exact method of executing the characters, and a playful and well-selected assortment of phrases, constitute the peculiar accomplishments of a Chinese gentleman. To put his thoughts upon paper, with freedom, exactness, and beauty, is what a student aims at, as the practical exponent of the proficiency he has made in learning. A deficiency here ruins his credit, as there are no mathematics, philosophy, or general knowledge upon which he can build a reputation. Without borrowing any of those strait-laced vestments in which Chinese education is dressed, we might take a hint,

for our improvement, touching the matter of English composition. Our youths are required to write themes and essays before the mind has been furnished with instruction, or a stock of ideas laid up for the exercise of its functions. A Chinese takes a different course, and endeavours to fill the understanding with the finest ideas and the choicest phraseology his language will supply.

As the student advances, the noise of the school is exchanged for the private study, or the academy, where a small number of pupils peruse the ancient classics, under the guidance of some experienced master. The writer visited one of these academies, and was delighted with the studious aspect which every thing wore in the apartment dedicated to literary pursuits. Each student sat at a desk by himself, with his books spread before him. The object of his lucubrations was to make himself master of the meaning of the ancient text, by the help of commentaries. Young men, who cannot afford to pay a private tutor, or the charge for education in one of those institutions, which are here, for the sake of analogy, called academies, retires to his attic, where, illumined by the rays that dart through the skylight, he plies his task from morning to night, with an assiduity which, in a few years, would render him master of some noble science. In this way he labours to fit himself for an examination, which turns upon a knowledge of ancient ethics, and the merits of composition.

At these examinations, the candidate is put into a kind of pew or cell, where he remains for several hours. When he is tired, he leans back and loses himself, for a few minutes, in a refreshing nap. A theme is given, upon which he is required to write, without the opportunity of consulting books, or asking the assistance of a friend. If he is able to write upon the subject, he sets down his thoughts as they occur to him, and then proceeds to refine and beautify them, with a perseverance which harmonizes well with the diligence he had displayed throughout a tedious preparation. The words and sentiments of ancient sages are interwoven with his style, as far as memory will serve him; but he is not allowed to write a cento or patchwork of quotations, but must have so far digested what he has read, as to make the borrowed thoughts and expressions his own.

It appears that the moderators, at these examinations, are very tyrannical, and treat the humble and fearful aspirant with very little ceremony. It is said that when an examiner comes up to the desk of a candidate, he looks at the essay superciliously, and then, if the composition displeases, strikes his inky brush across the face of the unfortunate writer. It is generally admitted, that amidst much ostentatious display of fairness, that the most meritorious have but little chance of success, unless they can afford to fee the examiners. It would not be fair to say, that the Chinese are not distinguished sometimes for acts of generosity and kindness; but money sets at nought all opposition, and seems to be the soul that gives life to every thing, not only in the market, but also within the retirement of the college.

This fashion of confining education solely to morals, is peculiar to the Chinese. Religion has no share in the business, except we call that religion which enjoins upon the son the duty of paying respect to the dead. And though the term worship is applied to the rites which are rendered to departed worth, those feelings of awe, dependence, and love, which enter into our idea of that word, have no part in them. The word *pae*, commonly rendered "to worship," denotes a bow, with or without some other forms of respect. And it does not appear, that the mind of a native travels beyond the outward act. The Chinese ethics insist much upon the duty which a subject owes to his prince, and are not less emphatic when they inculcate the obligations which a prince owes to his subjects. They deal very plainly with him, and declare that the happiness and obedience of a people depend entirely upon his wisdom and goodness. He is directed to look back upon the annals of his country, and to collate the prosperity of the states, with the virtues of good kings; and the gloomy aspects of some periods with the folly and wickedness of those who guided the helm of affairs. If he wishes to have a touchstone to try the correctness of his views, or the prudence of his administrative measures, he is told to look abroad, and ascertain what is the general posture of affairs throughout the country. If the people live in plenty, he may impute this propitious circumstance to his own wisdom and foresight; but if the people be impoverished, and

consequently discontented, he may lay the blame upon his defects in the management of his domain.

There are two postulates constantly assumed, by the Chinese, in all their discussions about what appertains to a prince. The first is, as hinted before, that the general happiness of a people depends upon the chief magistrate. The second is, that if the people enjoy the smiles of their king, and a competent supply of food, they will always be happy and contented. They will never complain or seek for a change. It is by an extension of the principle contained in the first postulate, that government officers are now held responsible for the conduct of those over whom they preside. It is easy to infer, that this mode of proceeding must lead to many acts of injustice, and is, at the same time, an abuse of the doctrine delivered; for the poor officer is not a legislator, but merely the executor of certain orders, which may not be, after all, very remarkable for either their wisdom or their goodness. But there is a practical corollary to this principle, which is followed in China, and which deserves our attention, as it helps us to account for that tranquillity and comfort, which, in a large measure, pervades the Chinese empire. For the government, notwithstanding its despotic nature, postpones the gratification of arbitrary will, or the adherence to abstract principles, to the general satisfaction of the people. It aims at popularity in obedience to the rules laid down in the national ethics, and to this obedience it seems to owe a part of this stability.

Self-possession, temperance, and universal benevolence are inculcated, and often enforced with all the strength of argument and beauty of language, which writers of the greatest talent and application can command. But filial duty is the fort of every Chinese moralist, a subject which he pursues with the utmost eagerness, and descants upon with such a mixture of idolatry and dotage, that however beseeming a reverence for parents may be in practice, it becomes fulsome in Chinese theory. The duty of elder and younger brothers is enforced with a research and earnestness, which places it next after that of child and parent. By this rule of moral conduct, the younger brother yields implicit obedience to the elder, while every man is taught to look for an elder brother in every one he meets, and consequently to give him the precedence in all things. "In honour preferring one another," is substantially a leading maxim in Chinese morals. The duty of a prince and a father, which is regarded as strictly identical; the duty of a son; and the duty of a younger brother, or of one man to another, in connexion with benevolence, chastity, temperance, and self-possession, are the subjects which lie at the foundation of all the educational lore in China.

It would not be easy to estimate the amount of temporal good that is accomplished by such a system, or to say how far the people are upright, kind, and temperate in virtue of a moral nurture; but many facts, which occurred during the writer's sojourn among them, indicated the existence of mental habits, that seem not to be the effects of untutored nature, but the results of a good education. The people are industrious and frugal in their habits. They enjoy a measure of personal comfort, which is not surpassed in any other nation of the world, if we except Lewchew, and, perhaps, Japan. An anxious and care-worn face is a phenomenon in China, at least among the honest part of society. The harmony among a company of workmen, or a crew on board a native vessel, are every day examples of the high degree to which social feeling is carried in China; and wherever our investigations turn, new and striking instances of its developement will be found.

The results of moral training upon the minds and habits of the Chinese, will appear in an interesting light, when viewed in reference to the work of a missionary. Morals will not prepare the heart for the reception of the truth, they will not convince a man of sin, nor prevail upon him to renounce the world for the sake of Christ; but they supply the Chinese with a judgment, whereby he can discern, at once, the moral excellence of the Christian, and is compelled to award it his unqualified commendation. The writer has been struck with the keenness of their discernment, and the prompt and spontaneous manner in which they have expressed their approbation of Christian virtues. It is delightful to reflect, that the national morals, on which the people value themselves so much, may hereafter become one instrument in mortifying their pride, since they lend the natives an eye to discern

the superiority of things which are excellent. G. T. L.

ANIMALCULES.—No. II.

We may now pass on to notice the digestive apparatus of these minute beings, as far as it is ascertained; but before entering into the subject, it must be premised that in many points great obscurity prevails, and that the observations of Ehrenberg are not always corroborated by those of other microscopic investigators. The term *polygastrica*, by which the present group of animalcules is distinguished, bears reference to the complexity of the digestive apparatus, which is stated to consist of a number of internal sacculi, or stomachs, in some, arising from the mouth itself by separate tubes, (see the

annexed figure,) in others, appended to a kind of intestinal canal, which traverses the body, and terminates either at the extremity of the body opposite to the mouth, as in *Paramecium aurelia*, (page 50,) or which, winding up, terminates in a depression near the mouth, as in *Vorticella* (page 51.) The sacculi, though distinguishable in the animals under ordinary circumstances, are rendered more conspicuous when the animals have swallowed water in which colouring matter is suspended, in a state of very minute division, but not chemically dissolved. Trembley, in his investigation of the structure of the *hydra*, adopted this method, and Gleicher attempted it, though unsuccessfully, in his investigations upon these animalcules. The fact is, that many of our metallic or earthy colouring materials immediately poison these creatures, when of course the experiment fails. This Ehrenberg tried in vain, with the indigo and gumlac of commerce, these substances being always contaminated with a slight admixture of white lead, which acts as an instantaneous poison; but with pure indigo, or pure carmine, the experiments were successful.

When a minute portion of a very weak solution of indigo is added to a drop of water, containing *vorticellæ*, an animated scene ensues: eager for the food, which they swallow with avidity, they throw the cilia into rapid action, producing currents in the water, hurrying with them the particles of the indigo, in gyrations converging to the mouth. In a short time, a number of dark blue circular dots begin to show themselves on the transparent body of the animalcule, which are occasioned by the particles of the indigo accumulated in these situations; they also make manifest the intestinal tube, and their progress can be gradually traced through its extent. It was thus by a series of experiments, that Ehrenberg was at length enabled to determine the number of the sacs, or stomachs, and course of the intestinal tube. But it appears that all the sacs are not filled at the same time; many continue long without receiving any particles of colouring matter, and the whole course of the alimentary tube is not simultaneously tinted. The number of sacs thus distinguished, amounts to two hundred in some species; in others they are less numerous.

It is on the characters and positions of these sacs, and on the course of the presumed intestinal tube, that Ehrenberg has founded the divisions of this class; but Professor Jones, while he acknowledges that the views of this naturalist are sanctioned by general consent, is not disposed to admit their accuracy in all respects, and states that his own observations (made by means of a compound achromatic microscope, and employing powers nine-tenths, one-half, one-fourth, and one-eighth of an inch focus) have led to very different conclusions. The positions of the orifices for the reception and rejection of aliment he found to be such as Ehrenberg has indicated; but the most patient investigation did not enable him to detect the arrangement of the tube, and the sacculi appended to it, as figured and described by that author. He states that he has never been able to perceive, when one of the carnivorous animalcules has swallowed another that it has been conveyed, as was to be expected, into one of these, so called stomachs, but that he has traced it into "what seemed a cavity excavated in

the general parenchyma of the body." In the next place, he states that these sacculi have no appearance of being attached to any tube by means of peduncles, or necks; and that in *Paramecium aurelia* (page 50,) so far from appearing to be connected with a central canal, as is represented by Ehrenberg, they are in continual circulation, moving up one side of the body and down the other, and even changing their relative positions, like the coloured granules visible in the gelatinous substance of the hydra. And, thirdly, he affirms that in no instance has he been able to detect a central tube at all, as depicted by Ehrenberg, much less the branches leading from it to the sacs; and he adds, that the circumstances attending the prehension of food, would, in themselves, lead us to imagine a structure different from that described by Ehrenberg. He adduces, by way of confirming his views, the changes of form which these animalcules undergo, when devouring prey nearly equal to themselves in bulk, and therefore incapable of entering into one of these sacs; the mouth dilates to engulph the victim, and when this is swallowed, the whole body, as in the hydra, becomes greatly distended. As an example in point, Professor Jones figures the flask animalcule (*Enchelis pupa*) in its ordinary state, preparing to attack its prey, in the act of engulphing it, partially swallowed, and wholly so. (See the engraving.) For other

information on this doubtful point, respecting the structure of the digestive apparatus of the *polygastrica*, see his valuable work, entitled, "A general Outline of the Animal Kingdom." When two observers are thus at issue, when their respective investigations conduce to results so different, we must wait for farther experiments. It is however remarkable, that in the hydra the granules already referred to, which are certainly not stomachs, also become tinged with the juices of the prey on which the animal feeds; which juices, by some means unknown at present, they absorb, and thus charged, circulate through the gelatinous substance of the body. We may here, by way of note, observe, that some observations respecting the hydra, or fresh water polype, will be found in "Notes on the Month," for June, pages 204—207 in the *Visitor* for 1840.

With respect to the mouth of the polygastric animalcules, it is generally found to be a simple dilatable and contractile orifice; but in some species it appears under the form of a small projecting beak, or rather tube, composed of numerous teeth of an elongated shape, and calculated both for the prehension of food, and for bruising it previously to its being swallowed. In these species, the mouth does not appear to be surrounded with cilia, which would be unnecessary, but which, when the mouth is a simple orifice, are required for the direction of the food to it.

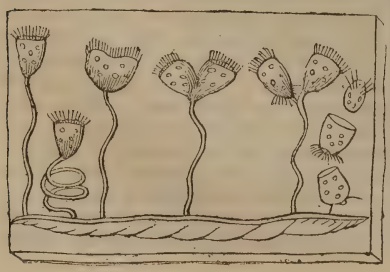
There is no part of the history of these polygastric animalcules, more calculated to excite astonishment than that relative to their mode of reproduction, so different from that of other races of beings; and what is surprising, is, that the same individual, as it would appear, often reproduces in four different ways.

First, then, one mode of reproduction is by gemmules or buds, sprouting from the outer surface of the parent, as in the hydra. These little buds gradually assume their destined form, develope cilia, and become detached and independent, and in a short period afterwards attain to their full growth, giving origin to buds themselves.

Secondly. Another mode, which is seen in *Volvox globator*, is by minute globular bodies, of a dark green colour, covered like the parent with vibratile cilia, and which swim about in the interior of the body of the parent, where they appear to have ample space. The transparency of this animalcule, which is of a globular figure and of a delicate green, permits the germs it encloses to be readily seen. When they have attained a proper degree of developement, the outer skin of the parent bursts, and they emerge from their imprisonment, to undergo a like destiny.

Thirdly. The most usual mode, and it is the most extraordinary, by which

new animalcules are produced, is by the division of the animalcule itself into two or more portions, each portion becoming a perfect being, and again dividing in turn. In animalcules of an elongated form, the division generally takes place longitudinally, each side becoming a distinct being, with all its organs complete; but in oval animalcules, the division is transverse, first beginning with a median constriction which traverses till the separation is effected. Some animalcules increase both by gemmules, and by division, as the *convallaria*, but chiefly by the latter. The *convallaria* resembles a bell-shaped flower, supported upon a slender footstalk, by which it is attached to fixed objects. This slender footstalk is highly contractile, and winds round in a spiral manner, when the animal is alarmed, and thus withdraws it from danger. The division only takes place in the bell, which first increases in circumference, and begins to divide at its margin, the fissure gradually extending to its base; when the fissure is complete, one half is found perfect, and is destined to continue on the footstalk, and may therefore be regarded as the parent of the other, which is now attached by a slight connexion to the top of the footstalk by the side of the permanent bell, which is found to have cilia not only at its upper margin, but also around its base. It now becomes detached and loses the marginal cilia, retaining the basal ones, and thus it swims about: but it has not yet developed its footstalk; this it gradually puts forth, the adult stage is then acquired, and it becomes fixed to some foreign body, like the parent when it sprung. While, in its free condition, this animalcule assumes various modifications of form, and in these states has been described as so many distinct species; and it is by recent observations only that its real character has become known. The above sketch will illustrate the progress detailed, and also show the new animalcule, after gaining its freedom, in three different forms.



There is still another mode of reproduction by division: it occurs in animalcules which appear, as the *gonium*, to consist of a number of globules, (sixteen in one species,) enclosed in a thin transparent envelope; the mass thus compounded divides in this species into four equal parts, each part containing one large and three smaller globules. After their separation from each other, these parts swim freely about in the water, and increase in the number of their constituent globules, to undergo a fresh division. In other species, the division is into still more numerous portions.

Fourthly. Some animalcules increase by division, by gemmules, and by eggs or spawn.

In the *Kolpoda cucullus*, Ehrenberg detected, most satisfactorily, the latter mode, and he describes the eggs, when excluded, as appearing in the form of a delicate mass resembling network.

No mode of reproduction is more wonderful than that of division, none so productive. It is wonderful, when we consider that each divided part has to assume all the organs of the perfect being, that these have therefore to become developed, and to assume their due form and situation. And as to productiveness, the *Paramecium aurelia*, well supplied with food, has been observed to divide once in twenty-four hours, so that, as Professor Jones observes, "in a fortnight, allowing the product of each division to multiply at the same rate, 16,384 animalcules would be produced from the same stock," and in four weeks the astonishing number of 268,435,456 new and distinct beings.

Now let us pause, to reflect upon the power of that God, who has created these creatures for our examination, and for our instruction; perhaps, though we know not in what, for our benefit. Their minuteness confounds us; their numbers overwhelm us; their habits surprise us; their history teems with wonders. Difficulties meet us at every step; and we are forced at length to confess that the work of God contains mysteries, which baffle the penetration of philosophy. M.

Brush Turkey of Australia. *Talegalla Lathami*, Gould.

THE BRUSH TURKEY OF AUSTRALIA.

No portion of the globe contains animals so singular in their structure, as Australia; in no other region does the naturalist find beings so strangely organized, or so extraordinary in their habits. We need not offer proofs of this assertion; they will suggest themselves to the mind of every one who is acquainted with the ornithorhynchus, the echidna, the kangaroo, and the wombat. The truth, however, of the proposition, as far as regards habits, is strikingly exemplified in the history of two birds peculiar to Australia, and of which we are about to give the details.

The two birds to which we here allude, are the brush turkey of the colonists, called wee-lah by the aborigines, (*Talegalla Lathami*, Gould,) and the native pheasant of the colonists, called ngow or ngow-oo by the aborigines, (*Leipoa ocellata*, Gould.)

The first was originally described by Latham, under the name of the New Holland vulture; but subsequently he removed it from among the vultures, and placed it among the birds of the gallinaceous order to which it really belongs. The second is also a gallinaceous bird, and has been recently made known to science by that enterprising naturalist, Mr. Gould. It is from his magnificent work on the birds of Australia, which, from its expense, can only be in the hands of the few, that we derive our account.

The brush turkey, or, as Mr. Gould terms it, the wattled talegalla, inhabits various districts of New South Wales, from Cape Howe on the south to Moreton Bay on the north. In some places, where it was once common, it has now become rare; and we learn that the cedar cutters, and others who are in the constant habit of hunting through the brushes of Illawara and Maitland have nearly extirpated it from these localities. It is, however, still abundant in the dense brushes of the Manning and Clarence, and along the sides of the lower hills that branch off from the great range into the interior; on the Brezi range to the north of the Liverpool plains, and also on the hills on each side of the Samoi.

In its habits, the brush turkey is gregarious, associating in small flocks,

which wander among the dense covert of the brush wood; and it is shy and distrustful. It runs with great facility, and from the nature of the localities it frequents, easily eludes pursuit. One of its greatest enemies is the dingo, or wild dog; and when hard pressed by this ferocious beast of prey, it springs to the lower branch of a tree, and, by a succession of leaps from branch to branch, ascends to the top. Thew hole flock act in concert, and having ascended as high as they can, they either remain perched in security, or fly to a distant spot, where the tangled brush wood promises a more effectual concealment. They are also in the habit of resorting to the branches of trees, as a shelter from the mid-day sun; and while thus reposing, they offer a sure mark to the sportsman, who may kill the whole flock, for they will allow a succession of shots to be fired, without moving, or being roused from their lethargy. It is by taking advantage of their mid-day repose, that the colonists destroy them in great numbers for the sake of their flesh, which is extremely delicate and tender, and is consequently in high esteem.

While wandering through the brush, these birds utter a clucking noise; their food consists principally of berries and various seeds; and, like our common poultry, they dust themselves in the soft ground, making bare depressions in the spots which they frequent.

The most interesting and remarkable circumstance connected with the economy of the brush turkey is, that it does not hatch its eggs by incubation, it does not sit upon them like other birds, not even occasionally or during the night, but forms for them an "eccaleobion," in which they are hatched without the weary duties to which other birds are called by the laws of nature. The brush turkey, says Mr. Gould, "collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter, as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by the process of decomposition for the developement of the young. The heap employed for this purpose, is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying; it varies in size from two to four cart loads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. The construction of the work is not the work of one pair of birds, but is effected by the united labours of several; the same site appears to me from the great size, and the entire decomposition of the lower part, to be resorted to for several years in succession, the birds adding a fresh supply of materials previously to laying.

"The mode in which the materials composing these mounds are accumulated, is equally singular; the bird never using its beak, but always grasping a quantity in its foot, throwing it backwards to one common centre, and thus clearing the surface of the ground for a considerable distance so completely, that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left.

"The heap being accumulated, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited, not side by side, as is ordinarily the case, but planted at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm's depth, perfectly upright, with the large end upwards. They are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched. I have been credibly informed, both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not unusual to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap; and as they are delicious eating, they are eagerly sought after."

Some of the natives assured Mr. Gould, that the females are constantly in the neighbourhood of the heap, waiting for the time at which the hatching of the eggs takes place; and that they frequently uncover and cover again the eggs, as if for the purpose of ascertaining their progress, or of assisting the young to liberate themselves from their imprisonment. Others, however, denied this, and stated that the eggs were altogether forsaken, the young being left to liberate themselves. Unfortunately, Mr. Gould was not in the districts inhabited by these birds during the breeding season; but he inclines to the latter statement, and thinks that from the great size of the egg, there is room for the young to become more fully developed, than in ordinary cases, and that they are hatched capable of taking care of themselves. In confirmation of this, he observes that, in searching for eggs in one of the mounds, he discovered the remains of a young bird, apparently just excluded from the shell. It was clothed, not with down as is usual, but with feathers, a proof, if

indeed the bird died when just escaped from the shell, that it was more advanced than is the young of the common fowl, or any kind of poultry, at the same crisis.

Mr. Gould also thinks the opinion that the eggs, once deposited, are never disturbed afterwards, to be corroborated by the fact that they are always found upright. But it may here be remarked, that though the parent birds may occasionally uncover the eggs, it does not follow that they alter the position of them. Nor is the discovery of a young bird feathered, which appeared as if newly hatched, a proof, either that the parents neglect the eggs or the young. These points yet remain to be determined.

Mr. Gould saw several of the mounds formed by these birds, both in the interior of the country, and at Illawara. "In every instance, they were placed in the most retired and shady glens, and on the slope of a hill." The ground above the nest was always scratched clean, while that below the nest appeared to be untouched; as if the birds had found it most convenient to bring the materials for its construction down the hill, than to throw them up.

The eggs are perfectly white, of a long, oval figure, and three inches and three quarters in length.

The wattled talegalla is about the size of a common turkey, three parts grown. The adults have the whole of the upper surface of a blackish brown. The feathers of the chest are edged with silvery grey. The skin of the head and neck is of a deep red, and thinly sprinkled with short hair-like feathers; the sides of the neck, at its lower part, are ornamented with a bright yellow wattle, or fleshy excrescence, capable of being expanded or contracted at will, as in the common turkey. The female is rather less than the male, and the wattles are not so much developed; her colour is the same.

That this bird is capable of domestication, and of being added to the list of the gallinaceous birds, which man, for his own advantage, has taken under his care, there can be no doubt. A fine male specimen was living at large, like an ordinary fowl, in the possession of Mr. A. Mac Leay, at Sydney, where it was seen by Mr. Gould. For two successive years it had laboured in the construction of a mound, and the lawn and shrubbery over which it was allowed to range presented an appearance as if regularly swept, the bird having scratched to a common centre every thing that lay upon the surface. The mound which, by its unassisted labours, it thus formed, was about three feet and a half high, and ten feet in diameter. The heat of it internally was about ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit. "The bird itself," says Mr. Gould, "was strutting about with a proud and majestic air, sometimes parading round the heap, at others perching on the top, and displaying its brilliantly coloured neck and wattle to the greatest advantage." Before Mr. Gould quitted New South Wales, this specimen was accidentally drowned. M.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE COLOSSEUM.

The Colosseum is truly one of the lions of London, and few strangers visit the Metropolis, with the intention of seeing the wonders of the place, without entering the gates of the Regent's Park, looking with surprise on the colossal dome before them, mounting by the staircase, or ascending-room, to the grand painting it contains, and gazing with wonder and admiration on the panoramic view of the capital of England. Often and often have I been here before with city friends or country cousins; and now I am here again. Carriages are standing opposite the gate, the sun is at its greatest height in the clear blue sky, and visitors of both sexes, and of all ages, are passing onwards to see the Colosseum.

It has been said, with some truth, that of all the panoramic pictures that ever were painted in the world, of the proudest cities formed and inhabited by the human race, the view of London, contained in the Colosseum, is the most preeminent, exhibiting, as it does, at one view, "to the eye and to the mind the dwellings of near a million and a half of human beings, a countless succession of churches, bridges, halls, theatres, and mansions; a forest of floating masts, and the manifold pursuits, occupations, and powers of its ever-active, ever-changing inhabitants."

This splendid picture, painted by Paris, from sketches taken by Hornor, as he sat in a suspended house or box, fixed

for the purpose, above the highest cross of the cathedral of St. Paul, is now before me, and the almost universal encomiums pronounced upon it, have a tendency to repress that freedom of remark, in which it is pleasurable to indulge. If I venture an observation, it will only be with the design of preventing disappointment in the mind of the spectator, whose high-wrought fancy, fed by intemperate descriptions, may have made him somewhat unreasonable in his expectations.

It should ever be borne in mind, that in works of art, there are unavoidable difficulties in the way of affording a correct representation of persons and things. The most glorious statue that Phidias ever formed, has neither colour nor motion. Think of the arduous task of representing, by colourless and motionless marble, breathing beings who possess both motion and colour! To use an illustration sufficiently homely to be at once comprehended by those who have little taste for works of art, I would say, that we should hardly know the most intimate friend we have in the world, did he stand before us, arrayed in a surplice, with his face whitened.

Paintings, it is true, have colour; but the most glowing picture that was ever flung by a Rubens, or a Raphael, on his canvass, is on a flat surface. Think of the difficulty of representing the rotundity of the human figure, trees, and pillars; and the projection of capitals, cornices, and pediments, by a perfectly flat surface! Such considerations as these are calculated to prevent unreasonable expectations, and to qualify us for the more correct estimation of works of art. I have noticed visitors, who have evidently expected, when looking at this panorama, the water of the Thames to flow, the boats to move, the smoke from the chimneys to rise in the air, and the carriages, of different kinds, to rumble along the streets: that such persons should not find the panoramic painting of London realize their expectations, can be no matter of wonder.

The printed account of the picture sums up almost all its points in the following words: "From a balustraded gallery, and with a projecting frame beneath it, in exact imitation of the outer dome of St. Paul's cathedral, the visitor is presented with a picture that cannot fail to create, at once, astonishment and delight; a scene, which will inevitably perplex and confuse the eye and mind for some moments, but which, on further examination, will be easily understood. It presents such a Pictorial History of London, such a faithful display of its myriads of public and private buildings; such an impression of the vastness, wealth, business, pleasure, commerce, and luxury of the English metropolis, as nothing else can effect. Histories, descriptions, maps, and prints are all imperfect and defective, when compared to this immense panorama. They are scraps and mere touches of the pen and pencil; while this imparts, at a glance, at one view, a cyclopædia of information; a concentrated history; a focal topography of the largest and most influential city in the world. The immense area of surface which this picture occupies, measures forty-six thousand square feet, or more than an acre in extent."

This is unquestionably a coloured account; but it may, I think, with truth be said, that almost all who visit the exhibition are greatly surprised, and abundantly gratified. There are now some twenty or thirty persons in the gallery; children are climbing up to peep over the rails. Ladies are looking through the perspective glasses, and gentlemen are pointing out such objects as engage their attention. One discovers Westminster Abbey, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens. Another finds out Primrose Hill, Chalk Farm, Highgate Archway, and Epping Forest; while a third turns towards the downward course of the river, the Docks, and Greenwich Hospital. Now and then a visitor traces his way to his own dwelling, and regards it with a look of surprise and pleasure, almost expecting to see some one step up and rap at the door.

The two turrets at the western end of St. Paul's cathedral, attract the eyes of all; the boldness, the freedom with which they are painted, produces an admirable effect; and scarcely is the stranger convinced that he is not gazing on a real and tangible pile of beautifully carved stone. The river and shipping are great attractions to the young; while the thoughtful eye of the more sedate and serious roams over the goodly towers and spires of the different churches, and other temples erected to the service of the Most High.

London is a highly-favoured city; for

though ignorance and crime are far too prevalent among its numerous population, yet here is the gospel of peace faithfully proclaimed; and here thousands and tens of thousands find the sabbath to be, indeed, a day of rest. Wealth, and power, and reputation among the nations of the earth are costly things; but they are mutable and perishable. The proudest and the costliest things of time are as dust compared with those of eternity. Thebes, and Nineveh, and Babylon had power, and wealth, and reputation; but their transgressions multiplied, and they were swept away from among the kingdoms of the world. The almighty Ruler of the earth and skies spared them not. Take heed, highly-favoured city, lest he also spare not thee!

There is a youthful group about to ascend the galleries above, and as I am pleased to hear their childish questionings, and to witness their wonderment and delight, I will ascend with them. In this second gallery, and still more so in the one above, the spectator experiences a disappointment. Expecting to see more as he ascends higher, he is scarcely prepared to find his prospect bounded within apparently narrower limits than before. The lower gallery is unquestionably the best and the most agreeable of the three from which to witness the exhibition. One more glance at this shadowy resemblance of the first city, in the first country under heaven, and I take my leave. Ages have heaped together this pile of dwelling places, temples, and marts of traffic. Again and again have their possessors been swept into eternity. The feeble have sunk into the tomb; and the great, where are they? Yet still undisturbed the game of life goes on, in thoughtless merriment.

"Oh what is human glory, human pride?
What are man's triumphs, when they brightest seem?
What art thou, mighty one! though deified?
Methuselah's long pilgrimage a dream;
Our age is but a shade, our life, a tale,
A vacant fancy, or a passing gale."

I have walked round the ball and cross which originally stood on the top of the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, and am now on the roof of the building, with the park spread out before me. How grateful is the fresh air! how pleasant the sight of the green trees, and the clear blue heaven above me! The eye took in so many objects at once, in the painting below, that it now seems, by comparison, to have but little to gaze on. One peep at nature, however, compensates for the loss of much art.

Every time I visit this place, the park appears more lovely; the trees and shrubs which have hitherto been of diminutive growth, begin now to put forth their strength and verdure. Were there but one tree in the world, we should be struck dumb, with admiring wonder, at its loveliness and beauty; but now, we pass by a wood without a thought—a forest, without a word in its praise!

If it appears a long way up these winding staircases, when the desire is impatient to behold the picture, no wonder that it should seem a long way down them when that desire has been gratified. The music of prattling tongues, and the footfall of childish feet, have preceded me from the very roof to the door of the ascending room, on the ground floor! Now for another scene!

On entering the saloon, I find public singers, of both sexes, accompanying, with their voices, the harmonious tones of a well-played pianoforte. The company are gathered around them; the ladies seated, and the gentlemen uncovered; while the vocal and instrumental strains are rising and falling; now filling the air with swelling cadence, and now dying away into fainter and sweeter sounds. I am stealing on tiptoe from one cast or sculptured statue to another.

Apollo, Jupiter, and Juno strive
To keep the fame of ancient Greece alive;
Minerva spells me where I stand; and now
I gaze delighted on a Dian's brow.

The gigantic figures of Moses, and Melpomene, with the head of Alexander; the cast of the Apollo Belvedere; the Discobolus, or quoit player; the fall of Phaeton; Perseus and Andromeda; and the Dying Gladiator; are all well known to the lovers of sculpture.

The statue whence the head of Jupiter Olympus is taken, was the great work of Phidias, and was esteemed as one of the seven wonders of the world. Though in a sitting posture, the figure of Jupiter was sixty feet high, composed of ivory, and adorned with precious stones.

The head of the Dancing Fawn is from a statue, a chef-d'œuvre of the chastest sculptor of Greece. Though there is some doubt whether the figure was executed by Praxiteles, there is none that the head and arms were restored by Michael Angelo. As there were giants in stature, in the ages of old, so were there giants

in sculpture in the ancient days of Greece and Rome.

Among the relievos, I noticed that of sir William Jones, surrounded by the learned Pundits, who assisted him in his great undertaking of translating and forming the digest of the Hindoo and Mohammedan laws; Collins the poet contemplating the Bible; Mercy; and an Angel presenting to view the Word of God. There are also, among the figures, David, with the head of Goliath. "And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armour in his tent," 1 Sam. xvii. 54. The death of Abel. "And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him," Gen. iv. 8. And a monumental figure of Prayer. "Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice," Psa. cxli. 2.

There is a gallery of paintings here, in which are a few good pictures, and many that are curious; but it does not form a part of the Colosseum exhibition. I have walked through it alone, and am now on the lawn, on my way to the conservatory. The figure of Time, there, is in artificial stone, and the two Dogs are bold representations of the celebrated dogs at the entrance of the public gallery at Florence.

I could linger in this conservatory for an hour. It somewhat reminds me of the huge glass erections in Loddige's garden at Hackney, in which is so fine a collection of palms, cocoa nut, and other tropical trees, that a tiger, with a little brushwood, is only wanted to form a complete Indian scene. The trees and plants, here, flourish luxuriously, for the temperature of the several compartments of the conservatory is adapted to their several natures and qualities. The botanist will not hastily leave the place, finding, as he will, the finest specimens of various plants and trees.

In opening the door which divides one part of the conservatory from the other, the visitor is suddenly confronted by an imposing figure close before him: this is no other than his own reflection mirrored in the glass door. The suddenness of this unlooked-for stranger occasions many to give an instantaneous start. Few of us are so well acquainted with our full length figure, as instantly to recognize it when it unexpectedly appears before us.

I have not passed by the gold and silver fish in their miniature-sculptured pond, without a gaze; nor neglected the aviary, wherein is one garrulous bird, whose language, for the greater part, is unintelligible. The cage, here, is indeed a curiosity, for within its wiry precincts, rats and cats, guinea pigs, pigeons, and starlings are congregated together in peace; the rats running underneath the soft furry bellies of the cats to hide themselves from the light, and from the gaze of the approaching spectator. There is, at this moment, a rat on one of the elevated bars, almost asleep; he nods and dozes, and dozes and nods, until his head hangs down many inches lower than the rest of his body. Half a dozen times has he saved himself just in time to prevent his tipping over. I have pointed him out to a few visitors who are gazing on him with interest and wonder.

The lofty dome, which is now above my head, glazed from the ground to the summit, has a lightsome and agreeable effect, heightened by the abundant flowers, creepers, and pendant plants which adorn it. The fountain, too, with its circular basin, beautified with shell and coral, adds much to the fairy scene. The ring of jets d'eau is admirably contrived, flinging up a beautiful transparent veil of crystal water high in the air. The fountain, basin, and rock work; the shell, coral, and moss, lit up by the rays of the sun, and beautified by the prismatic colours on the spray and falling waters, form a scene equally novel and delightful.

The eye has a wondrous property of accommodating itself to different degrees of light: when I entered this grotto and marine cave, five minutes ago, I could scarcely discern a single object, whereas, now, every thing is comparatively clear to me. The wall and floor of rugged rock; the uneven roof incrusted with stalactites; the yellow gold-like glare of the sun on the massive pillars and huge misshaped crags; the crystal pools and waterfalls around, become every moment more distinctly visible. This is a fit place for contemplation. Just such a residence for an anchorite, as starts up in our imagination, when we read of the hermit, of whom it is said,

> "Remote from man, with God he passed his days;
> Prayer all his business; all his pleasure praise."

The ship there, seen through the opening, heaving and tossing on the billowy

waters, though on a miniature scale, has, when in better trim, been very effective, assisted by the sea-like sound that accompanies its rising and sinking amid the foamy surge. I can fancy myself on the pebbled beach, gazing on the heaving ocean.

"The sea it is deep, and the sea it is wide,
And it girdeth the earth on every side.
Like a youthful giant roused from sleep,
At creation's call uprose the deep;
And his crested waves tossed up their spray,
As the bonds of his ancient rest gave way;
And a voice went up, in that stillness vast,
As if life through a mighty heart had passed.
O, ancient, wide, unfathomed sea,
Ere the mountains were, God fashioned thee!"

Whatever may be the disposition of the visitor to this place, he cannot, with any colour of propriety, complain of the scantiness, or want of variety in his entertainment. The panorama of London, the conservatories, fountains and waterfalls, the grotto and marine cave, the Swiss cottage, rock scenery, camera obscura, and cosmoramic views, supply as much amusement as can reasonably be expected, and occupy quite as much time, in their enjoyment, as the generality of people have at command.

The Swiss cottage has four apartments, fitted up in the manner in which cottages in Switzerland are usually furnished; and the attendant, a civil attentive man, habited in the costume of a Swiss peasant, helps to carry on the agreeable delusion, that Mont Blanc and the Lake of Geneva are at no great distance from the place. The view from the recessed window is of a very romantic kind. Mountains, rocks, pointed crags, and caverns; waterfalls, lakes, and streams; with birds of prey, wild ducks, and creeping plants are so agreeably blended, and so beautifully reflected in the water, that imagination has much to assist it in conjuring up all that is wild and wonderful in nature.

There is something in a waterfall that affects us in a different manner to other things, especially if it assume the ungovernable rage of the thundering cataract. The broad-breasted mountain, the rifted crag, the fearful precipice, are arresting; but the headlong torrent, dashing its foaming waters over the pointed rocks, adds heart-stirring motion to its imposing appearance, and creates a more active and turbulent interest in the mind. It seems a correct image of that glory for which so many jeopardize their bodies and their souls.

"Oh glory! glory! mighty one on earth!
How justly imaged in the waterfall!
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,
Dashing thy torrents down, and dazzling all;
Sublimely breaking from thy glorious height,
Majestic, thundering, beautiful and bright.

How many a wondering eye is turned to thee,
In admiration lost! short-sighted men!
Thy furious wave gives no fertility;
Thy waters, hurrying fiercely through the plain,
Bring nought but devastation and distress,
And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.

Oh fairer, lovelier is the modest rill,
Watering with steps serene the field, the grove—
Its gentle voice, as sweet, and soft, and still
As shepherd's pipe, or song of youthful love.
It has no thundering torrent; but it flows
Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes."

The Swiss view, with the chapel erected in remembrance of the patriot William Tell; the Lake of Lucerne; the silver mine of Mexico; the missionary station at Malacca, with the Anglo-Chinese college, where Dr. Morrison carried on his Chinese translation of the holy Scriptures, and composed his Anglo-Chinese dictionary; all these have their several interests, and the visitor lingers, or hurries on, as his mind is impressed, or his associations called forth.

Independent of the things immediately appertaining to the exhibition, there are so many fortuitous circumstances, always occurring to the quick eye and active mind, that vary the scene and increase the amount of pleasure. A well-dressed young woman, perhaps, seats herself in "Queen Adelaide's, or the Stuart's chair;" and it is plain, that for the moment, she is fancifying herself to be a queen. An ardent young man reclines at full length on "the bench of Napoleon Buonaparte," his imagination supplies all that is wanted to make him an emperor, and a visionary diadem is glittering on his brow.

Nor are the more sober and reflective less likely to be moved to follow out their contemplative inclinations. Here a faded branch gives a colour to their shadowy thoughts; and there the willow, a scion of the one that bloomed over the St. Helena grave of Napoleon, whose body is now in the splendid mausoleum, prepared for its reception, in the capital of France. While I note down these remarks, a spider is weaving his fragile thread—an emblem of the precarious tenure of earthly things—across the statue of sir Jeffry Hudson, the favourite dwarf of Charles II., as it stands before

me, near the dome and the fountain. We cling to our earthly hopes and worldly attainments as though they had the strength of a cable, when, alas! they are weak as a spider's thread; for life itself "is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Happy, indeed, is he who can say, with sincerity and confidence, in the midst of all he possesses, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," Psa. lxxiii. 25, 26.

EXCURSION TO THE VOLCANO OF TERNATE, ONE OF THE SPICE ISLANDS.

"During our stay at this island, we devoted one day to an excursion to the volcano; and setting off from the brig very early in the morning, we reached the shore before the clock tolled four; but a mistake about the 'needments' delayed the moment of starting till five. At first, the ascent was easy, in a smooth but narrow track, so straight, that the feet of a European, who steps like a freeman, and not as if his shackles had just been knocked off, finds it difficult to wend his way and keep the path at the same time. By the time that we had reached the summer house of the sultan, a distance of two miles, some of our party gave up, and left us to pursue our journey with less incumbrance. There is one advantage in expeditions of this kind, that the superfluous parts soon wear off, while the essential find themselves at liberty to make researches together, and push their inquiries as far as they please. We took some refreshment at a house belonging to the sultan, after we had taken a small taste of climbing. In many places, the ascent is very steep, so that the breath fails, and the knees ache as if their sinews would part asunder. Screened from the fanning of any breeze, the natural inhalations of the body condense upon its surface, and distil almost in streams of sweat.

"Several objects among the cellular classes of botany, such as marchantia, ferns, and mosses, interested my attention, and delayed my steps. The marchantia covers the rising or perpendicular part of the stairs, like a rich carpet of the softest green. The thecæ, or small heads, (umbrella-shaped caps,) that stand upon the carpet, are round, with small lobes, which are in their turn also minutely scolloped. The upper and under sides are covered with a brown pubescence. Upon the frond, this pubescence forms a kind of network, that might, upon a superficial view, be taken for anastomosing vessels. As we draw near the top, the trees and shrubs decrease by degrees, till we find ourselves within two high walls, composed of grass that rears its soft-flowing clusters, nearly twenty feet above the root. The path that is floored with the falling stems of this grass is very slippery, which greatly enhanced the labour of ascending. At last, we gained the summit; but instead of being upon the edge of a volcano, we beheld a ruinous peak at a distance, whose steep and rugged side seemed to forbid our further progress. After a little rest and refreshment, we descended into a shady valley, mounted a ridge that lay between us, and then amidst sharp stones, went down in a slanting direction, that we might climb the peak by a side that seemed less precipitous. In process of time we reached the summit, and our attendants, who had laboured to turn us back, then began to praise our address. We beheld now a dreadful rent yawning beneath us, and lying between two peaks, on one of which we stood, the other nearly in an opposite region. An explosion seems to have carried away the summit of the mountain, and the action taking place in a somewhat oblique direction, threw up the peak on which we stood, and covered the hither side with fragments of rifted rock. The operation must have been of the most terrible, and to the undismayed beholder, of the sublimest kind. The crater is an inverted pyramid; its bottom is filled with water, and smoke, or vapour issues in a perpetual stream. On the opposite side, not far from the top, the same fumy exhalations ascended in the semblance of a cloud, and might easily be confounded with it. It was altogether a tremendous scene of desolation, for which we find no parallel in the ordinary walks of nature. I took a flying sketch of the crater, and selected specimens from the varieties of rocky formation, that lay scattered around us in the wildest confusion. After we had seen all we could see, tired the patience and assuaged the hunger of the timorous of our party, we descended by the steep-

est part, because it was the shortest; and at length reaching the valley, with broken shins and weary knees, we sat down to divide our small amount of viaticum among our companions, and to change our hosen. Thence, when I turned my eyes towards the summit, I can truly say I marvelled at our hardihood, for the slope seemed perpendicular. I said to my companions, 'Well, if the danger had appeared as great at the top as it does now at the bottom, I should never have ventured to descend in the face of such evident peril.' I still looked upon our return with apprehensions, thinking the natives would beat me in descending, and my fellow traveller gain upon me in the 'second heat;' but I was mistaken, for exercise had made me gay and vigorous, and I found plenty of time to botanize, while he steered his way with all the steadiness of old time. We had in all, a train of thirty-five natives, of which only a few could keep pace with us, and the most active turned out of the way when they heard the writer coming after them, running where it was smooth, and leaping down such places as were too steep to be descended without difficulty. A gentleman admired for his activity, had returned by seven in the evening; but we were down a little after three, and should have reached town an hour earlier, but for the foolish bearer of my hammer, who lost his charge, and sad to remember, found it not again.

"In all volcanoes, we do not find streams of lava that have issued from their crater. In Stromboli, for example, Spalanzani could see the melted matter rise and fall, like water in a boiling cauldron, but it did not ascend high enough to overflow the sides. At times, it rose rapidly; when the surface had reached within thirty feet of the edges of the crater, an explosion took place like a short clap of thunder, and at the same moment a portion of the lava was hurled with inconceivable swiftness into the air, and instantaneously separated into numerous fragments. In the volcano of Ternate, we find no traces of any liquid streams; the upper parts of the mountain were thrown off in the general explosion, and were afterwards followed by masses of stone, more or less in a state of fusion. It does not appear that lava is a substance *sui generis*, but merely rock in a melted state, through the prodigious heat of the bowels of the earth. Volcanoes are generally in the neighbourhood of the sea, and occur in mountains of a peculiar form, sharp and conical as if centuries before an eruption takes place an explosive influence from beneath, aided perhaps by water coming in contact with the fire below, had exerted its force in a circumscribed direction, nearly perpendicular to the horizon. In the island of Gilolo, within sight of Ternate, we saw many such peaks; but one only had been subject to an eruption, which had made a gap just below the summit. This had a very remarkable appearance, and one of our number imagined that a cloud was hanging upon it; but finding that for several hours it did not alter its figure, he changed his opinion, and agreed with me that it was the result of a volcanic action. It has occurred to me to ask whether the sides of such mountains were sensibly heated by the subterranean fires within them. Whether this was ever the case, we cannot tell with certainty; perhaps not. At present, they are so cool as to occasion a frequent decomposition of vapour, which surrounds them like a beautiful ruff. This we know, that they are situated in the most fertile spots in the world, which is due to the nature of the soil, produced by trap rock, and the shade and moisture which their cloudy garb affords to every thing that grows in it. At distant periods, they appear in all the majesty of terror, but fill up the intervals with smiles so auspicious, that health and beauty are poured forth in one unbounded tide around them."

Pindar, in the first Pythian ode, gives a sublime description of an explosion from mount Etna, and speaks of the red curling flame, that in the night carries the riften fragments of rock, and lodges them upon the broad bosom of the deep, and of the agency below, which, like a fancied monster, hurled streams of fire into the air. In the very next stanza, he alludes to the fertility of the mountain, and calls it "the forehead of the well-fruited earth."

We may wind up by reverting to the passage, which was selected as the theme of these remarks, and say that Babylon, like one of these fertile hills, was destined, when it should please God, to exchange her loveliness and beauty for the wildest and most frightful scenes of

desolation. God hath done whatever it pleased him; may it be our privilege to acquiesce in all his dealings, not with stoic apathy or a constrained humility, but with the alacrity of a delighted and wonder-stricken beholder.—*From a little work published in the United States, under the title of "Claims of Japan and Malaysia."*

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

The devoted and useful labours of the late Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, had impaired his health, and, in the summer of 1807, compelled him to abstain, for some weeks, from the exercise of his ministry. He therefore proceeded to the house of his brother, Mr. Edward Simeon, at St. John's, near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, in the hope that rest and change, under the Divine blessing, would prove beneficial. While there, a young man named Konig, the only son of a rich merchant at Amsterdam, came over to England, and was received into the same house by his father's correspondent, Mr. Edward Simeon, partly for the sake of studying the English language, of which he then knew very little. The time of his arrival appears, however, to have been specially ordered by the God of Providence, for the occurrence of those deeply interesting and instructive circumstances, which are now to be related.

It was soon apparent that young Konig, though his appearance and manners were such as to invite kindly feeling and attention, was ignorant of the principles and destitute of the power of true religion. In common with our race, he displayed that carnality of mind, which is enmity against God, and which is manifest in disregard of his perfections, in forgetfulness of the obligations under which he has placed us, and in the violation of his commands. Here a strong resemblance appears between the abandoned and profligate, and those who are accounted amiable and virtuous. The merely moral are kept from the gross and revolting offences with which many are chargeable, and most important is this to others as well as themselves. But as their conduct does not arise from a supreme love to God, springing out of a cordial acceptance of the gospel of Christ, they are convicted of sin, as certainly as the profligate. "All have sinned"—all, without a single exception, and "come short of the glory of God." "There is none righteous, no, not one." The requirements of the Most High are solemnly and unalterably binding, on every individual of the human race; and "what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God," Rom. iii. 10. 19. 23.

Observing that this was the condition of his new acquaintance, the excellent servant of Christ already mentioned, beheld him with tender compassion. Full well he knew the words of Jesus: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John iii. 36. He saw, therefore, the judgments of the Almighty gathering over him, like the thunder clouds of the firmament, ready to involve him in eternal ruin. For "the wages of sin is death," not merely the death of the body, but the death of the soul; not, indeed, the end of its being, but the everlasting forfeiture of its well-being—the loss of peace, and hope, and happiness, for ever! No wonder, then, that a heart so benevolent as Mr. Simeon's was drawn towards this young man, and that he earnestly desired to lead him to the all-sufficient and only Saviour.

One day, he was riding a few yards in advance of a party, of which Konig was one. The latter seeing Mr. Simeon alone, joined him, and observing his lips in motion, though he was not engaged in conversation, inquired, with his usual simplicity, what he was saying. Mr. Simeon replied, "I was praying for my young friend." And was not this an invaluable service? "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Prayer moves the hand that moves the world. Eternity alone can reveal the greatness of our obligations to the prayers of the pious. The conversion of many a soul will then be traced, instrumentally, to the petition of some godly man, some godly woman, who, in the exercise of devout supplication, had power with God.

The words of Mr. Simeon made a deep impression on the interesting youth, who felt that he had found one tenderly concerned for his real welfare. But, let it be remembered, that no one was ever converted by the grace of God, who trusted to the petitions of others, and

did not give himself to prayer; as certainly as it was said of Saul of Tarsus, "Behold, he prayeth," will this declaration be true of every one who experiences the renewing of the Holy Spirit. He who does not breathe is without life; he who does not pray, though hundreds or thousands were to pray for him, is still "dead in trespasses and sins." For this exercise, however, the mind of Konig had been prepared by the following occurrence.

The party in which he and Mr. Simeon now were, were making the tour of the Isle of Wight, and on arriving at an inn, Konig and another gentleman were obliged to occupy a double-bedded room. His companion, before retiring to rest, knelt down by his bedside to prayer.* Here, as it afterwards appeared, was a new sight to the young Hollander, and powerfully did it affect his heart. He had long been unhappy, from a sense of the vanity of earthly things, though he had much of this world's good, but he knew not the way of peace. "But now," he said to himself, as he stated at a future time, "how happy is that man! what would I give, to feel myself in the hands of an almighty Guide and Protector, as he surely does!" Nor did he stop here, ending, as many do, with wishing for what is good, in the very spirit of Balaam, who exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" and who died fighting against the armies of Israel and of God; for he fell on his knees, which he had not done before in private for years, and the very next morning he unbosomed himself to his companion.

Thus remarkably prepared for Mr. Simeon's reply to his question, "I was praying for my young friend," he encouraged the remarks of that devoted man, who resolved to do all in his power to train him for happiness and usefulness. After sojourning for some weeks in the island, he invited Konig to take up his residence at Cambridge; and there for months did he spend no small portion of his time, in cultivating the mind of this young foreigner, and storing it with not merely human knowledge, but Divine truth. It is easy to conceive of the themes on which they would often dwell: the greatness of that love which compassionated our ruined race, and sent forth, to accomplish the work of redemption, the only begotten and well-beloved Son of the Father—the preciousness of that Saviour, who, "being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"—the simplicity of the means of interest in Christ's mediation, in the exercise of faith, the embracing of the gospel, the belief of the record which God has given concerning his Son; the results of faith in the renovation of the soul, so that it may be made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light"—and the glories of that world from which sin is for ever shut out, and where surrounded by angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, the believer shall behold God face to face. Unspeakably delightful are such themes to those who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious;" happy, thrice happy, are the hours occupied with such meditations!

The progress of Konig in spiritual discernment and devout feeling was such as amply to repay his kind and generous teacher. So rapid, indeed, was his advancement, as soon to put to shame some who had contributed to the happy result, and his life proved the reality and growth of his piety. "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world," James i. 27. And during a tour through England and Scotland, which he afterwards made, not satisfied with seeing and reporting upon the ordinary objects of interest to a traveller, and of which he was a diligent observer, he explored as he went, the abodes of misery, the infirmaries and the cottages of lonely poverty, ministering not only of his property to the

* This circumstance recalls another to the mind of the writer. Several years ago, two young men, of whom one only had a sense of the importance of religion, were unexpectedly placed in a similar situation. Some temptation arose in the mind of the latter, to abstain from, or conceal, so far as possible, his devotional exercises. But the remonstrances of conscience prevailed. He experienced, in consequence, the advantage accruing from a discharge of incumbent and solemn duty, and moreover, the satisfaction of observing, that his companion, who had gone at once into bed on the first night they were together, regularly kneeled down by the bedside, during the remaining days of their intercourse. Such is the power of example. There is reason to believe that there was hope in the death, some years after, of this individual; he may have owed much, instrumentally, to the impressions of the evening referred to.

relief of the necessitous, but, at the same time, spiritual instruction and consolation. The remembrance of that youth, graceful in person, and with a countenance beaming with benignity, is even now filled with every thing lovely and of good report. As a disciple of Christ, he drank into the spirit of his Master and his Lord, who was "holy," and "went about doing good."

Meanwhile he was ripening for removal to a better world. On returning to Holland, he witnessed a good confession in his native city. Attacked by consumption, the report of his behaviour excited considerable interest and surprise in Amsterdam, where his family was well known. Many seemed to say, "What new thing is this?" And he died in the peace and joy of the gospel, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Well, therefore, might it be said of Mr. Simeon, as it was in reference to the conversion of the Ethiopian, Acts viii. 26, "He who sent Philip to a desert place, did not send him there for nought; but raised a fair and fragrant flower, which, having bloomed for its appointed time on earth in the beauty of holiness, now displays its colours, and diffuses its odours in the paradise of God."

Reader, are you a disciple of Jesus? If not, lay the solemn truths brought before you in this narrative, seriously to heart. May the Spirit of the living God impress them on the fleshly tables of the inner man, that so they may never be effaced. The voice of Jehovah now charges you to believe, to repent, to pray, lest you should become more insensible, more negligent of your soul, or lest death should come soon and suddenly upon you, and you should sink into perdition for ever! "See," then, "that ye refuse not him that speaketh." If you are a true disciple of Christ, you will acknowledge, that in this narrative there is much to excite humility, to awaken gratitude, and to urge you to watchfulness, effort, and prayer.

W.

HIGHLAND PSALMODY.

It is a singular fact, that although the New Testament was translated into the Irish so far back as the year 1612, and the Old Testament in 1682, a metrical version of the psalms has never yet been prepared for the people; while, on the other hand, the Highlanders of Scotland, speaking the Gaelic, have had a metrical version for one hundred and eighteen years before the New Testament was prepared for them in their own dialect, and one hundred and forty-three before they were in possession of the Gaelic Bible entire. The contrast is here very singular: the friends of the Scotch Gael showed themselves possessed of much wisdom in availing themselves of the advantage arising from the enthusiastic attachment of that romantic people for poetry and tender melody. Soon after the psalms were prepared for them, teachers of sacred music were sent forth over all the country to instruct the people in singing the psalms. The effect was most rapid and extraordinary. The Highlanders became enthusiastic in their love of Gaelic psalmody. The hymns of the Druids, venerated for ages, and the wild legends of fairies and mountain spirits, yielded to the songs of Zion: the holy effusions of the contrite and chastened David supplanted the *coronach* for the dead, and the wail for the dying. The high enthusiasm of the people was not destroyed, but it received a new and holy direction. Indeed, it forms a new era in the history of our country; when those songs, "which were first sung on Salem's towers," were heard from our glens and aisles; when the plaintive lay of Martyrs, so justly dear to every Scottish heart, the "warbling measure" of sweet Dundee and of noble Elgin became mountain melodies. These were days of marked revival. I have heard aged men declare that from the fleet of fishing boats along the coast of Cantyre and Arran, amounting at times to several hundreds, might be heard in the breeze of the evening, not the warlike music of the bagpipe, which referring to feuds of clans and scenes of strife, often engendered bitter and angry feeling, but one rapturous burst of sacred melody, and of a solemn pause, coming afresh again in full harmonious swell. Mighty was the effect of this in producing social order, honesty, and Christian kindness. I cannot withhold from you one anecdote which I lately heard with much delight. A mournful band of poor emigrants were expatriated their native valley a few years ago in the north of Scotland; forced to leave the glen where their

clan of people had resided for many generations, and to seek a home in the dark and distant woods of America. In the melancholy progress towards the sea shore, they came to the parish church, where they were wont to worship God, and near to which the remains of their fathers were deposited: they entered the sacred enclosure, stood on the tombs of their relatives, "returned and wept, and still returned to weep." A good old patriarch addressed a few words of comfort to them; he took out the Gaelic psalm book from his pocket, "Let us sing," said he, "the forty-sixth psalm," a prayer was offered up to the God of their fathers, and their souls were refreshed; they proceeded without a murmur or complaint, without one expression of resentment or vengeance against the unfeeling chieftain. There is a magic spell in the true simplicity of sacred melody and sacred poetry which cannot fail to enchant and command the heart.—*Extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, of Campsie, Scotland, to an Irish clergyman.*

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. IV.

SEVENTH CLASS. HEPTANDRIA.

The note of the cuckoo announces the progress of the season of spring. As the young year advances, the sunbeam has more power. The chorus of birds grows louder, insects are multiplied, and the green herbage is abundantly increased. The showers of April, and the sunbeams that so frequently attend them, seem to call into existence unnumbered buds and flowers, and a visible outpouring of happy emotions, from animated nature, declares the goodness of God. And shall man alone be unmoved, while creatures, proverbially "dumb," "break forth into singing," and the trees of the field "clap their hands?" Oh, rather let him be renewed in his spirit, to acknowledge, with unwonted thankfulness, his countless mercies. Son of man, rejoice in the new-born spring!

> The trees in beauty, that around thee rise!
> The blooming flowerets of ten thousand dyes!
> The sun, the moon, all glorious as they be,
> And all the stars of heaven are made for thee.

In the seventh class, *Heptandria*, are arranged plants, with seven stamens, as the term *Heptandria* implies. It is divided into four orders. 1. *Monagynia*, with one pistil, as the horse chestnut. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as African limeum. 3. *Tetragynia*, with four pistils, as lizard's tails. 4. *Heptagynia*, with seven pistils, as septas.

The winter green, (*Trientalis Europæa*,) illustrative of the first order of this class, may be found in dry turfy woods and heaths, chiefly in Scotland and the north of England, being confined chiefly to northern localities, though it will grow well, when cultivated, in gardens round the metropolis. Linnæus found it in the Alpine district of Lulean Lapland, and was fond of the plant, probably, because it helped to fill up this small seventh class, and to complete the uniformity of his system. The calyx is seven leaved, the corolla has seven segments, regular, flat, and whitish rose coloured.

The horse chestnut (*Æsculus hippocastanum*) furnishes a much more common illustration of this order. It is an ornamental flowering tree, a native of Asia, grows from forty to one hundred feet high, blowing from April till May, with a reddish white blossom, in a large thyrsus-like spike; the calyx, with one bulging leaf; the corolla, with five unequal petals, downy upon the surface, and plunged in the calyx; the capsule has three cells, with large chestnut-like seeds; the leaves have seven finger-shaped divisions. The leaves, when first developed, are singularly interesting and beautiful, being very large, and of a fine green colour. When enfolded in the bud, they are covered with a sort of down, which falls off as they expand, sooner or later, according to the dryness or moisture of the season. The growth, both of the tree and of the leaves, is very rapid, both shoots and leaves having their growth sometimes perfected in three weeks from the time of foliation. The flowers appear a short time after the leaves, and are white, variegated with red and yellow. The fruit ripens about the end of September, or beginning of October, and is allowed to fall from the tree; but if wanted for seed, must be soon after gathered, and either sown, or mixed with earth, because, as M. Baudrillart remarks, if it be exposed to the atmosphere, it will lose the power of germinating in a month.

The buds of the horse chestnut are covered with a gummy substance, which protects the interior from wet; and we cannot have a better illustration of the

care taken by Providence of the buds of plants. On detaching a bud, during the winter season, it will be found to be about the size of a garden pea; and after the external covering has been removed, a great number of scales appear; as many as seventeen have been counted. On taking off the scales and the down, which form the internal covering of the bud, the young branch leaves surrounding a spike of flowers, will be brought to view, so distinct, that with the aid of a microscope, they may not only be counted, but their stamens and pistils, and even the pollen in the anthers. The student may thus, by dissecting the buds of the horse chestnut, procure illustrations for study, even in the winter season. It is necessary to remark, however, that the operation requires the utmost delicacy and care.

The finest avenue of horse chestnut trees, in England, is at Bushy Park; and little inferior, is one from the city of Bonh to the Chateau of Poppelsdorf, on the Rhine. Individual trees, when old, sometimes attain a magnificent magnitude, of which there is a fine example just beyond the fifth milestone from London, on the Maidstone road, close by the Roebuck inn. Part of the root of this tree has arched itself over a small stream of water, by the side of the footpath, forming a natural bridge.

The African linneum, (*L. Africanum*,) the only example of the second order of this class, is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, half a foot high, blowing in June and July, with white flowers, and oblong stalked leaves. The calyx is five leaved; the petals five, and equal; the capsule globose and two celled.

In the third order, we have the lizard's tail, (*Saururus*,) of which there are three species, the drooping, (*S. cernuus*,) from Virginia, being, perhaps, the best known. It is a trailing perennial, seldom rising more than two feet high, and blows in July; but does not ripen seed in this climate. The flower is without petals; the leaves are heart shaped.

The various species of septas are in the fourth order, of which the Cape one (*S. corpensis*) is a very pretty small plant, about nine inches high, flowering in August and September, with a fine umbel of red and white flowers. The leaves are connate, arenated, and roundish. The stem is nearly naked. According to Linnæus, it is remarkable for the number seven, having the calyx in seven deep segments, seven petals, seven capsules, and seven germens. There are two other species, both natives of the Cape of Good Hope.

THE EIGHTH CLASS. OCTANDRIA.

The plants arranged in this class are furnished with "eight stamens," as the term *Octandria* implies. It is divided into four orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as heath and Indian cress. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as galenia. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as buckwheat and bistart. 4. *Tetragynia*, with four pistils, as waterwort and gloryless.

In the first order, are placed some of our prettiest plants, both such as are natives of this country, and such as have been introduced and become favourites in our gardens. Among wild plants, we find the heath, the willow herb, tree primrose, whortleberry, and maple. Among the garden plants, the foreign heaths, the fuchsias, balm of Gilead, and Indian cress, or nasturtium; so that the student may find illustrations for study, in most of the months of the year, with the exception of two or three of the winter months; and even then, some of the heaths are in flower, either out of doors, or in the greenhouse.

Besides the common heath, (*Erica vulgaris*,) whose flowers are not very conspicuous, the grey heath (*E. cinerea*) is by no means rare in most parts of the three kingdoms, growing on the hedges of woods, and rising about one foot high. It blows from July till September, with a drooping spike of fine purple flowers; calyx with four leaves; corolla with four persistent divisions. The anthers are crested; the capsule membranous with four or eight cells. The leaves are placed three in a whirl round the stem. It is a very showy plant, and as it will bear cutting and trimming, it would form a good substitute for box, in the edging of garden borders. Another very beautiful native heath is the cross-leaved one, (*E. Tetralix*,) easily distinguished from the others by its flowers growing in clusters at the end of the stem; and by its leaves, which grow in fours, and form a sort of cross around the stem. They are margined with stiff hairs, each bearing a small globule at the extremity. By far the greater number of heaths are natives of the Cape of Good Hope; and not one has been hitherto found, so far as the writer knows, in either Asia or

America, or any where between the tropics. The nurserymen and amateurs in this country have very greatly multiplied the varieties, by the process of crossing.

The heath flower appears naturally associated with wild and solitary places, with moors and mountains, and Scottish scenery. Glens, freebooters, and blackmail rise in the romantic mind, at the sight of the flower. To some it may speak of quiet scenes alone,

> But it breathes of other things to me,
> Of mountain air, and liberty.
> Of tower, and tree by lightning riven,
> The storm, and the warring wind of heaven;
> Of mossy cairn, and cromlech gray,
> And madd'ning sounds of feud and fray;
> Of stern contention; hope forlorn;
> And banner rent, and tartan torn.

The whortle berry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*) is a very pretty wild plant, not uncommon in woods, heaths, and commons; and well known for producing a purplish berry, about the size of a currant, very pleasant as a fruit, though it is no where, so far as the writer knows, cultivated for that purpose; but great quantities of the fruit are brought to market, both here and on the continent, gathered by peasants from the wild plants. They are even made an article of commerce at Hamburgh, for the purpose of colouring wine. The blossom is not unlike that of the heaths; and the plant itself somewhat resembles the small-leaved myrtle.

The evening, or tree primrose, (*Œnothera biennis*,) though a native of North America, has become naturalized in this country, and is not uncommon in old neglected gardens, and on rubbish heaps, blowing from June throughout the summer; being, for the most part, biennial, but not unfrequently annual in its flowering. The blossom is yellow; the calyx tube like, with four divisions; the petals four, plunged in the calyx; the capsule with four valves; and four cells containing numerous naked seeds, fixed to a four-cornered central column.

The balm of Gilead (*Amyris Gileadensis*) is a common enough plant, kept in window pots. It would seem that the estimation of this plant was of the highest antiquity, balm and myrrh having been carried by the Ishmaelites to Egypt, Gen. xxxvii. 25; and the prophet Jeremiah, Jer. viii. 22, alludes to its medicinal virtues in the passage, "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Among the eastern nations, it is still in the highest repute for its medicinal properties, though, in Europe, it is not deemed of great virtue.

The leaves are small, commonly consisting of one pair of leaflets, with an additional one at the top, and of a bright green colour. Among the ancients, Strabo says, "Near this [Arabia] is the most happy land of the Sabeans, and they are a very great people. Among these frankincense, myrrh, and cinnamon grow; and on the coast, about Saba, the balm also." Its native country is among the myrrh trees, behind Azab along the coast of the Straits of Babelmandel. Josephus tells us, (Antiq. v.) that a plant of this balm was brought to Jerusalem by the queen of Sheba, and given, among other presents, to Solomon, who was curious in the knowledge of plants.

The Indian cress, or nasturtium, (*Tropœolum majus*,) is a tender annual from Peru, growing six feet high, and blowing from June till killed by the frost. The blossom is large, and varies in colour, from pale yellow to deep purplish brown. The calyx consists of one leaf, with five spurred divisions; the corolla has five petals, unequal and blunt; the fruit is a drupe, leathery and furrowed, containing one roundish seed. The leaves are target shaped and spreading, on very long leaf stalks, which support the plant by twining around the shrubs where it grows. The dark varieties, produced by accident, have been introduced only a few years, and are now great favourites. The small species (*T. minor*) does not rise above a foot or two in height; but the tall sort may be dwarfed by pinching off the ends of the shoots, or by planting it in a garden pot to confine the roots.

Another genus of plants, ranked in this order, is the fuchsia, named in honour of Leonard Fuchs, a celebrated German botanist, who was knighted by the emperor Charles v., and published a history of plants, at Basle, in 1542, with five hundred and sixteen engravings in wood. The calyx, of all the species, is of one leaf, and may readily be mistaken by a young botanist, for the corolla or blossom, being of a fine scarlet colour, while the corolla is smaller, being contained within the scarlet calyx, and of a blue or purple colour, consisting of four small petals. The seed vessel has four cells, and many seeds. The fuchsias are natives of South America, particularly

Chili and Brazil, and are great favourites in pots, since they were introduced in 1788, by Messrs. Lee and Kennedy, who introduced the scarlet one, (*F. coccinea.*) There are now many hybrid varieties obtained by crossing, and every year increasing by the activity of nurserymen and amateurs. They require to be kept well watered, or they will readily lose their leaves, and the blossom buds will drop off, without expanding.

The upright galenia (*G. Africana*) belongs to the second order of this class. It has a four-cleft calyx, no corolla, and the capsule roundish, containing two seeds. The stem is erect and shrubby; the leaves fleshy and line like. The plant was named by Linnæus to commemorate the celebrated physician Galen, who flourished in the second century of the Christian era. It is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, and flowers here from June till August.

As illustrating the third order, we have the numerous species of *polygonum*, some one of which may be found, as weeds, in almost every field and garden. The birds' weed (*Polygonum aviculare*) is, perhaps, the most common of all these, growing every where in the three kingdoms, by waysides and waste ground, with long trailing branches, lying so close together, as to give the whole the appearance of a short turfy sward. The capsule is three angled, of a pink colour; the seed is brown, and much sought after by small birds, whence the name is derived. In gardens, it becomes a troublesome weed, as, like most of the species, the seeds are produced in great abundance.

It is often the case, that we pass by common hedges and ditches without affording even a passing glance at the varied shrubs, plants, flowers, and grasses which individually might challenge our admiration. With an unsparing hand has the bounteous Author of creation scattered, in solitary places, plants of the most exquisite formation. Were our garden flowers unknown, the wild flowers of the field would be collected with care, and gazed on with delight; but thus it is with the common gifts of our heavenly Father. The very reason for which we should prize them higher, leads us to estimate them lower. O Father of mercies, make us more sensible than we are of thy favours;

And teach us, while we gaze around,
Thy goodness to adore;
And as thy blessings more abound,
To praise thee more and more.

Another very abundant species is the climbing buckwheat, (*P. convolvulus,*) called also black-bind-weed, and wintle-weed, a very troublesome weed in corn fields and gardens, seeding profusely, and, from twining around the plants where it springs up, it choaks and injures them. The seed vessel is similar to the last, but the seeds are greatly larger in size, and might, probably, be cultivated with advantage, as good for poultry, or even for bread, being wholesome and nutritive.

The common buckwheat, (*P. fagopyrum*) is sown in small quantities, in some places, by farmers, though the cultivation of it appears to be on the decline, as the produce is more uncertain, while it is decidedly inferior in qualities to every sort of corn. The seed vessel, like the two preceding, is triangular, and the ripe seeds are of the same form, and of a dark brown colour, and shining lustre. All sorts of seed birds and poultry are fond of them.

Bistort (*P. bistorta*) is a medicinal plant of the same genus, which grows in small patches, in sandy fields, near rivers, in various parts of the country. It flowers in May and June, with a pale rose-red blossom, in a short close spike at the top of a tall stem. The corolla is five parted; the capsule, or seed organ, is triangular and red, containing an angular shining brown seed. The root is woody and tortûous, and is considered to be a good astringent in diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera; but it is not much used in modern medicinal practice.

In gardens, a very common species of this genus is sown as an annual, and is known under the name of persicaria, (*P. orientale,*) though the proper plant of this name is a common weed in gardens and rubbish, popularly termed bird pepper, or arsmart, (*P. persicaria.*) The garden annual is from the East Indies, though it is by no means tender, and will, like the other species, continue to sow itself for years, successively, in the same garden. It is very similar in appearance to the bird pepper, but has a much finer scarlet colour; while the flower spikes droop in an elegant manner on the ends of the branches of the tall stem. There is also a dwarf variety of this tall sort, cultivated in gardens. The seeds are angular, like the preceding, and ripen in autumn.

J. R.

View of the Land Slip, near Lyme, Devon.

LAND SLIP, NEAR LYME.

A GREAT portion of the coast between Lyme and Axmouth consists of under-cliff, evidently arising from large masses of the rocks being detached, and falling or slipping towards the sea, and thus forming the beautiful and wild scenery, for which this part of Devon is noted. Occasionally, the rocks stand boldly up to the beach, and this is the case where the greater part of the convulsion now appears; the great chasm having been formed directly through a mass of rock, projecting to the sea, leaving the ridges on the right and left still standing, almost perpendicularly. This disturbance consequently differs from the previous ones, in its being a direct sinking downwards of the part affected, and not a slip or slide of one rock along the sloping side of another, nor a fall of detached portions to the under-cliff below, except in some parts at the extremities of the chasm.

The first unusual appearances preceding the event, were observed in the sea, which, during the greater part of December, 1839, was agitated in the neighbourhood, by remarkable land swells, without the wind commonly producing them.

On December 24, 1839, before daylight, the inhabitants of Dowlands farm-house, situated about half a mile from the present chasm, were awoke by a loud crashing noise, and a sense of the house shaking beneath them; the motion, however, was not sufficiently great to produce any apparent crack in the walls. As the day advanced, the tenant of a cottage on the under-cliff, about a quarter of a mile east from the present chasm, observed a crack quite across the lime ash floor; and this continued to widen through the day, without however producing any alarm. In the evening, the men connected with this and a neighbouring cottage, went to the Dowlands farm-house, to hold their accustomed feast on Christmas-eve; they returned about midnight, and noticed the crack in the floor to be wider, but went to bed without fear.

On December 25, the tenants of the cottages were awoke by loud noises, and found the walls splitting; they had only just time to get out, when the roof of the one first affected came to the ground, and many small rents were visible around. About ten at night, the preventive coast guardmen found the beach to be rising, and the rocks adjoining to be cracking in every direction. Sparks like those of flints when struck by steel, arose from the sea, and there was a strong smell of sulphur. On one of them attempting to pass by the usual path from the under-cliff across the rocks projecting to the

beach, he fell into a rent to the middle; and then, with the other stationed below, he fled from the spot to the station near Axmouth. From thence they returned, at daylight of the 26th, with others, and found the whole beach changed, together with the under-cliff, east and west of it, and a large reef raised in the sea.

The following day, the inhabitants of Dowlands and Bindon farms came in great alarm to the cultivated cliff, and found that the eastern end of the part projecting to the sea, together with the under-cliff adjoining it on the east, and the beach adjoining it on the west, were all in agitation; they were sinking and rending in all directions. There were noises like the screams of many children at once, or like linen when torn across, with rumbling and grinding of a low and mournful kind. About seven or eight o'clock, they saw the great mass, now forming the bottom of the chasm, begin to sink, not suddenly, nor all at once, but piece by piece, proceeding, however, in succession towards the west. Sometimes a mass would stay a few minutes, then sink again; and thus it continued through the day, till the remarkable scene appeared, which the engraving exhibits. The chasm is about a mile long, two hundred yards wide, and two hundred and forty feet deep, at the greatest depression. The hollow space is filled up with terraces, confused heaps, pinnacles and splinters, blocks and mounds, in such variety of form and hue as cannot be conceived. The cliff left standing between the chasm and the sea, is torn, shivered, partly raised and partly sunk; terraces are formed on its top, and the whole is a blending of the sublime, the terrible, and the beautiful.

On examining the sea, near the ridge raised there, about parallel to the chasm, though half a mile from it, the bottom is found to be altered considerably. The reporter says, that to a great distance, there are now eight and nine fathoms of water, where formerly there were only two or three; and, instead of a foul bottom of sharp rocks, there is now a firm, hard sand: so that he thinks the convulsion has extended far into this part of the channel, if it did not originate there. The banks along the cliffs extend full four miles. A pond of fresh water on the beach bubbled violently, for some days after the event, but was as cold as before.

There has since been a slip at Whetlands, about two miles to the east, but on a much smaller scale: there is, however, a ridge also raised there, in the sea. Of the cause of these disturbances, we think there is at present too little evidence to form a decided opinion. Some eminent geologists refer it to the action of water; others imagine there was a cavity, into which the depressed part has sunk; and others incline to the idea of galvanic operations originating in the sea, producing something resembling earthquake: but the first opinion is the one generally preferred.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

PART IV.

GARNET DISCOVERED AND EXECUTED.

Fawkes was repeatedly examined, in order to draw from him the names of his accomplices. At first, he stoutly refused to implicate any one. According to the cruel practice of the times, he was tortured. The effects of the torture may be seen by comparing his signature to two examinations, one taken before, and the other after, its infliction. The first is written with a firm hand; but, in the second instance, he was evidently unable to hold his pen, and the signature is therefore incomplete.

Four days after his apprehension, he made a general confession of the whole plot. The other conspirators soon followed his example. Their trials took place on Monday, January 27, 1606, when they were all found guilty, (seven of them by the verdict of the jury, and sir Everard Digby by his own confession,) and received sentence of death. They were executed the same week: Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates, on Thursday, at the West end of St. Paul's churchyard; and Thomas Winter, Rookwood, Keyes, and Fawkes, on Friday, opposite the Parliament House. It is not necessary to describe the manner in which traitors were put to death in that age. Suffice it to say, that they were hanged, disembowelled, and quartered, and their heads and mangled limbs exposed in public places; a horrid and revolting spectacle. Several others suffered death in the country, of whom no record has been kept.

Father Gerard, who had administered the sacrament to the conspirators, escaped to the continent. Greenway followed him. But Garnet was not so fortunate.

He had taken refuge at Hendlip hall, near Worcester, the seat of Mr. Abington, a zealous Papist, who had caused a number of hiding places to be constructed on the premises, for the purpose of concealing Popish priests, who might be visiting him.

The house was still standing at the commencement of the present century, and was thus described a few years ago: "There is scarcely an apartment that has not secret ways of coming in or going out: some have back staircases concealed in the walls; others have places of retreat in their chimneys; some have trap doors; and all present a picture of gloom, insecurity, and suspicion."* Its situation, too, was very favourable for purposes of concealment. Built on high ground, with an uninterrupted prospect on all sides, it afforded means of observing, in the distance, all unwelcome visitors. Here Garnet remained several weeks, solacing himself in the company of Anne Vaux. But in the month of January, information was received that some Jesuits were probably concealed at Hendlip, and sir Henry Bromley, of Holt castle, a neighbouring magistrate, was commissioned to search the house. On his approach, Garnet and Oldcorne (the latter was Mr. Abington's domestic priest) withdrew into one of the hiding places, and their servants, Owen and Chambers, into another.

The house was immediately surrounded with men, and all the approaches to it closely watched and guarded. Every room in the building was carefully and repeatedly examined; but no discovery was made, so ingeniously had the means of access to the secret apartments been concealed. At length, on the fourth day, the servants were compelled, by cold and hunger, to leave their hiding place. They declared, that during their confinement, they had eaten but an apple between them. Still their masters were safe, though their situation was far from comfortable. "After we had been in the hole," said Garnet, in a letter written in the Tower, and addressed to Anne Vaux, "seven days and seven nights, and some odd hours, every man may well think we were well wearied; and indeed so it was, for we continually sat, save that sometimes we could half stretch ourselves, the place not being high enough; and we had our legs so straitened, that we could not, sitting, find place for them, so that we were in continual pain of our legs; and both our legs, especially mine, were much swollen." After the surrender of the servants, the search was resumed with activity and success. Several secret chambers were discovered; and on the eighth day, January 27, an opening was found into the cell in which Garnet and Oldcorne were concealed. Notwithstanding the uneasiness of their position, they had been "very merry and content" in it; for their friends had contrived to take care of them, and to supply them abundantly with nourishment. "Marmalade and other sweetmeats were found lying by them; but their better maintenance had been by a quill or reed, through a little hole in a chimney that backed another chimney into a gentlewoman's chamber; and by that passage, caudle, broths, and warm drinks, had been conveyed to them."† They were conveyed to London, and committed to the Tower.

During the frequent examinations to which Garnet was subjected before his trial, he resolutely denied, at first, all knowledge of the plot. He acknowledged the reception of the letter from Digby, informing him of its failure; but would have it believed that, till then, he had been wholly ignorant of the enterprise. A scheme was then hit upon, by means of which an amount of self-accusing information was drawn from him, and used afterwards with fatal effect. He and Oldcorne were confined in cells adjoining each other. They were both informed, by the lieutenant of the Tower, whose affected kindness had won their confidence, that by opening a concealed door they might see and converse with each other. Strange to tell, they fell into the snare. Persons were placed in a situation where they could overhear what passed between them; and from their notes of the conversation, a clue was obtained to sundry important facts, evidently criminating Garnet. In short, he felt obliged, at last, to confess his guilty acquaintance with the plot. But before he was brought to this, he had repeatedly denied having had "any speech or conference" with Oldcorne, reiterating his denial "with so many detestable execrations, as it wounded the hearts of the lords to hear him." He justified this afterwards, by saying that his protestations were "made with equivocation;" as though a purpose to

* Beauties of England, vol. xv. part i. p. 184.

† Jardine, p. 203.

deceive did not constitute the very essence of falsehood!

His trial took place March 20, 1606, and lasted from eight in the morning till seven in the evening. It excited unusual interest. The king and queen were privately present, with a large assemblage of courtiers, several of the foreign ambassadors, then in England, and an immense concourse of people. He was found guilty, and sentenced to the usual punishment of traitors. Oldcorne and some others were tried in Worcestershire, with similar results.

Garnet was not executed till five weeks after his trial. In the interval, he was very frequently examined. The object of these examinations was partly to obtain fuller acknowledgment of his direct participation in the plot, and partly to elicit his sentiments respecting the obligation of human laws, and equivocation, on which subject, as it has been justly remarked, "he avowed opinions as inconsistent with all good government as they were contrary to sound morality."*

This is very mildly expressed. It is scarcely possible to speak of Garnet's sentiments, and his own practical illustration of them, in terms sufficiently strong. "Concerning equivocation," he said, "this is my opinion. In moral affairs, and in the common intercourse of life, when the truth is asked amongst friends, it is not lawful to use equivocation; for that would cause great mischief in society: wherefore, in such cases, there is no place for equivocation. But in cases where it becomes necessary to an individual for his defence, or for avoiding any injustice or loss, or for obtaining any important advantage, without danger or mischief to any other persons, then equivocation is lawful." The plain English of this is, That it is lawful to lie, if any thing is to be gained by lying. This was written March 20, before his trial. On April 28, only five days before his death, we find him asserting, "that in all cases where simple equivocation was allowable, it was lawful, if necessary, to confirm it by an oath, or by any other usual way, though it were by receiving the sacrament, if just necessity so require." These sentiments "were not entertained by him merely as abstract and speculative doctrines; for he had practically adopted them in the whole course of his conduct during the examination. He had denied all knowledge of the plot, until betrayed by the conferences with Oldcorne; and he denied those conferences, until he plainly perceived that he only injured himself by so doing; and when afterwards abashed and confounded at the clear discovery of his falsehood, he admitted, to the Lords, that 'he had sinned, unless equivocation could save him.' From the beginning to the end of the inquiry, he had acted in strict consistency with the principles he now acknowledged, never confessing any fact until it was proved against him, and never hesitating to declare palpable falsehoods respecting matters which tended to inculpate himself, and to affirm them by the most solemn oaths and protestations."† He retained his monstrous and demoralizing opinions to the last. When reminded, at the foot of the ladder, of the "strange doctrines" he had recorded in his written confessions on the subject of equivocation, he replied, "In those confessions, I have stated my real opinions, and to them I refer you."

Garnet's execution took place May 3, 1606, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Strong efforts were made, by the Recorder of London, and the deans of Winchester and St. Paul's, who were directed, by the king, to be present on the occasion, to draw from him a thorough confession of his guilt. But he still equivocated and lied, though the dreadful instruments of death were before him. It was proved, by his own acknowledgments, "that Greenway had confessed the matter to him, not as a sin, but for the sake of advice; that Catesby and Greenway had come together to him, to obtain his advice; that Greenway, long afterwards, had a conference with him in Essex, concerning the particulars of the plot; and that Greenway, being asked by him, who should be the Protector after the crime was committed, answered, that this matter was deferred till after the plot should have taken effect."‡ And yet, when he was urged, by the dean of Winchester, to make a full confession, he boldly asserted, that he "never understood any thing of the design of blowing up the Parliament House." "Nay," replied the dean, "it is manifest that all the particulars were known to you; and you have declared, under your own hand, that Greenway told you all the circumstances in Essex." "That," said Garnet, "was in secret confession, which I

* Jardine, p. 315.

† Jardine, p. 318. ‡ Jardine, p. 340.

could by no means reveal." But this was utterly false; and to prove it, the Recorder produced his own confessions, and was about to read them, when Garnet said, "that he might spare himself that trouble; that he readily acknowledged whatever he had signed with his hand to be true; and that inasmuch as he had not declared the knowledge of the plot, which had been generally imparted to him, he owned himself to be justly condemned, and asked pardon of the king."

The closing scene is thus described: "He then ascended the ladder, and when he had entirely undressed himself, he requested the executioner to give him notice before he threw him off. He then addressed the people in the following words: 'I commend myself to all good Catholics. I am grieved that I have offended the king by not revealing the design entertained against him; and that I did not use more diligence in preventing the execution of the plot. Moreover, I pray God to bless the king's majesty, with the queen, and all their posterity, and grant him long to live and reign. I commend myself, also, to the lords of his majesty's council, and beseech them not to judge hardly of me. I am sorry that I dissembled with them, and that I did not declare the truth until it was proved against me; but I did not think they had such sure proofs against me, till they showed them to me. As soon as I perceived this, I thought it most becoming to confess, although, before, it would have been unlawful for me to have accused myself. As to my brother Greenway, I wish the truth respecting him were known. I would never have charged him, if I had not believed him to be beyond sea. But it seemed right to me to confess the truth, which I wish he had done also, that false rumours might not make both of us more criminal than we really were. I beseech all men, that Catholics may not fare the worse for my sake; and I exhort all Catholics to take care not to mix themselves with seditious or traitorous designs against the king.' Having thus spoken, he raised his hands, and made the sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast, saying, 'In nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti! Jesus, Maria! Maria, mater gratiæ! mater misericordiæ! Tu me ab hoste protege, et horâ mortis suscipe!'* Then he said, 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum; quia tu redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis!'† Then again crossing himself, he said, 'Per crucis hoc signum fugiat procul omne malignum! Infige crucem tuam, Domine, in corde meo.'‡ And again, 'Jesus, Maria! Maria, mater gratiæ,' etc.§ In the midst of these prayers, the ladder was drawn away, and, by the express command of the king, he remained hanging from the gallows, until he was quite dead. All that he said, from first to last, was spoken in a hurried, timid, and disturbed manner; not using any clear and steady course of prayer; not confessing his unworthiness, and praying for forgiveness, nor professing his faith in Christ. His mind appeared to suggest nothing to him which could enable him to address himself to God with comfort, or rely with satisfaction upon his Redeemer. Confiding wholly in his superstitious usages, he seemed to have no prayers to use besides those forms which daily repetition had impressed upon his memory."‖

So died Henry Garnet, superior of the Jesuits in England. Such a death is inexpressibly awful. Of Garnet's guilt no reasonable doubt can be entertained. He was a convicted traitor, and justly suffered the penalty of his crime. For months before the time appointed for the dreadful blow, he knew that it was intended, and was frequently consulted respecting it. Yet he solemnly denies all knowledge of the conspiracy. When proof is brought against him, he confesses. He subsequently enlarges his confession. Then he contradicts it. He asserts—retracts—swears—denies. When can we believe him? With the rope round his neck, he avows his sorrow for having dissembled; but, for any thing we can tell, he was equivocating even then, for lying words had but just before issued from his lips. "Your apologies, your palliations for Garnet," says Mr. Townsend, addressing the late Charles Butler, "are made in vain. He died with a lie in his mouth. He died asserting a falsehood. He died the traitor to his king, the foe to his country, the hater of its laws, the friend of its

* "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost! Jesus, Mary! Mary, mother of grace! mother of mercy! Protect thou me from the enemy, and receive me in the hour of death!"

† "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!"

‡ "By this sign of the cross may every evil thing flee away! Fix thy cross, O Lord, in my heart!"

§ "Jesus, Mary! Mary, mother of grace," etc.

‖ Jardine, p. 343.

enemies. He died peacefully and piously, supporting the legends of his church with his last breath; and gaining strength from the superstition which venerated the wood of the cross, instead of the Holy One who bled upon it. He died not the death of a hypocrite; for his falsehood was justified by his faith, and he might have believed it to be sanctioned by his church. By wickedness, he would have served God; by equivocation, he would have supported religion. He died a martyr, a liar, and a traitor."*

Although Garnet has not been regularly canonized, he, as well as other priests, who suffered death for treason during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, are commonly considered, by Romanists, as martyrs for religion; and their political innocence continues to be obstinately maintained, in defiance of the clearest proofs to the contrary.†

Shortly after Garnet's death, a ridiculous tale was invented, which requires to be noticed, as it illustrates the spirit and tendency of Popery. William Wilkinson, a young Papist, attended the execution, anxious to obtain some relic of the criminal, and expecting to "witness some immediate testimony from God, in favour of the innocence of his saint." He succeeded in procuring an ear of straw from the scaffold, stained with Garnet's blood, and took it home to his lodgings. Some days afterwards, he gave it to Mrs. Griffiths, a tailor's wife, at whose house he lodged. She put the straw in a bottle. In the month of September following, Thomas Laithwaite, a footman, who was visiting Griffiths, was shown the bottle, and discovered, as he thought, a man's head depicted on a part of the husk of the ear. It was immediately noised abroad. Crowds flocked to see Garnet's straw. The miraculous image, as it was deemed, was regarded as an undoubted proof of his innocence. A month afterwards, a greater discovery was made. Instead of one face, and that on a single husk, two faces were seen, in the centre of the ear, with rays of glory surrounding them. One of them represented Garnet, with the crown of martyrdom on his brow; and in the midst of his beard appeared a cherub.‡ But the miracle was not destined to live long. The privy council having commissioned archbishop Bancroft to inquire into it, the inquiry was instituted in the latter part of November, somewhat more than two months after the discovery of the alleged wonder. But the straw was not forthcoming. Well knowing that it would not stand the test of a searching scrutiny, the parties concerned had concealed or destroyed it. One gentleman, who had seen it, deposed "that he saw nothing in the straw but what any painter could readily have drawn there;" that "the face seemed to him to be described by a hair, or some very slender instrument; and that, upon the whole, he saw nothing whatever wonderful in the thing, except, that it was possible to draw a man's face distinctly upon so very small a space." Francis Bowen, a painter, made a drawing of the straw from recollection, and said, that "he thought that beyond all doubt a skilful artist might depict, upon a straw, a human countenance quite as artificially as that which he had seen, and more so; and therefore, that he believed it quite possible for an impostor to have fabricated this pretended miracle." As to the supposed likeness to Garnet, Griffiths the tailor said, "As far as I could discover, the face in the straw was no more like Garnet, than it was like any other man with a long beard; and truly, I think that no one can assert that the face was like Garnet, because it was so small; and if any man saith that the head was surrounded with a light, or rays, he says that which is untrue."§ The result of this inquiry put an end to the affair. It was evident enough that Wilkinson had procured the drawing to be made, and then would have passed it off for a miraculous attestation of Garnet's innocence. Many a Romish miracle stands on no better foundation. The annals of Popery are crowded with records of "lying wonders" of a similar character, as disgraceful to their inventors as they are injurious to the profession of Christianity.

* Rev. G. Townsend's "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome," p. 315.

† See Imago primi Sæculi Societatis Jesu, p. 536. Also Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," *passim*. Dr. C. says, that Garnet was "put upon the rack:" this is absolutely false. He states that Owen, Garnet's servant, "was so cruelly racked in prison, that he died soon after he was taken off the torture:" the fact was, the man committed suicide. Dr. C. says, in his preface, that "the first and most necessary quality that ought to recommend history, *is truth*." It is a great pity that he did not think of this when he wrote his "Memoirs."

‡ An engraving of the straw is given in the frontispiece to an "Apology for the Most Reverend Father Garnet," by Eudæmon-Joannes, [L'Henreux, a learned Jesuit,] published in 1610.

§ Jardine, p. 353.

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.—No. IV.
OLD GWYN.

THE death bell! that sound always so impressive, always so affecting! that sound which falls so faintly on the ear when pacing the life-crowded city; but which, in the quiet village, carries its lesson home to the heart—The tolling of the death bell arrested my attention; and with the curiosity of the true villager, whether occupied or vacant, I inquired of whose death it was the melancholy announcement? "Old Gwyn is gone," was the reply; and at first, I felt astonished, for it was only a day or two before, that I first heard of his illness. But recollecting the question, "Are we not here now, and gone in a moment?" I drew an involuntary sigh, which responded to the truth of the sentiment. But with that sorrowful general feeling was mingled one of particular respect for the deceased. No more, thought I, shall we meet in the moss-grown retreat; no more shall the half-contracted verse be cut short, no more the absorbing meditation be interrupted, by the abrupt encounter of old Gwyn. The thought was painful; for there was really something so pleasing in his manner, something so innocent and exhilarating in his conversation, that I could never once find it in my heart to quarrel with him for spoiling my song, or breaking the thread of solemn meditation.

Let me proceed to set down all of interest respecting old Gwyn which my memory supplies. Before he came into our village, which was about twenty years ago, it appears that he had been a coachman. Scorn not the hero of this humble record! How many an obscure man is more worthy of the historic page than some even of the princes of this world! Having saved a little money, and married the housekeeper in the same family in which he had lived, he quitted servitude, and came hither to live on the united earnings of his wife and himself, which were sensibly increased by the bounty of his late master. He had thus enough to render him comfortable, and was able to entertain a friend occasionally. And thus situated, he was content and grateful.

Not being an adept in making acquaintance with strangers, I, for some time, saw Gwyn march and countermarch before my study window, and passed and re-passed him in all parts of the parish, without knowing who he was, or in what way occupied. At length, from passing in silence and with merely a casual glance at each other, we approached to nearer acquaintance by nodding; from nodding, we were brought a step nearer by exchanging the usual salutation of Good morning or Good evening; then we came nearer still with cursory remarks on the weather; and, finally, meeting one day in a narrow path, we made a mutual halt, and I discovered that it was my own fault that we had not been better friends before, and that I was unacquainted with his occupation, (for occupation Gwyn still had,) and he knew that without it he must, like all other men, have been miserable. Therefore, when he threw up the reins, he did not sit in his great arm chair twirling his thumbs, nor did he devote the day to dreams of his ancient charioteership. No, he became a pedestrian; not, however, an idle stroller, who with vacant stare looks on the broad expanse of blue sky and beautiful green earth, as if it were still a mighty chaos; and who, when he returns, can render no account of his wanderings—can scarce tell if the sun itself illumined his path! It was otherwise with Gwyn. If he had been overtaken in a shower, he could tell you what part of the heavens it came from; what time it appeared on the horizon; how long it was in travelling from thence to the nadir; when the first drop fell; when the last, and in what direction it was gone. If it had been a thunder storm, he could inform you when the first clap was heard, when the last, which was the loudest, and how many there had been; nor did the flashes of the fierce red lightning, from which so many turn away their eyes with dread, escape unnumbered; they were noted down in the pages of Gwyn's memory, with a precision truly wonderful. But Gwyn's particular business was not with the "skyey influences;" the earth was his favourite study, and one to which he was never tired of recurring.

It was Gwyn's especial endeavour to discover what was sown in each field, and how it progressed, and whose crops of wheat or barley flourished best. This information acquired, his next step was to impart it to all who talked with him. Was a hedge broken down, either by

the unlicensed pilferer of the cottage, or by the licensed ravager of the mansion, you might be sure that Gwyn would report the trespass to the farmer. It was his also to turn out stray cattle from the pasture, his to close the gate negligently left, or wantonly thrown, open. Nothing in all his rounds escaped his notice; his acute observation compassed some of the largest matters, and did not exclude the most minute. I verily believe he could have told when such a mole hill was turned up in any paddock or field having a pathway through it, or enclosed by a hedge over or through which he could peep. But if Gwyn was great in the field, he was still greater in the garden. Not a garden in the village but received the impress of his feet and the benefit of his advice. He was a walking "Gardener's Gazette;" and no one went to him in vain for information connected with planting, sowing, pruning, or any of the most abstruse of garden mysteries. Weeds were a "favourite aversion" of his; and whilst he mildly observed, "These should not be here," the expression of his countenance said, very plainly, "You are an idle fellow," or, "You have not acquainted yourself with the good labourers of the village." But if I could plead guilty to either of these accusations, Gwyn could not: to his industry I have already borne testimony; and his knowledge of the characters of the peasantry was extensive and accurate. Now, our parish is six miles in length and five in breadth; a fact important to record, as showing the extent of Gwyn's explorations. To obtain a thorough knowledge of every field in such an area as this, must cost a man some labour; to be able to point out the best field of corn among them all, required close observation; to report all the broken hedges thereon, needed constant survey; to drive therefrom all the stray cattle, and shut all the neglected gates, must require many a watchful glance and weary step. In all these occupations, however, old Gwyn was indefatigable; and he had during their exercise contrived, as I before observed, so well to study the characters of our labourers, as to be able at once to point out and recommend the best. He once directed me to a poor decrepid old man by no means famous for his Adam-like skill, and whom none would employ. I confess that I doubted old Gwyn's sagacity here; but it was my own that was at fault. The small kitchen garden was so quickly and so completely metamorphosed that I could have fancied myself in a gay parterre, every thing was so tastefully and judiciously arranged. In this case, Gwyn had the double satisfaction of seeing my garden improved, and the old man benefited by his recommendation. Thus harmlessly, and in some measure usefully, spent old Gwyn his days of independence, careless of increasing his own wealth, and only anxious to serve his neighbours to the best of his ability. Frequently did I meet him in the evening, and listen to his little rural adventures till the sun had disappeared in the western sky, (for I could rarely get away before,) with a degree of pleasure of which my words can render but an obscure and feeble image. His was a feeling of universal benevolence which knew of no restraint or limitation. Deserved prosperity, shine on whom it might, delighted him; and his services were bestowed with most laudable impartiality.

During the twenty years of his perambulations, Gwyn found companions at intervals; but he outwalked them all. In these partnerships, Gwyn was somewhat peremptory; his companions must walk where he led, and do what he required, or they were no comrades for him. Out of his own well-worn track he turned not for any one; and those who could not relish it, might shun it: thus, his perambulatory connexions were neither close nor permanent; and I was often amused with his brief and quaint histories of his peripatetic friends, some of whom being spring, summer, or autumn birds, took their flights at their respective seasons. These companionships, with one exception, lasted on an average about six weeks; the exception, about four months. This partner of Gwyn's strolls, was a widower, and by trade a blacksmith, and lived opposite to Gwyn. Having accumulated a small fortune by the side of his forge, and, perhaps, becoming tired of the puff of his bellows and the din of his hammer, he yielded both to his son; and his first subsequent occupation was to wander with old Gwyn. He did this very steadily for three months; and after that time, Gwyn was occasionally seen, as of old, alone; occasionally, accompanied by his friend. The latter, it appeared,

was undecided, whether to make Gwyn his companion for life, or to re-enter the silken bonds of wedlock. He decided for the latter alternative; and when I again encountered Gwyn in the "daisy-dappled dale," I could not suppress a significant smile. But Gwyn did not return it: he evidently felt his loss; his looks denoted that he felt the friendship of man to be but a dream.

From that time, Gwyn walked without a companion; and now, he who walked the parish over and over, is literally walked over by the parish. In accordance with his eccentric wish, he lies buried close by the front gate in the pathway of the churchyard, through which the gay and the rustic go up sabbath after sabbath to worship. Neither stone, nor green mound decked with daisies, tells the spot where he lies; the plain surface of gravel, made smooth by the roller, covers his remains. But what of this? He sleeps as soundly, and if he was a Christian indeed, as I would fain hope he was, he will rise as gloriously from thence, as those who are entombed beneath the gorgeous sepulchres that surround his resting place. Reader, it matters not where our bones are deposited. Though they may be committed to the fathomless depths of the ocean, yet will they be summoned from thence at the last great day. This is a solemn consideration. Prepare, then, to meet thy God!

THE RECORDER.

"HIS HEART IS IN IT."

IN the days when I was young, there was a certain flower introduced into the gardens of the curious, which has now become comparatively common; so much so, that few persons who can afford to have a conservatory, are satisfied without possessing the *cactus grandiflorus*, or night-flowering cactus. But forty years ago, it was a rare thing; and horticulturists thought little of travelling miles to witness the flowering of one. My uncle possessed one of the earliest specimens of this beautiful plant that were brought into England; and as the time of its flowering approached, invitations were issued to a large circle of acquaintance. Indeed, it was considered a matter of courtesy, that many with whom my uncle was not on terms of great intimacy, should be invited to share the gratification. I should think Frank's Shetland pony must have wondered, if wonder belongs to horses, what could be going on. For instead of his regular morning's exercise, from which he was returned to the paddock or the stable, to graze and ruminate at pleasure for the rest of the day, he was called for at all hours to trot off here and there, where some acquaintance must not be overlooked, or some one had been nearly forgotten, or some very particular friend had requested to be reminded, the very day before the flower was to make its appearance. No sooner was any thing of the sort recollected or suggested, than off went Frank; for "his heart was in it."

Mrs. Rogers the housekeeper and old Anthony the gardener were not less busy; the former, in a grand display of her taste and skill in decorating the garden saloon, which opened into the conservatory, and preparing refreshments for the company; the latter, in re-arranging the plants, so as to widen the approach to the plant of distinction; matting (or, as he would have it, "carpeting with mats") the conservatory, and disposing the lamps so as to cast the most favourable light on the expanding blossom. But old Anthony made a point of being in bed at nine o'clock: he had never been known to vary from his regular rule; and every body in the house concluded, that, when nine o'clock came, Anthony would either take his departure, and leave the spectators to enjoy the sight without him, or that he would drop asleep at his post. No such thing: nine o'clock came, and ten, and eleven; and there was Anthony, as brisk as a bee, watching the advance of the flower, and talking learnedly about the involucrum, and the pistils, and the petals, and the calyx, and the corolla. At midnight, the flower was completely opened, and Anthony's rapture was complete. Soon afterwards, the guests began to drop off, and by one o'clock the house was cleared; but Anthony was still watching the splendid flower, without a symptom of drowsiness. Whether he stayed in the conservatory all night, I cannot pretend to say; but when, after a short repose, Frank and I at six o'clock visited the scene of the last night's attraction, there was Anthony, watching the shrinking petals, as they closed to open no more, and moralizing on the transient nature of all worldly splendour and delights.

"Well, Anthony," said Frank, "how have you managed to remain awake so long? I thought nothing could keep you out of bed after nine o'clock." "Why, master, you see 'my heart was in it:' it was hardly worth while for an old man like me to set his heart upon a flower; but I did wish to see the opening of one that was so celebrated, and the like of which has never been seen in these parts. And you know, sir, when one's heart is in a matter, one does not mind getting over a few difficulties to accomplish it. When we say we cannot do a thing, it often means no more than that we do not set our minds upon trying to do it, and do not care whether or not the thing is done."

"That is very true," said Frank; "both Samuel and I know, that if we set our minds upon learning any thing, the difficulties are sure to be surmounted. We try this way, and try that, and persevere till we accomplish it."

"Yes, master; and when your mind has been set upon any of your ingenious little contrivances, by way of amusement, I have heard you sawing and hammering away, by six o'clock in the morning, at it, at it, all day long, hardly liking to be called away to your meals. I have thought to myself, I wish I could make my boys, that are picking stones or weeding the garden, work half as hard as master Frank; we should get the work more completely done, and in much less time: but then his heart is in it, and I am afraid theirs is not. Even master Longley, who I must say is very different from either of you young gentlemen, for in general he lounges about, as if he did not know how to get rid of his time, and has to be called over and over again to make him leave his bed in time for breakfast; yet, if he is going out for a day's hunting, or any thing else on which his heart is set, he can wake of his own accord, rise with the sun, and move about as briskly as if he really felt the pleasure of activity. Depend upon it, young gentlemen, the way to make work of any kind easy, and the way to have it well done, is to have the heart in it."

My uncle now made his appearance, and, after kindly inquiring of the old man how he found himself after the extraordinary fatigues of the night, took up the sentiment he had just uttered. "Yes, the way to do any thing easily and well, is to have the heart in it: and pray what are your hearts set upon, that led to the remark?"

"It was not so much, sir, about ourselves we were speaking, as of Anthony keeping so long awake, to watch the flowering of the cactus, which you know is so contrary to his usual habit; he tells us he has not been out of bed at ten o'clock for twenty years before."

"I wish Anthony's early and regular habits were more generally prevalent than they are; there would be much more good done in the world, and much less mischief: you should not forget, that if Anthony likes to retire to rest early at night, he is habitually one of the first to bid the sun good morning."

"Oh, yes, uncle; we were not making game of Anthony, I assure you. I hope his example of regularity has been of some use to us. We merely observed, how easily he could break through his habit, when induced by a motive with which he felt inclined to comply."

"Ay, that's the secret of enterprize, a powerful motive acting upon a willing mind. I know a worthy man who, from an uneducated rustic, has risen to be one of the first practical chemists of his day. This man entered a well-known house in that line, merely as a drudging porter. Observation soon awakened native genius; he immediately conceived the design of effecting improvements in some of the most important and difficult processes of chemistry. He solicited and obtained permission to make the attempt, though little expectation was entertained of his succeeding. As his experiment, or rather one of his experiments, approached its crisis, he watched it four days and nights without intermission, partaking occasionally of a little bread and cheese and water, placed in silence by a fellow-servant, so close to his hand, that he could take it without withdrawing his eye from the process in which he was engaged. Complete success crowned his enterprize and perseverance; success, which not only raised the individual to eminence and affluence, but also conferred important benefits on mankind. But what particularly led me to mention the circumstance, was his own remark when relating it: 'During the progress of the operation, I was insensible to weariness, hunger, and inconvenience in general; for my heart was in it.'"

"That is just what my sister Ellen says when she has her rest disturbed by attention to the children: she does not

feel fatigue; for her heart is in it. She never seems to reckon it a privation or disappointment, to be kept from any party, if she considers it necessary for their welfare that she should stay at home. 'No,' she will say, if urged to go, 'pray do not press me, do not think about me; I could not find any pleasure in company, and I am sure I could not confer any; for my heart would be in the nursery.'"

"Yes," said my uncle, "I do not know a more lively illustration of the sentiment, that perfect love casts out fear, and casts out selfishness, than in the untiring devotedness, the willing privations and sacrifices, of a tender mother. Her heart is in the work; and she finds her delight where another would find only weariness and disgust. Where there is not this kind of devotedness, and in a high degree, the duties of a mother are never well performed."

"I remember, uncle, when the captain was quizzing Mortimer, about his wife being so devoted to the nursery, you said you had known the wretchedness and ruin of several families to have originated in the heart of the mother having been set on pleasure and gaiety, to the neglect of her duties at home."

"Yes, Frank; such instances are but too common. I rejoice to think that dear Ellen's conduct, in this respect, is so totally opposite to that of many modern fine ladies. A mother who can satisfy herself, as having done her duty to her children, when she has provided for them well-recommended nurses and governesses, too plainly proves that her heart is not in her duty, but is set on something else at variance with it. A mother's duties cannot be delegated."

My uncle's remark touched upon a subject on which I was particularly sensitive. My own dear mother, by ill health, was prevented paying as much personal attention to the affairs of the nursery as my aunt Tatnull bestowed on hers. I often felt a secret conviction, that this was a serious disadvantage to the comfort, health, tempers, and habits of us children; and the superiority which I ever willingly conceded to Frank and his family, I in a great measure ascribed to the greater advantages they enjoyed in that respect. Still I could not bear to admit a thought, or hear a remark, which in the slightest degree seemed to cast a reflection on my beloved mother. I have no doubt, that, on the occasion just alluded to, the mantling blush and glistening eye told my uncle that his remark had given me pain; for he looked at me, and continued—"That, Samuel, does not apply to your good mother: she cannot do what she would; but she will and does do what she can, and therefore she does her duty. Her heart is with her children. Illness often presses down the springs of her energy and activity; but, whenever the pressure is removed, though but partially and temporarily, it is easy to see that her heart is in the right place. But there are mothers who cannot bear the confinement of the nursery, yet who may be met with at every place of gay resort, and to whom the appeal of Scripture might be justly addressed—'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget,' Isa. xlix. 15. Your mother never forgets you, my boy."

"Oh no, uncle; I am sure she does not: she is always thinking and caring about us, if she is ever so ill."

My uncle then mentioned two melancholy facts which had come under his own observation, in which the duties and feelings of a mother were sacrificed to the indulgence of vicious propensities. In one instance, the wife of a tradesman in humble circumstances had in her youth acquired a fondness for the time-consuming, soul-absorbing, temper-ruining novel. She was a young woman of active habits, possessing sufficient knowledge of household affairs to make a plain man's home comfortable, and disposed to do so. Full employment, and the excitement of novelty in circumstances, for a time took her off in some degree from her favourite, but most injurious, pursuit. Novel-reading was not, as it had formerly been, the employment of hours together, and day after day; but it was still resorted to, as an occasional, and, as it was deemed, harmless, recreation. But the cares of a family came on, and confined Mrs. M. more frequently to the house, while her husband was more habitually abroad on his business. Novel-reading is a poor preparative for solitude; and the young woman who has formed her tastes and habits on the model of the novel system, is not likely to regard her infant offspring in the light of the most interesting and agreeable society. To such a one solitude is irksome, and the duties

of a family are burdensome. It was so with Mrs. M—. To relieve the tedium of real life, she fled to the excitement of fiction, and again daily spent hours on the pernicious indulgence. A novel was the constant appendage of the work-table, the child's cradle, and the mother's pillow. Often a helpless babe was left to cry unheeded or pine neglected, or committed to the tender mercies of a careless servant; or if the mother was at length aroused to attend to the wants of her offspring, it was with irritated feelings at being disturbed, and pernicious drugs were often resorted to, to secure the quietness of the child, and leave the mother at liberty to pursue the fascinating story. Even the illness of her children failed to secure the undivided attention of a mother whose heart was set on something else. It is a literal fact, that a relative of the family calling to see her children, who were ill of the hooping-cough, found the mother sitting over the fire, reading a novel, and the children in bed, in a cold room, one of them actually dying. There could be scarcely a doubt, that at least three infants of that family perished through her neglect; and the survivors, in their uncultivated minds and unregulated tempers and habits, prove a living exemplification of the irreparable evils inflicted on her family, by a mother whose heart is not in her duty.

The other instance mentioned by my uncle, was that of a highly accomplished young lady, who, after having for several years exemplarily sustained the relations of wife and mother, unhappily imbibed a passion for stimulating drink. For a long time, she indulged the wretched propensity in secret, occasioning great distress and anxiety to her relatives, by her frequent indispositions, her altered habits, and her wayward temper, and especially her indifference to her children, though the cause was little suspected. But it could not always be concealed. The medical attendant of the lady detected the real cause of illness, both to herself and her infant offspring; and, after repeatedly admonishing her himself, felt it a matter of duty to make her husband acquainted with the truth. Domestic happiness could not survive the melancholy disclosure. Every day brought to light some new sorrow, resulting from the same wretched cause. Debts were found contracted to a large amount, for the payment of which the confiding husband had long before duly provided; and it became necessary to withhold all pecuniary supplies from one who so grievously misappropriated them. Then every article of value which she could remove unseen, was parted with, to obtain the means of gratifying her craving propensity; and at length such was the degree of shameless degradation at which this unhappy woman had arrived, that she was frequently known to sell the very clothing and bedding of her children, and leave them destitute. She died in the prime of life, a martyr to vice, and left, in her impoverished and injured family, sad memorials of the unhappy consequence of a mother's heart being alienated from its proper object.

"But it is pleasanter," said my uncle, after a momentary pause, "to dwell on examples of an opposite class. When the heart is set on a good and worthy object, the whole character is ennobled. There is such decision of purpose, such elevation of aim, such steadiness of plan, such consistency of pursuit, such energy and perseverance of action, as almost invariably lead to a successful result. My mind, at this moment, glances with pleasure at the struggles, sacrifices, and exertions, sustained, for at least ten years, by an excellent young man, whose heart was honourably set on discharging the debts of his father, who had lost his property by an unexpected reverse in trade, and had died under the pressure of the calamity, bitterly lamenting, not so much his own losses, as that others should be injured by him. The son assured his dying father that he would do his utmost to repair all such injuries; and in pursuance of his noble design, he toiled incessantly, practised the most rigid economy, and deferred the completion of his fondest wishes, until he had discharged the filial duty which he had taken upon himself, and obtained full receipts for every claim upon his late father. Then he could with satisfaction begin to labour for himself; and he lived to realize, in sanctified prosperity and domestic happiness, much of the blessing which is ordinarily seen to rest on a conscientious discharge of filial duty. When the heart is set on a benevolent object, what exertions are made, what toils encountered, what difficulties surmounted, what dangers braved, in the accomplishment of it! True active benevolence, like well established faith, 'laughs at impossibilities.'

Read, my boys, the Life of Howard, and see what may be done, what has been done, by one philanthropist, whose heart was in the work. And there are many who, on a humbler scale, yet in proportion to their abilities and opportunities, devote themselves to the work of doing good; and the success of their humble efforts is truly astonishing to others and to themselves.

"The missionary—his heart is set on the conversion of the heathen, and the most formidable difficulties sink before his holy zeal; the most costly sacrifices are cheerfully made; the greatest hardships and privations endured; and he seems to lose sight of every thing, except the joy that is set before him in the success of his enterprize. 'None of these things move me,' is the declaration of his holy ardour; 'neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God,'" Acts xx. 24.

We quitted the conservatory; but at the breakfast table the conversation was resumed. Without detailing the conversation, I will set down a few of my uncle's observations.

"Ay, the heart is every thing;—As a man 'thinketh in his heart, so is he,' Prov. xxiii. 7. Take care to get the heart rightly and firmly set; for out of it are the issues of life, Prov. iv. 23. When the heart is fixed on God, a man's ways are established before him.

"If the heart is set on trifles, the character is vain, frivolous, and unstable. The heart set on duty renders duty easy and delightful. The wall of Jerusalem got on prosperously and pleasantly; 'for the people had a mind to work,' Neh. iv. 6.

"A listless, indolent disposition, that murmurs at labour, is a sure indication that the heart is somewhere else. The first feeling of this kind will rouse a wise and pious man to look after his heart, and fetch it back from its wanderings. It is a sad truant with the best of men: a fool lets it rove where it pleases; but a wise man desires to seek it, and bind it with cords to the altar of obedience.

"It is interesting to observe, in the characters of the kings of Judah, how much stress is laid on the heart. It was David's honour that he sought the Lord with all his heart, and his dying exhortation to his son and successor, to 'serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind,' 1 Chron. xxviii. 9. Rehoboam 'did evil, because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord,' 2 Chron. xii. 14. 'The Lord was with Jehoshaphat, because he walked in the first ways of his father David:—and his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord,' 2 Chron. xvii. 3. 6; xxii. 9. Amaziah did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart, 2 Kings xiv. 3; 2 Chron. xxv. 2. Jehu, king of Israel, in many instances, fulfilled the commandments of God; but he was not approved, because he 'took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart,' 2 Kings x. 31. 'Hezekiah wrought that which was good and right and truth, before the Lord his God. And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered,' 2 Chron. xxxi. 20, 21.

"It is the characteristic of the wicked that their heart is 'fully set in them to do evil,' Eccles. viii. 11. Of the insincere and unstable, it is said, 'Their heart is divided; now shall they be found faulty,' Hos. x. 2. 'A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways,' Jas. i. 8; but the characteristic of eminent piety is to have the heart set upon God. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee,'"* Psa. lxxiii. 25.

After speaking of the influence of motives, as applied to the human mind, my uncle closed, by observing—

"The operation of motives to good on a willing mind characterizes a good man. The operation of motives to evil on a willing mind, characterizes a bad man. The resistance of powerful motives to good, constitutes a miserable man. The resistance of powerful motives to evil, constitutes a happy man."

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.—No. II.

They have no notion of the Divine spirit of that petition which prays for pardon, as we forgive others: on the contrary, the natives of Australia are scrupulously rigid in exacting "an eye

* This text was happily described by the late Rev. M. Wilks, as a *touchstone*, to prove to us whether we are in the way to heaven; a *milestone*, to show us how far we are advanced in that way; a *whetstone*, to urge us on; and a *loadstone*, to draw us upward.

for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" the *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation, is observed to the letter. And while their adherence to this false principle has its influence over them, it is vain to expect that harmony can exist, either among themselves, or between them and the colonists, who have not always themselves manifested the forbearance which becomes Christians, nor made fair allowance for the universal operation of the principle of retaliation among the natives, and have, in consequence, acted with precipitation and injustice, instead of endeavouring to avoid all occasions of offence.

The following, out of many instances of returning evil for evil, may interest the reader, as they strikingly contrast with the charities of the Christian character.

One savage had speared two others at Perth, one mortally, it was supposed; but after the lapse of a week, the wounded man set out, with others of his tribe, in search of his enemy, whom they overtook, and wounded with seven spears. The determined interference of a colonist saved him from death.

While a poor boy was sitting by a fire, he was transfixed, in order to settle the balance of a spearing account, connected with the death of the son of a celebrated chief.

Happily, the wounds inflicted by these spears, even in feuds of a deadly nature, are rarely mortal. In the former of the cases stated, one of the seven spears had entered deeply into the body, without any very serious result. Very often, in these combats, no wound at all is inflicted, owing to the wonderful agility with which the combatants jump aside, at the critical moment; and except in the most serious quarrels, it is considered foul play to aim higher than the leg or thigh; and few of these people are without scars in those parts of the body.

A poor woman was speared in three places, though shielded by a man who had constantly interposed his own person between her and the threatened dart of her assailant; but having at length failed in defending her, the savage walked off with a smiling countenance, satisfied that he had done enough in a woman's cause, leaving the object of his recent protection and apparent anxiety, writhing on the ground in agony. He knew nothing of that sympathy which made the good Samaritan act so different a part.

One of these people named Blatman, a sad ruffian, who had been engaged in a case of forcible abduction, in the Tipperary fashion, on one occasion, directed his vindictive efforts (as Mr. Moore has informed some of his private friends) against a woman who had been in some way concerned in occasioning the death of one of his dogs. He is stated to have made every effort to wound her with a spear, walking round her, in the hope of executing his intentions, while two other men moving in interior circles to defend her, presented their own persons continually as shields. This wretch, however, professed to have no intention of inflicting any wound upon her except in the leg. Kind, considerate creature!

So powerful is the impulse which leads them to shed blood for blood, that no considerations seem to withhold them from the accomplishment of their purpose.

A soldier, standing at his barrack-door in Perth, was killed by a shower of spears, although a solemn promise had been made by the murderers that they would not take revenge for the death of one of their tribe, whom the military party had some time before shot, when making his escape, after they had arrested him for housebreaking and robbery, under very aggravated circumstances.

While, however, these heathens are left in their ignorance, it is vain to suppose that they will either respect or even comprehend the social duties; and in estimating their character, much allowance will be made by the philanthropist. Several circumstances tend to prove that the Australians may be taught to distinguish between right and wrong. A striking instance of their capacity in this respect is related by Major Campbell.

A native, who had been taught to understand the import of the eighth commandment, detected one of his companions in the act of secreting a spoon, while some settlers were hospitably preparing food for him. The honest savage, shocked at the conduct of the other, took the spoon from him, and compelled him to depart without the dinner intended for him.

Indeed, by the exercise of a judicious system of management, they have, in some instances, been made, not only to distinguish between right and wrong, but even to consent to the infliction of punishment for transgressions.

Mr. Dawson states a very interesting

case to this effect. That gentleman had acquired (in South Australia) such a moral control over the natives in his neighbourhood, as to induce one of them to inflict a dozen lashes on one of his fellows for pilfering; and when the punishment was over, the offender, who had not flinched in the least, came up to Mr. Dawson, and said, "Murry cooler now, massa; are you angry with me now? I no more crammer, (steal,) massa, neber."

If these creatures be cunning, and sometimes treacherous, the cause may often be traced to the ill treatment they have received at the hands of the European, inflicting unprovoked injuries, of which the memory is retained through successive generations.

If they once acquire confidence in any individual, they may be guided like children; and they soon learn to distinguish those strangers on whose word reliance may be placed.

Major Campbell considers the northern inhabitants (and they are probably the least tractable of the tribes) as a mild race, attached to their wives and children, irascible, it is true, (sometimes terribly so, we know,) but easily appeased.

Mr. Moore, as far as we can learn, seems to have gained their confidence in an extraordinary degree.* He has partially prevailed upon one of them to form a little establishment of house and land for winter occupation; and it appears that they have acquired some experience of the comforts resulting from the cultivation of the earth.

Bread, which hitherto has been liberally distributed among them by the colonists, is such an important object, as will doubtless induce them to raise corn in sufficient quantities for their own use, to the great relief of their present benefactors, who suffer much annoyance from the incessant importunity for food. Ultimately, they may provide occasional assistance to the settlers, who have now so inadequate a supply of stipendiary labour, and that at so insupportable a cost.

It is admitted that the Australian aborigines are trustworthy and most punctual in the delivery of parcels and letters; and since a serious rencounter with them in the Murray district, (where a summary example was deemed necessary by Sir James Stirling, in consequence of the loss of life and property to the settlers, by some daring savages,) it has not been found necessary to use arms against them.

We will conclude these remarks with an anecdote, which shows that these people are teachable; that they have within them the elements of better things, the capacity for that knowledge which maketh "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" that they can be made to understand "the first principles at least of the oracles of God;" and that, though they have at present no powers for "strong meat," they "are become such as have need of milk," even "the sincere milk of the word," that they may "grow thereby."

The story is this, and we are indebted to a private letter of Mr. Moore for the information.

A native, named Weeip, had speared a soldier to death, and had been concerned in the murder of a young colonist, (though possibly with sufficient cause, according to his own notions of retributive justice,) for which atrocities he was outlawed and pursued.

Mr. Moore was instrumental in procuring the pardon of this wretched man, under the following circumstances.

In July, 1834, a strong sensation was excited in the colony, by a report conveyed through the natives, that a vessel had been wrecked nearly six months previously, to the northward of the Swan River settlement, and that the crew and passengers were living in two rude tents.

This was a subject of absorbing interest, and much deliberation took place, respecting the best mode of effecting a communication with the strangers. At first, an overland expedition on horseback was suggested; but this scheme was abandoned, on account of the high prices of horses, as it would have cost five hundred pounds to carry it into effect.

It was then determined by the government, to send a vessel direct to Shark's Bay, (the supposed scene of the shipwreck,) and thence to search along the coast, which is only approachable at two points.

While pondering over every probable mode of communicating with the supposed sufferers, Mr. Moore seems to have been struck with the practicability of conveying a letter to them, through the agency of the natives; and he obtained from the governor authority to

* Before his character was fully appreciated, two attempts were made upon his life. He alludes to this in his published letters.

propose the liberation of Weeip's son, (then in prison, as an accomplice in the murder of the soldier,) as an inducement to any of his friends who would deliver a letter to the shipwrecked party, and bring back an answer.

It was not, however, easy to effect an immediate communication with any of the natives, who, afraid of encountering the military patroles, had concealed themselves closely in their hiding-places.

But Mr. Moore persevered in riding about, in the hope of meeting Weeip. From the information afforded to him, he succeeded in finding some of the natives, but these were ignorant of any English words; yet he contrived to make himself intelligible, by signs and a few words, to one who had, on a former occasion, called himself the son of Weeip.

Mr. Moore explained his desire to meet the outlaw himself, to whom, after he had given sufficient evidence of his pacific intentions, he was conducted by the individual just referred to, who led him through a thick wilderness, whistled gently, and pronounced the name of his companion, "Mitzer Moore."

Weeip, like a spectre, issued forth from the thicket, and came up, with a cadaverous smile and outstretched hand. The dialogue which ensued was brief and emphatic.

Mr. Moore detailed, in the manner, and, as far as was practicable, in the language of the other, that black man had told white man, that other white men (friends) were sitting on the ground at a distance, crying, and that the ship which had walked over the sea with them, was broken on the rocks; that the white men were sorrowful, and that he (Mr. Moore) would give black man a paper talk, (letter,) that black man should give that paper talk to white man at a distance; that paper talk should stop there; that white man should give another paper talk to black man, who should come back soon, and give it to Mr. Moore; and then that Beelgomera (Weeip's son) would be a friend, and governor would say, "Walk away, friend." Weeip, for a short interval, seemed to be doubtful about something; but Mr. Moore showed such earnestness, by look and gesture, and graphic sketches on the sand, and so explained that the "paper talk" would tell whether Weeip had seen white man, that Beelgomera would be free, if the old man succeeded in his mission, and that Mr. Moore would speak to the governor in favour of Weeip himself; that the outlaw at length consented, and said, that if Mr. Moore would go "when the sun had walked a little way," to an appointed spot, he would answer his call. They parted. Mr. Moore wrote a letter, "to the survivors of the shipwreck," informed them that a vessel was about to sail for their relief, directing them to look out, make signals, hoist flags, raise beacons, and send back the bearer, as soon as possible, with information as to their exact locality, etc. etc. He wrote two or three documents to the same effect, in large characters, rolled the whole tightly in oiled silk, and then repaired to the place where Weeip had promised to meet him.

When Mr. Moore arrived there, he looked round on all sides. The spot was happily chosen for the security of the outlaw; a thicket to the right, an extensive plain in front: no living creature appeared to Mr. Moore, until he had called aloud; he was then instantly answered from the opposite side of the valley, a 'vantage ground, from which four natives were observing all his movements; so that they could easily have escaped observation and pursuit, if they had noticed any thing suspicious on the part of their visitor, who descended one side of the valley, crossed a brook, and, ascending the other side, was received by the natives in a friendly manner, though he remarked that they were supplied with a formidable number of war spears, with which they had equipped themselves, since his preceding visit to the outlaw.

Mr. Moore showed to Weeip the small parcel, which was about the thickness of a man's finger, and four inches long, and asked him if he would go. The other readily answered, "Yes," and all his scruples seemed to be at an end. He explained his plan, which was to take two companions, to avoid unfriendly tribes, take the direction of the coast, go in fifteen days, and return in the same period of time.

Thus was this benevolent gentleman enabled to render a father instrumental in obtaining freedom for his son, and to give the father himself the opportunity of obtaining pardon from the doom of death, to which he had been sentenced, by faithfully fulfilling the arduous mission which he had undertaken, for rescuing, as was supposed, several human beings from a state of lingering misery and hopeless despair.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.—THE MORMONITES.—No. II.

We now resume our extracts from the "Episcopal Recorder" of Philadelphia, to expose still further the gross superstition, by which an increasing number of our ignorant countrymen are enthralled, earnestly praying that they may speedily be delivered from the snares of Satan.

In developing the history of this imposture, and showing the several steps by which it has won its way to the regard, and gained the confidence of thousands, it becomes necessary to account for the existence of what is denominated the book of Mormon, a volume containing five hundred and eighty-eight duodecimo pages, consisting of fifteen different books, purporting to be written at different times, and by different authors, whose names they respectively bear. The period of time which these historical records profess to cover, is about a thousand years, commencing with the time of Zedekiah, king of Judah, and terminating with the year of our Lord 420.

This volume has exerted a most important influence in giving some plausibility to the claims set up by the originators of the Mormon imposture. I am quite confident there never would have been any permanent converts to Mormonism, had not this volume been ushered into existence. The story of the golden Bible, like a thousand previous and no less marvellous tales told by Joe Smith, would have long since sunk into oblivion but for the publication of this book. The origin of this volume, how it came into being, is a grave question. It is quite certain, that neither Joe Smith nor Martin Harris had intelligence or literary qualification adequate to the production of a work of this sort. Who then was its author? The Mormons say that it is a revelation from God. They claim for it a Divine character. They say that the successive narratives spread upon the pages of this volume, are the identical records engraven upon the metallic plates to which we have already referred, and which, like the leaves of a book, were deposited in a box, and hid in the earth; that the writing on these plates was in the reformed Egyptian language; that Joseph Smith was directed by an angel to the spot where this sacred deposit lay, and subsequently inspired to interpret the writing, by putting two smooth flat stones, which he found in the box, into a hat, and then putting his face therein. This is the claim set up for the book of Mormon, and which has seduced many unstable souls.

Had the originator of this fabulous history, called the book of Mormon, kept entirely behind the scenes up to the present period, and had there been no clue by which the authorship of this figment of the imagination could be traced, it would still have been abundantly evident to every intelligent person, that it was the product of some shrewd and designing mind, who calculated to find his advantage in gulling the credulous and superstitious. The people of Palmyra, at the commencement of the printing of this book, only laughed at the ridiculousness of the thing, and wondered at the credulity of Harris. As the publication progressed, and the contents of the book began to be known, the conviction became general that there was an actor behind the scene, moving the machinery, of far higher intellectual qualification than Smith or Harris. Suspicion, in some degree, rested upon a man by the name of Cowdery, who had been a school teacher, if I mistake not, and was now known to be in some way connected with Smith in preparing this volume for the press.

I will here insert a document which I have in my hands, and which may tend to throw some light upon the origin and authorship of the book of Mormon, which I found in a little work, entitled "Religious Creeds and Statistics." The author gives a brief sketch of Mormonism, and among other things inserts a letter or statement written by Isaac Hale, the father-in-law of Joe Smith, giving some account of his first acquaintance with him. While at Palmyra, I met with a respectable clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who had formerly belonged to the Methodist connexion, that was acquainted with Mr. Hale. He represented him as a distinguished hunter, living near the Great Bend in Pennsylvania. He was professedly a religious man and a very zealous member of the Methodist Church. The letter to which I have referred, is accompanied with a statement, declaring that Mr. Hale resides

in Harmony, Penn.; appended to the letter also is Mr. Hale's affirmation or affidavit of the truth of the statement there made, taken before Charles Dimon, justice of the peace; and there is also subjoined the certificate of William Thompson and Davis Dimock, associate judges of the Court of Common Pleas in the county of Susquehanna, declaring that "they have for many years been personally acquainted with Isaac Hale of Harmony Township, who has attested the foregoing statement, or letter, and that he is a man of excellent moral character, and of undoubted veracity."

The letter or statement above referred to, is as follows:—

I first became acquainted with Joseph Smith, jun., in November 1825. He was at that time in the employ of a set of men who were called "money diggers;" and his occupation was that of seeing, or pretending to see, by means of a stone placed in his hat, and his hat closed over his face. In this way, he pretended to discover minerals and hidden treasure. His appearance at this time was that of a careless young man, not very well educated, and very saucy and insolent to his father. Smith and his father, with several other money diggers, boarded at my house while they were employed in digging for a mine that they supposed had been opened and worked by the Spaniards, many years since. Young Smith gave the money diggers great encouragement at first; but when they had arrived, in digging, to near the place where he had stated an immense treasure would be found, he said the enchantment was so powerful, that he could not see. They then became discouraged, and soon after dispersed.

After these occurrences, young Smith made several visits at my house, and at length asked my consent to marry my daughter Emma. This I refused, and gave him my reasons for so doing; some of which were, that he was a stranger, and followed a business that I could not approve. He then left the place. Not long after this, he returned; and while I was absent from home, carried off my daughter into the state of New York, where they were married without my approbation or consent. After they had arrived at Palmyra, New York, Emma wrote to me, inquiring whether she could have her property, consisting of clothing, etc. I replied that her property was safe, and at her disposal. In a short time, they returned, bringing with them a Peter Ingersol, and subsequently came to the conclusion that they would move out, and reside upon a place near my residence.

Smith stated to me, that he had given up what he called "glass looking," and that he expected to work hard for a living, and was willing to do so. Soon after this, I was informed they had brought a wonderful book of plates down with them. I was shown a box, in which it is said they were contained, which had, to all appearance, been used as a glass box, of the common sized window glass. I was allowed to feel the weight of the box, and they gave me to understand, that the book of plates was then in the box; into which, however, I was not allowed to look. I inquired of Joseph Smith, jun., who was to be the first that would be allowed to see the book of plates. He said it was a young child.

After this, I became dissatisfied, and informed him, that if there was any thing in my house of that description, which I could not be allowed to see, he must take it away; if he did not, I was determined to see it. After that, the plates were said to be hid in the woods.

About this time, Martin Harris made his appearance upon the stage; and Smith began to interpret the characters or hieroglyphics, which he said were engraven upon the plates, while Harris wrote down the interpretation. It was said that Harris wrote down one hundred and sixteen pages, and lost them. Soon after this happened, Martin Harris informed me that he must have a greater witness, and said that he had talked with Joseph about it; Joseph informed him that he could not or durst not show him the plates, but that he (Joseph) would go into the woods where the book of plates was, and that after he came back, Harris should follow his track in the snow, and find the book, and examine it for himself. Harris informed me afterwards, that he followed Smith's directions, and could not find the plates, and was still dissatisfied.

The next day after this happened, I went to the house where Joseph

Smith, jun. lived, and where he and Harris were engaged in their translation of the book. Each of them had a written piece of paper which they were comparing, and some of the words were —"My servant seeketh a greater witness, but no greater witness can be given to him." There was also something said about "three that were to see the thing," (meaning, I supposed, the book of plates;) and that, "if the three did not go exactly according to orders, the thing would be taken from them." I inquired whose words they were, and was informed by Joseph or Emma, (I rather think it was the former,) that they were the words of Jesus Christ. I told them then, that I considered the whole of it a delusion, and advised them to abandon it. The manner in which he pretended to read and interpret, was the same as when he looked for the money diggers, with the stone in his hat, and his hat over his face, while the book of plates was at the same time hid in the woods!

After this, Martin Harris went away, and Oliver Cowdery came and wrote for Smith, while he interpreted, as above described. This is the same Oliver Cowdery whose name may be found in the book of Mormon. Cowdery continued a scribe for Smith, until the book of Mormon was completed, as I supposed, and understood.

Joseph Smith, jun. resided near me for some time after this, and I had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, and somewhat acquainted with his associates. And I conscientiously believe, from the facts I have detailed, and from many other circumstances, which I do not deem it necessary to relate, that the whole book of Mormon, (so called,) is a silly fabrication of falsehood and wickedness, got up for speculation, and with a design to dupe the credulous and unwary, and in order that its fabricators might live upon the spoils of those who swallowed the deception.

ISAAC HALE.

I shall have occasion hereafter to refer to the loss of the one hundred and sixteen pages spoken of by Harris, and to the manner in which they were lost; as this fact will not only tend to illustrate Harris's character, but to throw some farther light upon the sinuous track which was pursued to palm off the book of Mormon as a Divine revelation. Whether Smith and Cowdery were acting alone at the time referred to by Mr. Hale, or were then deriving their illumination from Rigdon, I have no means of determining. It is highly probable, however, that they then had access to a copy of the manuscript written by Mr. Spaulding, of which we shall soon speak, and this copy was undoubtedly obtained through the agency of Rigdon. The true authorship of what constitutes the basis of the book of Mormon, unquestionably belongs to Mr. Spaulding. I do not, however, believe that the book of Mormon is an exact copy of Mr. Spaulding's "Historical Romance," as Mrs. Davidson very properly denominates it. No intelligent or well-educated man would have been guilty of so many anachronisms and gross grammatical errors as characterize every part of the book of Mormon. While Mr. Spaulding's Historical Romance is unquestionably the groundwork of this volume, the christianized character of the work, the hortatory clauses about salvation through the blood of Christ, and the adaptation of the whole to meet the peculiar religious views of Martin Harris, and to tally with the pretended discovery of Joe Smith, are evidently parts of the work added to Mr. Spaulding's manuscript. In farther corroboration of this idea, I will just advert to two facts. First, in this record, some portions of which were professedly written six hundred years before the appearance of our Saviour, the various *dramatis personæ* seem as familiar with the events of the New Testament, and all the doctrines of the gospel, as any preacher of the present day. Now no intelligent and well-educated man would be guilty of such a solecism as that of putting into the mouth of a Jew, who lived four hundred years before the birth of Christ, a flippant discourse about things, as though they were then familiarly known, when they did not occur till some five hundred years afterwards. Hence I infer that these parts were added to the original document of Mr. Spaulding, by Joe Smith, Cowdery, Rigdon, or some of the fraternity. Another reason, leading me to the opinion that considerable alterations were made in the document referred to, stands in connexion with the fact to which I have already adverted

—the loss of the one hundred and sixteen pages, which were never replaced. These pages were lost in the following way. Harris brought home the manuscript pages, and locked them up in his house, thinking them quite safe. But his wife, who was not then, nor ever afterwards became a convert to Mormonism, took the opportunity, when he was out, to seize the manuscript, and put it into the hands of one of her neighbours for safer keeping. When the manuscript was discovered to be missing, suspicion immediately fastened upon Mrs. Harris: she, however, refused to give any information in relation to the matter, but simply replied: "If this be a Divine communication, the same being who revealed it to you can easily replace it." Mrs. H. believed the whole thing to be a gross deception, and she had formed a plan to expose the deception in the following manner. Taking it for granted that they would attempt to reproduce the part she had concealed, and that they could not possibly do it verbatim, she intended to keep the manuscript until the book was published, and then put these one hundred and sixteen pages into the hands of some one who would publish them, and show how they varied from those published in the book of Mormon. But she had to deal with persons standing behind the scene, and moving the machinery that were too wily thus to be caught. Harris was indignant at his wife beyond measure; he raved most violently, and it is said actually beat Mrs. H. with a rod; but she remained firm, and would not give up the manuscript. The authors of this imposture did not dare to attempt to reproduce this part of the work; but Joe Smith immediately had a revelation about it, which is inserted in the preface of the Book of Mormon as follows: "As many false reports have been circulated respecting the following work, and also many unlawful measures taken by evil designing persons to destroy me and also the work, I would inform you, that I translated, by the gift and power of God, and caused to be written one hundred and sixteen pages, the which I took from the book of Lehi, which was an account abridged from the plate of Lehi, by the hand of Mormon; which said account, some person or persons have stolen and kept from me, notwithstanding my utmost exertions to recover it again; and being commanded of the Lord that I should not translate the same over again, for Satan had put it into their hearts to tempt the Lord their God, by altering the words, that they did read contrary from that which I translated and caused to be written; and if I should bring forth the same words again, or in other words, if I should translate the same over again, they would publish that which they had stolen, and Satan would stir up the hearts of this generation, that they might not receive this work: but behold, the Lord said unto me, I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing: therefore thou shalt translate from the plates of Nephi, until ye come to that which ye have translated, which ye have retained; and behold, ye shall publish it as the record of Nephi; and thus I will confound those who have altered my words. I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work: yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil."

This was the expedient to which they resorted in order to avoid replacing the lost pages. Had those pages, however, been transcribed verbatim from Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, they would undoubtedly have reproduced them, and urged the fact of their being able to do so, as a still further proof of their Divine inspiration. But on the supposition that there was considerable new matter mingled up with Mr. Spaulding's sketches, it would be impossible for them to produce the one hundred and sixteen pages, just as they were before, and they would therefore naturally devise some expedient to relieve themselves from the necessity of reproducing those pages. In all probability, Cowdery, and Smith, and Rigdon, had all more or less to do in combining these additional parts with Mr. Spaulding's work.

OLD HUMPHREY ON ALMSHOUSES.

I AM fond, ay very fond of almshouses, let them be erected upon what plan they may. Whether built in a straight line, a crescent, a circle, or a square; whether stone, brick, cemented, or stuccoed, so that they are almshouses for the widow and the aged, I like them heartily.

No sooner do I see a square or an

oval stone in the front of small houses inscribed, "Dame Dorothy Hunt, of Bocking in Essex, bequeathed by will the sum of five hundred pounds for the erection of almshouses;" or, "These twelve almshouses were built and endowed A.D. 1721, at the sole cost of Mr. Samuel Harwars, draper and citizen of London;" or, "Mrs. Agnes Aldershaw, spinster, of Whitby in Yorkshire, erected these almshouses for the reception of sixteen poor women;" or, "The six almshouses belonging to the worshipful company of Girdlers, were rebuilt by the said company;" or, indeed any other description of a similar kind, my heart yearns towards the inmates of the place, and I make a pause and call back to my memory some whom I knew of the excellent of the earth, who once inhabited almshouses, but who now, as I humbly hope and trust, are inhabitants of "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," 2 Cor. v. 1.

Even now I can see poor widow Winn in her old arm chair, thanking God for the load of coals which has been just stocked up in her coalhole. Widow Nokes, too, as truly lowly-minded and grateful a creature as ever soaked a hard crust in a cup of tea. She is before me, and I, seated on the side of her little bedstead with a friend, am reading to her from her dog's-eared Bible the fortieth chapter of Isaiah. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Andrew Hollins with his lame arm, and Michael Arrowsmith sitting in the sun, on the bench by the almshouse door, with his crutches beside him, are present to my memory. Weak as they were in body, they were both mighty in the Scriptures, and strong in the faith of Jesus Christ and him crucified. Thus it is that when saints are sent for to heaven, they leave behind them in their example a token of remembrance on the earth that tends to the glory of the Redeemer.

Yes! yes! I like almshouses, especially those of the humbler sort. I like the gardens before the doors, and regard with a friendly feeling the spinach and cabbage plants, the marygolds and sweet margery, the gilly flowers and sweet williams that grow in them. I would not even kill a caterpillar in an almshouse garden; by and by he will be a butterfly, and pay with interest by his liveliness and beauty for the leaf that he has eaten.

The old folks that live in almshouses are all favourites with me. As I see them go in and out, whether I speak with them or not, I give them my blessing. Some of them look cheerful, and then they have credit with me for carrying grateful hearts in their bosoms. Others look a little cross, but who can tell what cares may occasion this? they must be borne with. Christian charity "is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;—beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," 1 Cor. xiii. 5. 7. We must not be severe to mark the infirmities of those whose trials may exceed our own.

Again I say that I like almshouses, and I like heartily, too, the good old souls who founded them, in spite of the uncouth, antiquated statuary, that does its best to make them look awful and forbidding. The long curly-haired wigs and flowing gowns of the citizen founders, and the prim, starched-up dresses of the dames and spinsters, are a little freezing in their influence, and yet I love even these antiquated effigies. It is not orthodox, and consistent with God's holy word, to put up a prayer for the dead; but it is orthodox and consistent with God's holy word to think kindly of them, and to encourage the hope, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that their works of charity were the effect of a lively faith in God's mercy, and a love for the Saviour of sinners, as well as of a desire to be the friend of the friendless, and to add to the comfort of such as stand in need of assistance and support.

It is an easy thing to say that the founders of almshouses have more desire to get reputation for their charity than to afford comfort to the partakers of their bounty; but is it wise, is it just, is it kind, is it Christian-like thus to attach bad motives to good deeds without a knowledge that will justify such a harsh opinion? Human nature is full of infirmity, and almshouse founders are no more free from pride, vanity, and ambition than their neighbours; but let us not leap to the con-

clusion, that because they have served others, they must of necessity have been actuated by the desire to serve themselves.

Is there one who shall read these poor remarks, whom God has blessed with the means, and who is fostering the intention in his heart at some future day to erect a row of almshouses? If with a single eye to God's glory and the good of his fellow beings, such is his design, highly do I honour him; but let not such an one think that old Humphrey will for a moment spare the selfish ambition, the poor pitiful vanity of doing a deed of apparent benevolence, that his name may be trumpeted about in the world, and handed down to posterity as a miracle of philanthropy. I will not say with the poet,

> "Who builds a house to God and not to fame,
> Will never mark the marble with his name;"

because, in many cases, it is an advantage, if not absolutely necessary, that the name of the founder of a charity should be made public; but I do say, that a man should remember, even when he scatters his bounty with the most liberal hand, that he is only bestowing a part of what God has already bestowed upon him; and therefore thankfulness and not pride, should be the mainspring of his actions.

Some of the sculptured resemblances of the founders of almshouses are ludicrously uncouth. No longer ago than yesterday, I was standing opposite one of them. There stood the benevolent man in his flowing robe, long curls, waistcoat half down his thighs, and shoes nearly up to his ancles, with a gold collar and gold chain hanging from his neck. His left foot was advanced so much before the other, that he seemed to be holding out his leg to call forth the admiration of the spectator; and this, for odd thoughts sometimes come into my mind, set me musing on the words of holy writ. The Lord "delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy," Psa. cxlvii. 10, 11.

For the last time, I say then, that I like almshouses heartily, and that I like those heartily that found them, and those who inhabit them. More than once have I said that active benevolence to man is the soul of thanksgiving to God, especially when exercised towards God's people, and that the Lord of life and glory condescends to accept such offerings, is, I think, borne out by the words, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward," Matt. x. 42. And "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," Matt. xxv. 40.

FUNERAL RITES IN CHINA.

As I was passing by a knot of houses, or rather low huts, near the southern gate of Macao, that opens into the Campo, I witnessed the dues of mourning, that were paid to a poor old woman, who, from the pliancy of her limbs, seemed not long since to have breathed her last.

She was laid upon the ground clad in a blue frock, a new shirt, and a pair of gay and freshly made shoes. At her feet were two wax candles, dyed with red and painted with figures externally. Wax candles dyed with red are often made of a large size, and are ornamented with a variety of curious devices of the pencil. They are used in temples and at different religious festivities by those who can afford the cost of them. The manufacture of these emblems of worship yields employment to many hands in a country wholly given to idolatry. Between the candles a stick of sweet incense was fuming, and hard by were scattered bundles of gilded paper in square pieces, and a roll of larger sheets, which were afterwards burnt at a certain point of the ceremony; for it is supposed that whatever is committed to the flames in honour of the dead, as a representative, is transformed into some reality corresponding to it in another world, for the service of the spirit in its sojourn there. What a strange and futile method of attempting to lay up treasure in heaven!

A man of a respectable appearance put on a cap and a grey vesture, took a cup of wine in one hand and a small bell in the other. He commenced his part by sipping a little of the liquor and blowing it towards the deceased as he stood at her feet. He then chanted several strains by way of spell or prayer, and sounded the little bell as an accompaniment to his

voice. At intervals, he stopped to repeat the first ceremony with the wine, or to dip his finger into the cup and throw a drop or two towards the corpse. One of the bystanders inquired if I understood what the man was saying; I replied no, and asked him the same question, to which he replied in the affirmative. This chanting being ended, one of the attendants, who were all males, spread a piece of cloth, of a grey colour, at the bottom of a neatly made coffin, another covered the face with a piece of red cloth and laid hold of the head, a third gathered the border of the shirt between the legs, while a fourth laid his hands upon the body. In this way it was taken up and laid into the coffin with much apparent neatness and decency.

After this, one took a bundle of gilt paper and placed it as a pillow for her head. This gilt paper is the representative of money, and so was put into the coffin to aid her in the world of spirits! How pertinent are some things, how emblematic of the truth! these folks pillow their hopes upon money, and all is given in exchange for it; honour, virtue, truth, and every thing else, are bartered for it in China. It were well if that country alone was liable to this censure; for what have we to boast of who learn from experience as well as from Divine precept, that we cannot serve God and mammon?

The female friends or intimates of the deceased stood at a distance, but manifested some concern in their looks, which was far from being the case with the roguish boys who acted the part of ministers or waiters; their looks were blithe, and their communications as foolish as usual. Soon after the body had been put into its last bed, a decent-looking female came to pay her respects to the dead. Ere she had reached the spot, she began to cry in an agonizing manner, and, drawing near, fell down upon the ground, and continued her lamentations for some time. These sorrows and wailings no one attempted to assuage, as by them proper marks of esteem and regret are shown for the dead.

I forgot to mention that another old lady, while the chant was singing, came near the deceased, and, bowing low, with a demure countenance, uttered some expressions of kindness and commiseration. For while they bow to, or worship the departed, as if they thought them raised to a higher condition, and are fain to imagine that the disembodied spirit inhales the purer draughts of happiness among the genii that haunt the hills and mountains, they say and do many things, at the same time, which intimate that they belong to the class of them who sorrow as those that have no hope.

I once felt this very powerfully as I entered the room which had been consecrated to the dead son of a great merchant. A tablet was erected to his memory, and what we may call an altar and a shrine. Upon the altar stood a bason of rice, and a cup of tea. The youth was dearly beloved, and had, while living, been nursed amidst a profusion of luxuries; but now his poor spirit was supposed to be glad of a morsel of the cheapest fare and a sip of the least costly beverage. How comfortless is idolatry even in imagination! Christianity, apart from its high sanctions and its present joys and consolations, has an infinitely greater claim to our attention in the rewards which it sets before us in reference to another world.

The superstition and false religion of the Chinese deserve our notice from their antiquity, but much more for the important admissions which they contain. In the little ceremony we have just spoken of, we see two or three things which may be dignified with the name of principles, however darkly conceived, or grossly misapplied. In the priest, who, as I was afterwards told, performed these rites to dispel evil spirits, that the soul might gain its way towards the regions of the happy, we have the idea of a mediator. Mediation seems to be essential to the character of a priest whereever we find it. An individual is more holy than I am, and, therefore, more fit to speak with God for me than I am to speak for myself; or he has a power over evil spirits, so that he can protect me from my unseen foes, and is, therefore, a person under whose wing I may hope to find shelter. Upon this notion one may found in China, as in many other places, as upon a general premise, an argument for the truth. Tradition, or some instinctive feeling, has taught man that he has potent enemies, though he cannot see them, and a consciousness of guilt and depravity leads him to think that he is not a proper person to treat with God. The gospel meets him at this very point, and tells him of Christ, who hath trampled Satan under his feet,

and hath an infinite worthiness to intercede with God in behalf of all that love him.

Beside a glimpse at what resembles the mediatorial office in the ceremonies performed for the dead, we have the acknowledgment that the soul outlives the body, and that it is susceptible of happiness or misery in some unknown region. No arguments, therefore, of a theoretical kind are necessary to convince a Chinese that it is his duty to reflect upon what may be the future state of his soul, and instruction should be directed to the setting forth of those means by which, under the Spirit's guidance, he may be enabled to discharge that duty aright. In proportion to the love I bear to this people, my heart is touched with pity when I see them groping in the dark, mistaking shadows for realities, and, amidst the comforts and refinements of this life, making their way towards a land of everlasting banishment from God. "As many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law," Rom. ii. 12. God has loved these strangers in giving them food and raiment, Deut. x. 18; may He who is the Governor among the nations ere long break down the wall of exclusion, and let in the rays of the glorious gospel upon this great and ancient nation! G. T. L.

THE GUACHARO.

A NEW habitat has been found for the curious bird called the Guacharo (*Steatornis Caripensis*,) and Dr. L'Herminier and M. Hautessier have completed its history. The latter has met with it in Spanish Trinidad, where it is sold under the name of Diablotin, and even the church allows it be eaten on meagre days. The mountains which border the north of this island are a continuation of the chain of Cumana, interrupted by what are called the Dragon's Mouths,—little islands torn asunder by the violence of the currents, and which are all hollowed into deep caverns. The north side of the chain is, on the contrary, cut vertically like a wall, and is unceasingly worn and beaten by an agitated sea. In the sides of these are caverns inhabited by the Guacharo, all open just at the place to which the waves rise, and in the most exposed and dangerous to the fowler these birds chiefly abound. They eat the seeds of palm and other trees, fly abroad at night, and return to their caverns at the point of day. They lay their eggs in March and April, and at each period produce from two to three eggs, the size of those of a pigeon, white, and spotted with yellow. The nest, in shape, resembles the great Boletus, from which tinder is made, and is so little hollow in the middle, that it is probably surrounded at the edge by a pad of down, when required to hold the eggs or young birds. It is fixed to the rock like a cornice, and lasts several years; it is formed by masticated and digested materials, placed by the beak, and kneaded with the feet; and, when broken, looks like a cake of sawdust, or tan, and burns like peat, without any decided animal odour.—*Athenæum.*

IDLENESS CHARACTERIZED.

IT was a great vanity in Dionysius that he would needs be the best poet; and in Caligula that he would needs be the best orator; and in Nero, that he would needs be the best fiddler; and so they became the three worst princes, minding other men's business more than their own callings. So is it very great vanity in many professors to mind more other men's business than their own: from the society of such saints we must withdraw. No man is too noble to have a calling. If iron had reason, it would choose rather to be used in labour, than to grow rusty in a corner. By the law of Mahomet, the Grand Turk himself was to be of some trade. The hour of idleness is the hour of temptation. An idle person is the devil's tennis-ball, tossed by him at his pleasure. God ordained that the neck of the consecrated ass should be broken, Exod. xiii. 13, instead of sacrificing it: peradventure, because that animal hath ever been the hieroglyphic of sloth and laziness. Among the Egyptians idleness was a capital crime. Among the Locrians, he that lent money to an idle person was to lose it. Among the Corinthians, idle persons were delivered to the carnifex. By the laws of Solon idle persons were to suffer death. The ancients call idleness the burial of a living man, and Seneca had rather be sick than idle. Now, shall nature do more than grace? shall poor blind heathens be so severe against idle persons, and shall Christians embrace them? Should they not rather turn their backs upon them and have no intercourse with them who think themselves too great, or too good to hold the plough?—*Brooks's Beauty of Holiness.*

Adoration of the Cross.

IDOLATRY OF ROMANISTS.

The offices of an English monastery, during three days in the "holy week," are generally chaunted, and are commonly called *tenebræ*, from the Latin word for darkness, when thirteen candles are burned; one of each is extinguished at a given portion of the office, till the whole are put out, and the chapel is left in comparative gloom. At the end of these offices, a signal is given by the prior, and immediately knocking with the hands and stamping with the feet are commenced, to imitate, it is said, the rending of the rocks and the throes of the earthquake, at the time of the crucifixion of Christ.

On Holy Thursday, the morning salutation at the cell of each of the brethren is changed. It is then, "*Christus factus est pro nobis obediens*—"Christ is made obedient for us:" the answer is, "*Usque ad mortem*"—"Even unto death." No private masses can be celebrated on this day; but high mass is performed, at which all the priests receive the eucharist merely as communicants, distinguished from the laity by wearing a stole. After high mass, the consecrated host is taken into the sepulchre. This is done in a procession, which includes all the brethren of the house, each one bearing a lighted torch, and singing a hymn in a deep and melancholy tone.

The sepulchre is a room darkened for the purpose, but, at the same time, highly ornamented with gold and silver vessels. A painting or figure of Christ, as taken from the cross, is seen from a distance lying there, surrounded with moss; and on it the light of two candles is thrown, while they are completely hidden from view.

On the return of the procession from the sepulchre, the priest, deacon, and sub-deacon strip the altar of all its ornaments, every light is extinguished, the doors of the tabernacle are thrown open, and the chapel rendered in appearance as desolate as possible. The remainder of the day, which is one of

fasting and prayer, and the whole of the following night, are employed in watching the sepulchre.

On Good Friday morning, the salutation is, "*Usque ad mortem*"—"Even unto death;" and the response, "*Mortem autem crucis*"—"The death of the cross." Now the altar is clothed in black, and of the same hue are the vestments of the priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, prayers of an unusual length and number, far exceeding those of ordinary times, are said; and the cross taken from the top of the tabernacle is laid on the ground for adoration. This act of worship is performed as follows:—Three cushions are placed at a considerable distance from each other; the worshippers, approaching one by one, kneel on the first cushion, and make a profound obeisance, till the head nearly touches the ground; the same act is repeated at the second cushion, and also at the third; each one then approaches the cross, makes another profound obeisance, and kisses the feet and hands of the crucifix. Such are the practices even in England.

In this act, there is another case of gross idolatry, justified by the highest authorities of the Romish church. St. Thomas Aquinas has fully decided, that "the same reverence is to be given to the image of Christ, as to Christ himself; and that since Christ ought to be worshipped with the worship of latria, (that is, the highest or Divine degree of worship,) his image should receive the same homage." There are other declarations to the same effect.

In the "Manual of Godly Prayers," is the petition, "O God, which, under the admirable sacrament, hast left unto us the memory of thy passion, grant, we beseech thee, that we may so worship the sacred mysteries of thy body and blood, that continually we may feel in us the fruit of thy redemption." And in the "Office of the Venerable Sacrament," printed at Colen, 1591, are the following words:—"O God, who wouldest have the glorious mystery of thy body and blood to remain with us; grant, we pray thee, that we may so worship thy corporeal presence on earth, that we may be worthy to enjoy the vision of it in heaven." Here, again, is the doctrine of merit blending with gross idolatry. Marvellous is that forbearance which delays to take vengeance!—*Spirit of Popery.*

ANIMALCULES.—No. III.

We shall now attempt a sketch of another class of these minute beings, termed *Rotifera*, or wheel-bearers. They are to be distinguished from the *polygastrica* by many important differences of organization. Formerly, both these classes were confounded together, under the indiscriminate name of *infusoria*, or infusory animalcules; and it is one of the triumphs of modern science, that by means of powerful microscopes, naturalists have been able to explore the structure of these minute beings, and to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the rank they hold in the scale of animated nature; and consequently as to the place to be assigned to them in a system of zoological classification. Not, indeed, that every thing respecting them is clearly made out; on the contrary, much yet remains for future microscopic observers. Many points will, it is probable, be by degrees cleared up; but from the extreme minuteness of these creatures, and from the impossibility, even with the most perfect instruments, of investigating the minuter organs of beings, themselves the minims of creation, much will ever remain inexplicable.

The *Rotifera* belong to that division of the animal kingdom, termed, by Professor Owen, *Nematoneura*, from two Greek words, meaning a thread and a nerve, from the circumstance that it is here that the first traces of distinct nerves, in the form of fine threads, begin to make their appearance, and, in some instances, ganglia or rudimentary nervous centres. In addition to this character, distinct muscular fibres are perceptible, arranged in fasciculi, or bundles; and, though there is no heart or great receptacle for the circulating fluid, there is a system of vessels for its due distribution through the frame. The digestive apparatus also assumes a more perfect state, and instead of consisting of mere cavities in the substance of the body itself, it presents a true stomach and intestinal canal, with various appendages. The mode of reproduction is no longer by the division of the parent or adult into new beings, but by eggs or ova, containing the vitalized germ of the future animals.

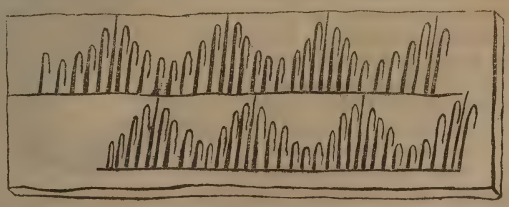
We have said that in this class the first traces of distinct nerves are manifest; still it is to be observed, that these nerves are not always capable of being

demonstrated. In some groups, they elude our research, perhaps from their extreme delicacy; in other groups, as the *rotifera*, the minuteness of the animals themselves renders the detection of such organs almost hopeless. And, although Ehrenberg considers that he has succeeded in discovering, not only nervous filaments, but even nervous ganglia, there is perhaps reason to suspect that he may have been misled by appearances. We do not mean to say that nerves do not exist in these animalcules, for many things render it most probable; but merely that it yet remains to be demonstrated that the filaments described by him are such. We shall again advert to this subject.

The great division, called *Nematoneura*, includes several classes, as *bryzoa* or *polypes*, with ciliated arms, external parasitic animals, termed *Epizoa; cœlelmintha*, or certain intestinal worms; star fishes and *echini;* and the subjects of our present observations, the *rotifera*.

The *rotifera*, or wheel-bearing animalcules, are so termed, from the appearance of certain wheels often seen rapidly rotating, in various situations on the anterior part of the body near the mouth. We say wheels; because they were so regarded by the earlier microscopic observers, who seeing them rotate, as it appeared, with great velocity, were completely at a loss how to account for their presence and motion, or to conceive of the nature of their organic union with the body of the animal itself. It scarcely need be said that the continued revolution of any part or appendage of the body, round an axis, (as a wheel turns on its axle,) is quite inconsistent with the possibility of an organic union of such an appendage to the body: this, indeed, was felt by the earlier observers, yet they saw the wheels of these animalcules whirling round and round, and were unable to solve the enigma which completely puzzled them. Vicq. d'Azyr, M. Datrochet and others proposed an ingenious solution of the difficulty; they considered each wheel to be composed of an exceedingly flexible structure, and that, while in reality stationary, it became thrown into a series of undulations, or alternate elevations and depressions by the action of muscular fibres; the elevated portion sinking, the sunk portion being raised, and so on in succession with great rapidity round the ring, as wave follows wave: the rapidity of this alternation of elevation and depression, which would certainly produce the appearance of a ruffled stream running along and returning into itself, may, as they suppose, so deceive the eye as to give the appearance of a revolving wheel. It is, indeed, true, that the rotation of these wheels, is an optical delusion; but, beyond this, it is now proved that there are really no wheels at all, and that the appearance of these is produced by circlets of minute cilia or fibrils, while the apparently rotatory motion in question is produced by a series of progressive undulations in consequence of the alternate and orderly extension and contraction of each separate fibril.

According to the observations of Dr. A. Farre, (Phil. Trans. 1837,) the cilia, under a microscope of high powers, present an appearance of waves rolling round and round in a circle; each wave is produced by a number of cilia, those forming the highest point being at full stretch; the others, folded down upon themselves, in an increasing ratio to the middle of the interval between two waves, where they are most completely lowered: these, however, become in turn the most elevated, and those which were the highest, the most lowered, and so on in alternate succession, and with great rapidity, the waves appearing to roll onwards. The annexed diagram, allowance being made for its rudeness, will serve to explain the process.

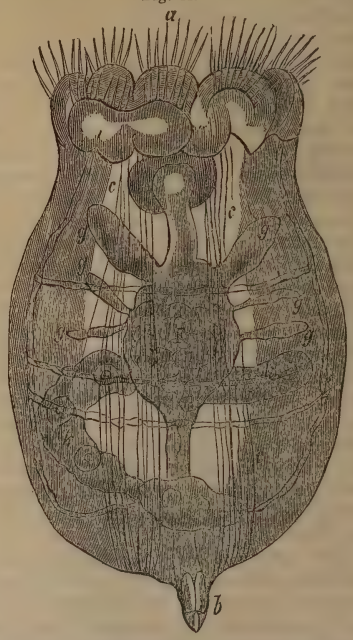


These cilia are certainly endowed with voluntary motion; they are regulated in their actions by the will of the animal; they can be urged into movements of extreme rapidity, or put into gentle and tranquil action, or stopped in an instant. Sometimes, a portion only of the circlet of cilia is in action, while the other portion is quiescent, and sometimes a few cilia alone, are seen slowly bending and then stretching themselves; when all at once, the whole begin to work with the utmost energy, wave succeeding wave, with wonderful velocity. It is by the action of these cilia, that the animalcule rows itself through the water, and traverses the tiny ocean in which it revels, full of animation. They are not, however, exclusively organs of locomotion; they serve for the acquisition of food: fixing itself, by means of a pair of forceps, terminating the body, to some stationary object, (as, for example, an aquatic plant,) the animalcule sets its cilia in action, and thereby produces a whirlpool in the contiguous water, converging to the creature's mouth, and hurrying thither such minute particles, either of an animal or vegetable nature, as are drawn into the mimic *charybdis*. It appears that the cilia of these animalcules, whatever their own structure may be, are governed by a muscular apparatus, which is very conspicuous, and which retracts them, when not in use, within a kind of sheath, where they are safely lodged, till their action is required.

Having thus explained the real character of the supposed wheels, whence this group of animalcules has received its general title, we may proceed to more particular details.

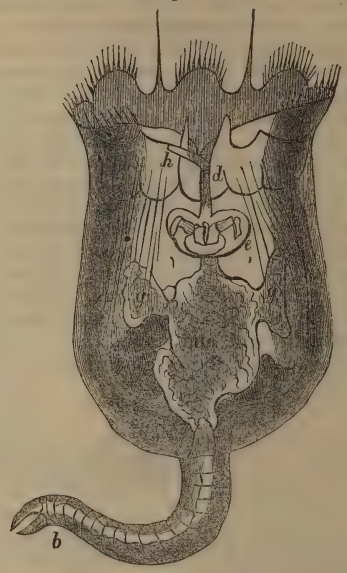
The *rotifera* may be described as shell-covered animalcules, their body being inclosed in a moderately firm or horny investment, but of extreme delicacy, and very transparent, so that the internal viscera may be perceived through it. The upper, or free margin of this shell, is often indented, or ornamented with regular projections, and is continued by means of a fine membrane to the bases of certain elevations around the mouth, termed lobes, from which arise the cilia already described. See Fig. A. This membranous continuation of the shell does not confine the ciliary apparatus, but permits it to be retracted at pleasure within the shell, by means of muscular fibres *cc*, the

Fig. A.



cilia themselves being drawn into a sheath, in the animal's body.

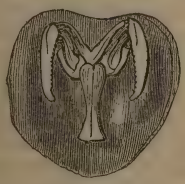
Fig. B.



The *rotifera* present great variations of form and colour; but all have at

the posterior extremity of the body a pair of forceps or pincers, instruments of prehension, by which they attach themselves at will, to stationary objects: in some, as in *Brachionus urceolaris*, these pincers terminate a long muscular tail-like appendage; but, in others, as for example, *Notommata clavulata*, the pincers terminate a mere projection.

It has been already observed, that it is by the whirlpool which the action of the cilia produces, that aliment is brought to the mouth of these rotiferous animalcules. The mouth or oral aperture leads into a gullet, which varies remarkably in size in different species: in some, it is very capacious; but in others, as in *Brachionus urceolaris*, (fig. B,) it is a narrow canal. The gullet leads to a gizzard, or preparatory receptacle, (*e*), in which, by means of a curious apparatus, the food is either ground to pulp or cut in fragments. This apparatus is described by Ehrenberg as consisting of three teeth, which, by the action of the gizzard and of certain muscles belonging to them, work vigorously on each other, and so mince to pieces whatever is subjected to their operation. These teeth are three in number, as in this sketch, and con-



sist of one central and two lateral or superior ones: the central tooth is apparently fixed, and has two flattened facets on its upper surface, one for each superior tooth to work upon. Each of these superior teeth consists of two portions, namely, a basal portion, fixed to the walls of the gizzard, and serving for the attachment of muscular fibres, and a free moveable portion which may be regarded as the real tooth, while the other serves as a jaw. These free portions work with their inner edge upon the facets of the central piece, and this edge appears to be jagged or serrated, the better to tear the substances on which it acts. Minute as are these curious organs, the transparency of the *rotifera*, permits them to be distinctly seen, under a powerful microscope, which also demonstrates their effects upon the bodies of the smaller animalcules on which the various species prey; for, as with fishes, they are the food of each other, and the warfare is perpetually carried on. The hardness of these teeth, is not a little surprising; they may be detached from the body of the animalcule in a perfect condition, and be submitted by themselves, to examination beneath a microscope; they vary in minor particulars, as form and size, in every species; but their essential characters appear to be the same in all.

From this teeth-furnished gizzard, or preparatory receptacle, a passage, varying in length in different animalcules, leads to the true stomach or digesting cavity, to which the food, after being subdivided, is conveyed. See F. in fig. A. and B. The form and the relative capacity of the stomach, like those of the gizzard, are very variable; but in all these rotiferous animalcules this viscus is furnished with certain appendages, which are regarded as being of a glandular structure, and destined to secrete a fluid essential to the performance of digestion. Ehrenberg considers them as analogous to the pancreas of the higher orders of animals, but without sufficient grounds. Professor Jones, on the contrary, believes them to be the first rudiments of a liver, or biliary apparatus, and we think this opinion much more entitled to assent than that of Ehrenberg: every analogy indeed favours it; and we know the liver to be "the most important and the most universal of the glandular organs subservient to digestion." We find an appendix supposed to represent the liver in insects; and in the mollusca and crustacea this organ is extensive, but of a rudimentary structure. In *Brachionus urceolaris*, (fig. B. *gg*,) this presumed biliary apparatus consists of two processes united to the upper portion of the stomach; but in *Notommata clavulata*, (fig. A. *ggg*,) three elongated sacculi are attached to each side of the stomach, and of these the uppermost on each side is the largest. Great, however, is the variation of these appendages as it respects form, number, and magnitude, in the *rotifera;* but they appear to be always present.

We have already intimated that bands of muscular fibres have been distinctly

seen in these rotiferous animalcules: some run longitudinally from the lobes on which the cilia are situated, and are inserted into the membrane lining the shelly covering of the body; these may be termed the retractor muscles of the cilia; but, besides these, others running transversely have been detected. The use of these latter bands of muscular fibres is not clearly ascertained; but it is supposed that, by their contraction, they may act upon the shell to the lining membrane of which they are affixed, so as to make the shell compress the fluid which fills the body of these animalcules, (and in which the viscera float,) and force out thereby the retracted ciliary apparatus by averting the membrane connecting them to the shell, which when the apparatus is withdrawn, becomes inverted like the finger of a glove, or the horn of a common snail. These muscular fibres, both longitudinal and transverse, may be seen in fig. A.

But, besides the bundles of muscular fibres thus presented, Ehrenberg states that he has been able to detect nervous filaments and even minute ganglia, or nervous centres, distributed in various parts of the body, but with a certain degree of regularity. The existence of distinct nerves and ganglia, supposing Ehrenberg to be correct, inasmuch as these organs would necessarily tend to elevate the creatures in the scale of animal life, leads us to receive with less astonishment a farther statement, given by this philosopher, namely, that the animals in question are not destitute of some of the external organs of the senses, and he believes that certain red or coloured specks, which he has observed above the region of the gizzard, are eyes; but he thus judges merely because these specks appear to be invariably connected with the nervous system. After all, it must be confessed that Ehrenberg's account both of the distinct nerves and ganglia, and of the eyes, in these animals is to be received with caution. That nerves exist, is indeed not improbable; but it does not follow that they have been detected. In conducting microscopical experiments, and especially with instruments of high powers, appearances are apt to mislead; and we are not aware that other naturalists have established by their own observations those of Ehrenberg, as far as relates to these important parts of organization. But it is not only a nervous system which Ehrenberg believes that he has discovered in the *rotifera*, he also considers that he has demonstrated a vascular system, or an arrangement of vessels, for the circulation of the nutritive fluids of the animal structure, and he states that these vessels have a transverse course, running across the body; but it is difficult to imagine how he could distinguish between them and muscular fibres, running in the same direction; and indeed the probability is, that the vessels, as he conjectures them to be, are in reality muscular fibres, and not veins or arteries.

The existence of a true vascular system, supposes an according developement of the apparatus of respiration, and Ehrenberg regards a minute horny tube, found projecting in many species from the neck (fig. B. *h*) as serving for the admission of the surrounding water into the general cavity of the body, and also for affording it exit; and he thinks that the alternate contractions and dilatations of the body observable in the rotifera effect this aquatic respiration, the water being drawn in by the dilatations and expelled by the contractions; and he states that when the internal cavity is filled, the viscera are separated from each other so as to present clear and definite outlines, but that when the water is expelled, they approximate each other, and appear as a general indefinite mass. The water being thus admitted into the body of the animal, its decomposition, and the aëration of the circulating fluid, is effected by certain little vibrating points, or organs, attached to two undulating viscera, running down each side of the body; these little organs he describes as attached by a footstalk to the viscera in question, and to have their free extremity inflated, and perpetually vibrating. His first idea was, that they belonged to the vascular system itself, but subsequently he considered them as branchiæ, or internal gills, over which a mesh of exquisitely delicate vessels ramify. It is easy to perceive that there is more of theory, and conjecture, than of absolute demonstration in all this. But theory has its uses; it leads to farther inquiry, and prompts the endeavour either to confirm or confute it.

The *rotifera* are oviparous; they produce eggs, from which the young are

excluded, sometimes while yet within the body of the parent.

The eggs of some of these animalcules, appearing like minute transparent globules, are calculated to be, when first deposited, only the twelve thousandth part of an inch in diameter; but they increase in magnitude, and then constitute most interesting objects of microscopic examination. In an egg of about the one thousand and seven hundredth part of an inch in diameter, the included animalcule may be distinctly perceived, even the actions of the cilia may be distinguished, producing the wheel-like rotatory appearance previously described.

At certain times, the eggs may be easily recognized before being deposited by the animalcule, lodged in a long floating sac, in the cavity of the body, (fig. A. *kk;*) for the transparency of the creature is such as to permit the minutest parts of its internal structure to be seen; but it often happens that the sac is empty. With respect to the frequency with which the eggs are produced, nothing appears to be positively ascertained.

Such, then, is the general outline of what we know of the structure of the *rotifera.* They are active and vivacious creatures, and by the celerity and address of their movements, give delight to those who observe them. To see a shoal of them in a drop of water, avoiding each other, in their mazy courses, and performing a thousand mingled evolutions, is perhaps one of the most interesting spectacles which the reflective can contemplate; but this delight gives way to astonishment, or rather to meditation, when he perceives that these creatures are elaborately constructed; that they are organized with an express relationship to their destined mode of life; and that they enjoy their existence like the fishes of the sea, or the birds of the air, or the wild beasts of the desert.

"It is delightful," says Sharon Turner, "to see by these miniature existences, small almost to invisibility, and by their careful organization, as finely contrived as that of the grandest creature, that greatness and littleness make no difference to Him in his creation, or in his providence; they reveal to us that magnitude is nothing in his sight, that he is pleased to frame and regard the small and weak, as benignly and attentively as the mighty and the massive. We are high and low, great and small, as to each other, but not to Him."

It is plain and clear, then, that as respects any criterion of complication or refinement of structure, mere size, of all the circumstances attendant on organized beings, is of the least importance.

Things animate or inanimate, are great or small only in our minds, only as tested by the operation of our limited and imperfect senses; but with reference to the operations of creative power, and in His sight, from whose all pervading scrutiny nothing is hidden, the distinctions of great and small vanish. With Him who is omnipotent, omnipresent, and eternal, number, magnitude, and time are as nothing; these are terms which have relationship only to ourselves. To frame the smallest animalcule with an organization more refined, more complicate than that of the hugest whale, requires but the *fiat* of God; and he counts the myriads beyond myriads, with which the waters of this globe are tenanted, though our minds recoil from the reckoning of the numbers which revel in a little space. Thus does nature, in the animalcules, which can be contemplated by us only through a powerful microscope, show forth the praise of God, and call upon us to adore his power, his wisdom, and his goodness. M.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. VII.

Let us now contemplate David, yet upon his death bed, giving in charge the execution of his last wishes to Solomon his son. Probably in consideration of his youth, his inexperience, and the difficulties of his position, David thought it well to put him in possession of the characters of some of those with whom he would have to deal; of those whom he had found faithful or faithless to himself; that, on the one hand, his own promises of favour might not be forfeited, nor, on the other, the confidence of the young monarch be misplaced. Now it is remarkable, that in this review of his friends and foes, David altogether overlooks Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan. Joab he remembers, and all that he had done; Shimei he speaks of at some length, and puts

Solomon upon his guard against him. Barzillai and his sons, and the service they had rendered him in the day of his adversity, are all recommended to his friendly consideration; but of Mephibosheth, who had played a part, such as it was, in the scenes of those eventful times, which had called forth, for good or evil, a Chimham, a Barzillai, a Shimei, and a Joab, he does not say a syllable. Yet he was under peculiar obligations to him. He had loved his father Jonathan. He had promised to show kindness to his house for ever. He had confirmed his promise by an oath. That oath he had repeated, 1 Sam. xx. 17. On his accession to the throne, he had evinced no disposition to shrink from it; on the contrary, he had studiously inquired after the family of Jonathan, and having found Mephibosheth, he gave him a place at his own table continually, for his father's sake, and secured to him all the lands of Saul, 2 Sam. ix. 6, 7.

Let us, however, carefully examine the details of the history, and I think we shall be able to account satisfactorily enough for David's apparent neglect of the son of his friend; for I think we shall find violent cause to suspect that Mephibosheth had forfeited all claims to his kindness.

When David was driven from Jerusalem by the rebellion of Absalom, no Mephibosheth appeared to share with him his misfortunes, or to support him by his name, a name at that moment of peculiar value to David; for Mephibosheth was the representative of the house of Saul. David naturally intimates some surprise at his absence; and when his servant Ziba appears, bringing with him a small present of bread and fruits, (the line of the king's flight having apparently carried him near the lands of Mephibosheth,) a present, however, offered on his own part, and not on the part of his master, David puts to him several questions, expressive of his suspicions of Mephibosheth's loyalty: "What meanest thou by these?—Where is thy master's son?" 2 Sam. xvi. 2, 3. Ziba replies in substance, that he had tarried at Jerusalem, waiting the event of the rebellion, and hoping that it might lead to the re-establishment of Saul's family on the throne. This might be true, or it might be false. The commentators appear to take for granted that it was a mere slander of Ziba, invented for the purpose of supplanting Mephibosheth in his possessions. I do not think this so certain. Ziba, I suspect, had some reason in what he said, though probably the colouring of the picture was his own. Certain it is, or all but certain, that the tribe of Benjamin, which was the tribe of Mephibosheth, did, in general, take part with the rebels. When David returned victorious, and Shimei hastened to make his peace with him, a thousand men of Benjamin accompanied him; and it was his boast that he came the first of "all the house of Joseph," to meet the king, 2 Sam. xix. 17—20, as though others of his tribe (for they of Benjamin were reckoned of the house of Joseph, the same mother having given birth to both) were yet behind. Went not then the heart of Mephibosheth in the day of battle with his brethren, rather than with his benefactor? David himself evidently believed the report of Ziba, and forthwith gave him his master's inheritance, 2 Sam. xvi. 4. The battle is now fought, on which the fate of the throne hung in suspense, and David is the conqueror. And now, many who had forsaken, or insulted him in his distress, hasten to congratulate him on his triumph, and to profess their joy at his return; Mephibosheth amongst the rest. There is something touching in David's first greeting of him; "Wherefore wentest thou not with me, Mephibosheth?" A question not of curiosity, but of reproach. His ass was saddled, forsooth, that he might go; but Ziba, it seems, had taken it for himself, and gone unto the king, and slandered him unto the king; and meanwhile "thy servant was lame." The tale appears to be as lame as the tale-bearer. I think it clear, that Mephibosheth did not succeed in removing the suspicion of his disloyalty from David's mind, notwithstanding the ostentatious display of his clothes unwashed, and beard untrimmed; weeds which the loss of his estate might very well have taught him to put on: for otherwise, would not David, in common justice both to Mephibosheth and to Ziba, have punished the treachery of the latter, the lie by which he had imposed upon the king to his own profit, and to his master's infinite dishonour and damage, by revoking altogether the grant of the lands which he had made him, under an impression which proved to be a mistake, and restoring them to their rightful owner, who had been injuriously supposed to

have forfeited them by treason to the crown? He does, however, no such thing. To Mephibosheth, indeed, he gives back half, but that is all; and he leaves the other half still in the possession of Ziba; doing even thus much, in all probability, not as an act of justice, but out of tenderness to a son, even an unworthy son of Jonathan, whom he had loved as his own soul. And then, as if impatient of the wearisome exculpations of an ungrateful man, whose excuses were his accusations, he abruptly puts an end to the parley (the conversation having been apparently much longer than is recorded) with a "Why speakest thou any more of thy matters? I have said, Thou and Ziba divide the land," 2 Sam. xix. 29.

Henceforward, whatever act of grace he received at David's hands, was purely gratuitous. His unfaithfulness had released the king from his bond; and that he lived, was perhaps rather of sufferance than of right; a consideration which serves to explain David's conduct towards him, as it is reported on an occasion subsequent to the rebellion. For when propitiation was to be made by seven of Saul's sons, for the sin of Saul in the slaughter of the Gibeonites, "the king," we read, "spared Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan the son of Saul, because of the Lord's oath that was between them, between David and Jonathan the son of Saul," 2 Sam. xxi. 7; as though he owed it to the oath only, and to the memory of his father's virtues, that he was not selected by David as one of the victims of that bloody sacrifice.

Now, under these circumstances, is it a subject for surprise; is it not rather a most natural and veracious coincidence, that David, in commending on his death bed some of his staunch and trust-worthy friends to Solomon, his son, should have omitted all mention of Mephibosheth, dissatisfied as he was, and ever had been, with his explanations of very suspicious conduct, at a very critical hour? considering him, with every appearance of reason, a waiter upon Providence, as such persons have been since called; a prudent man, who would see which way the battle went, before he made up his mind to which side he belonged? This coincidence is important, not merely as carrying with it evidence of a true story in all its details, which is my business with it; but also as disembarrassing the incident itself of several serious difficulties which present themselves, on the ordinary supposition of Ziba's treachery, and Mephibosheth's truth; difficulties which I cannot better explain, than by referring my hearers to the beautiful "Contemplations" of Bishop Hall, whose view of these two characters is the common one, and who consequently finds himself, in this instance, it will be perceived, encumbered with his subject, and driven to the necessity of impugning the justice of David. It is further valuable, as exonerating the king of two other charges which have been brought against him, yet more serious than the last, even of indifference to the memory of his dearest friend, and disregard to the obligations of his solemn oath. But these are not the only instances in which the character of David, and indeed of the history itself, which treats of him, has suffered, from a neglect to make allowance for omissions in a very brief and desultory memoir, or from a want of more exact attention to the under-current of the narrative, which would, in itself, very often supply those omissions.

These simple facts I leave to make their own impression. I will not weaken their effect by dwelling upon them longer, but commit them confidently to the consideration of every ingenuous hearer, be his spirit what it may, as testimonies to the general truth of Scripture not to be despised. At the same time, I may be permitted to confess for myself, that, during the course of the investigation of Holy Writ, which I have thus been put upon, into which I have gone by no means delicately, with a desire to follow after truth, lead me where it might; with no heated mind, (if I know myself,) and not without a full sense of the difficulties that occasionally cross the path—that during this investigation, the thought has forced itself upon me very often and very powerfully, How extraordinary an act of presumption, to say the least of it, it is in any man to sport with documents so attested, upon the strength of a cursory, or perhaps of no examination of their contents whatever! and how immense a hazard he is running, who determines to set them aside, live as he lists, and abide the issue! I judge him not; but let not my soul be with his, lest I should find after all, that in that hour, when heaven and earth shall pass away, this word shall not pass away, and I remain "to be confuted by the flames."—*Rev. J. J. Blunt.*

THE ALDER.

(*Alnus glutinosa.*)

EXPLANATION OF CUT—*a*, male catkin. *b*, three male flowers in single calyx. *c*, single male flower. *d*, female flower. *e*, calyx to female flower. *f*, ripe cones.

NATURAL ORDER. Betulacæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Monœcia Tetrandria.

Barren Flowers in a loose cylindrical catkin, numerous, imbricated all round. Calyx a wedge-shaped scale with two minute lateral scales three-flowered. Corolla composed of three equal florets, attached to the inner part of the scale, each of one petal divided into four equal, obtuse egg-shaped segments. Filaments four, shorter than the corolla. Anthers roundish, two lobed. *Fertile Flowers* in an oval imbricated catkin, shorter and smaller than the other. Scales, ternate, concave, each scale containing two embryos. Corolla none. Germen compressed, two celled. Styles two, tapering, parallel, deciduous. Stigma simple. Nut, egg-shaped, hard, angular, two celled. Kernel, solitary, ovate, acute. Low trees, with rugged bark, and crooked spreading smooth branches. Leaves alternate roundish, waved, serrate, glutinous, downy at the branching of the waves beneath, with twin deciduous stipules. Catkins terminal, panicled, pendulous; appear before the foliage in March. Grows in moist and wet situations.

"Yon alder, leaning o'er the brook,
Methinks does type of love supply;
Above, around, nought wins its look,
From the clear stream that murmurs by."
L. A. TWAMLEY.

"The alder, owner of all waterish grounds."
FAIRFAX.

THE alder is one of the largest and most picturesque of our aquatic trees. Its very name points out the situation most congenial to its growth. Some etymologists have traced it to two Latin words, *alitur amne*, that is, "it thrives by the water." Others again consider it to be derived from the Celtic *al*, near and *lan*, edge of water. This latter idea appears the most correct, as the tree is in different places known as the aller, oller, or owler, and the same common origin may be traced in other languages derived from the Celtic. Thus in French it is *aune*, in German *oller*, and in Italian *alno*. There are several species of this tree, though only one is a native of Britain. They are found in most parts of the north temperate zone, and are principally distinguished from one another by variety in the form or colour of the leaves. They all prefer a moist soil, and generally are found by the side of water. Our English species, *alnus glutinosa*, derives its specific name from the glutinous substance with which the young shoots and buds are covered in the spring. Its average height is forty or fifty feet, though in a rich and damp soil it has been known to exceed sixty feet. The bark is of a blackish colour, and as the tree advances in age, this becomes rough and seems full of clefts: in the spring, while the sap is rising, it is easily separated from the trunk. To this Virgil alludes,

"As alders in the spring, their boles extend,
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend."
DRYDEN.

The leaves are of a deep bright green, from three to four inches long; before expanding, they are enclosed in a very glutinous pale green sheath. Their margin is deeply and irregularly notched, and in the species before us, is always rounded at the summit. The footstalk is long, and continued under the leaf as a prominent midrib; this diverges into the other veins, and at each angle is a little white downy tuft.

The natural colour of the wood is white: on being cut, the surface of the wound becomes red; but afterwards it assumes or retains a lighter hue. It is soft, easily worked, and extremely perishable if exposed to the weather. Mitchell observes: "Stakes of alder will not stand twelve months, nor will the timber do for posts or anything else where it is in contact with the ground, except under water." But in this latter situation it becomes hard and durable as stone, and is generally preferred to any other timber for water wheels, pipes, sluices, piles, and foundations for bridges, or even buildings in low, marshy situations. The famous Rialto at Venice is built on alder piles, and Vitruvius tells us that the morasses about Ravenna were piled with this timber before that city was built. Pliny applies the epithet "eternal" to piles of alder: large plantations of it are grown in Flanders and Holland for similar purposes. Logs of

alder which have lain long in bogs have the colour and appearance of ebony: these are much prized in Scotland, and inlaid cups and other small articles are formed by blending veneers of bog oak and alder with the wood of the birch or holly, which are white, and that of juniper, which is of a brownish tinge. The timber of this tree is also applied to many domestic purposes, being soft, homogeneous, and easily worked; such as spinning wheels, trenchers, bowls, dairy utensils, clogs, pattens, kneading troughs, etc. It is also used to line stone carts and wheelbarrows, not being likely to split or shiver by the sharp edges of the stones. Even when young, the wood is valuable as staves for herring barrels; and in Scotland whole banks of alder are every year cut for this single purpose. The timber of old trees is full of knots, and not inferior in beauty to the maple. It is much valued by the cabinet maker; and being of a rich deep reddish hue, is sometimes designated as Scotch mahogany, and manufactured into chairs, tables, and articles of furniture. It is necessary, however, previously to immerse the wood in water saturated with lime, as it is otherwise liable to the attacks of a small beetle.

The bark of the alder possesses astringent properties, and almost every part of the tree is used in dyeing. The young shoots dye red, yellow, or brown, and black when mixed with copperas; the catkins yield green and the young wood a snuff colour. The red dye with which the Laplanders stain their leather garments is obtained by mastication of the bark. In the Highlands, too, where oaks are scarce and stunted, the inhabitants formerly evaded the tax on leather by tanning the hides of their own cattle with alder and birch bark, and thus manufactured their brogues or shoes. Nor is the alder unknown in the herbal. The inner rind, when dried, is employed in decoctions, and if beaten with vinegar, is said to heal cutaneous eruptions. The leaves are detersive, and used for gargles, etc., and Evelyn asserts that, when applied fresh to the foot, they relieve weary travellers. The branches used to be often spread over the fields, and left to decay before ploughing them in as manure; sometimes the sprays are used to fill up drains in a moist soil before they are covered over. They are now principally employed as fuel when a slow and not fierce heat is needed, as in brick and lime burning, heating ovens, etc. But the chief use made of the alder is as coppice wood, which is cut every five or six years, and converted into charcoal for the manufacture of gunpowder. Large plantations are kept up for this purpose by the proprietors of the Hounslow and other gunpowder manufactories, the charcoal of the alder being considered superior to that of any other tree for this purpose.

The alder is the most aquatic tree of the European Sylva, even more so than the willow or poplar. A damp, marshy spot is most congenial to its growth; but though moisture is necessary, a rich soil is equally indispensable. If planted in a dry and elevated situation, it dwindles to a dwarf and stunted shrub. It is then by the standing pool and the dank, cool marsh, the limpid brook, the full deep flowing stream, and in the "cool green shadowy river nook," that we must seek if we would find the alder. With such scenes and spots it has become as it were identified, and its dense shade and bright green foliage well harmonize with the surrounding scene, and invite beneath their welcome shelter the wanderer oppressed with heat, and blinded by the rays of the summer sun. Thus have the poets both of ancient and modern times depicted it.

"———From out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke;
Around it and above, for ever green,
The bushy alders formed a shady screen."
ODYSSEY.

"By a brook the verdant alders rise,
When fostering zephyrs fan the vernal skies."
VIRGIL.

"———I looked around, and there,
Where two tall hedge rows of thick alder boughs,
Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well
Shrouded with willow flowers and plumy fern."
WORDSWORTH.

"The Phaethonian alder next took place—
He loves the purling streams, and often laves
Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves."
COWLEY.

The alders at Bishop Auckland, in the bishop of Durham's Park, were some of the largest this country ever produced. The trunk of one of them measured, in 1818, eleven feet in circumference. Gilpin tells us, "He who would see the alder in perfection must follow the banks of the Mole, in Surrey, through the sweet vales of Dorking and Mickleham. The Mole is

far from being a beautiful river: it is a quiet and sluggish stream; but what beauty it has, it owes greatly to the alder, which everywhere fringes its banks, and in many places forms very pleasing scenes." It is rare to meet with an old alder, as they are generally cut down before they have attained perfection to fulfil some of the various useful purposes to which man applies them, yet in different parts of the country are some which have attained to an extraordinary size. At Woburn is one seventy feet high, the diameter of the trunk four feet, and that of the space shaded by the branches sixty-five feet. Another at Syon, near London, is sixty-three feet in height, the diameter of the head sixty feet, and that of the trunk three feet. At Oxford, in the Botanic Garden is an alder tree fifty-five feet in height, though only planted forty years; and at Belvoir Castle, one only twenty-six years old is sixty feet high. These are all of the cut-leaved variety, (*Alnus glutinosa laciniata*,) so called from the leaves, which are deeply notched or pinnatified. It has been stated that this variety was first discovered in France, and thence propagated over Europe.

The alder is propagated by truncheons, cuttings of the root, layers, or seeds; this latter method appears to succeed better than any other, though in each, care is requisite, as the young plants, if not well rooted, are frequently washed away by the stream. It is well calculated for planting in parks and ornamental aquatic scenery, not only from its picturesque form, and the vivid colour and density of its foliage, but the length of time it retains its leaves. It is even useful in such situations, for the shelter it affords is beneficial to the grass beneath it, and grateful to cattle, while they will not touch its leaves, if other food be within reach. Alder coppices are sometimes appropriated for winter grazing of the out-door stock.

> "The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
> Each plant set near him long flourisheth."
> BROWNE.

In a former number of these papers, we alluded to the noble ash under the character of "the husbandman's tree," and we may with equal propriety distinguish the alder as "the navigator's tree." Professor Martyn suggests that the hollow trunk of an alder falling into the stream beside which it had grown, may have suggested to some bold enterprising spirit the first idea of navigating the watery element, and afforded him the means of achieving the venturous task. If the ancient poets may be considered as authorities, this is no mere chimera. Ovid tells us,

> "Trees rudely hollowed did the waves sustain,
> Ere ships in triumph ploughed the watery main;"

and Virgil still further corroborates the idea:

> "When hollow alders first the waters tried,"

and again,

> "And down the rapid Po light alders glide."

Perhaps the unnumbered annals of heroism scarcely present a grander example of dauntless daring and important achievement than that which was accomplished by the individual who, from accident or design, first floated on this dangerous element; and it would be difficult, nay impossible, to point to a single fact in the history of civilization, fraught with more important and beneficial results to every age and generation. In the alder, then, we have the origin of that mighty power, which by the directing hand of Him who giveth man knowledge, has triumphed over immeasurable distance, united far-severed regions, made the billowy main a highway to the sons of business, enterprise or pleasure, and spread around each spot that fostered her, civilization, wealth, and knowledge. How many events, big with importance to mankind, have transpired within those frail yet mighty tenements, which, from the light coracle to the stupendous man-of-war, may trace back their origin to

> "The floating alder by the current borne!"

In an ark of gopher wood constructed in obedience to the Divine behest, the remnant of the old and the progenitors of the new world were preserved unharmed when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened," while "the waters prevailed exceedingly, and the mountains were covered, and every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven." See Gen. vii. It was by means of her fleet that the little isle of Tyre became "a mart of nations, the crowning city, whose merchants," it was said, "are princes, whose traffickers are the honour-

able of the earth," Isa. xxiii. 3. 8. By its wisdom and traffic it increased its riches, and was "replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas." In Ezekiel xxvii., we are presented with a full and graphic delineation of the extent of its commerce and of the wealth that by this means accrued to the parent city. It was, no doubt, in consequence of his intercourse with Hiram, king of Tyre, that Solomon, in whose reign the Jewish kingdom attained its highest point of prosperity, was induced to build a "navy of ships in Ezion-geber;" and this fleet, in conjunction with that of the Tyrian monarch, brought every three years gold, and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks. In one year, we read, the weight of gold brought to Solomon was six hundred and sixty-six talents; and after such a description of commercial energy and prosperity, we are not surprised to find that in his days, silver was in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars as the sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance, 1 Kings x.

The fishing boats of Galilee were honoured to be the pulpit and the resting place of Emmanuel upon earth, whence he addressed the listening crowd, summoned from their watery abode the fishes of the sea, and with a wonder-working word stilled the roaring of the waves and raging of the wind. Within the "wooden walls of old England," constructed in haste by an awe-struck and defenceless people, a little band of noble hearts, bold in the cause of their country and their Protestant religion, dared to await the attack of an hostile armament far exceeding them in number, size, and maritime skill; but "He (the Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,) blew with his winds and they were scattered;" the invincible armada, blessed by the Roman pontiff, and formed from the treasures of a rich and mighty kingdom, melted away as snow before the southern gale. And in yet more recent days, by means of these vehicles of the wave, have our daring countrymen trod the pathless ocean, and exchanged the arts and manufactures of their native land, for the valuable and spontaneous productions of many a distant clime. Thus, too, have the heroes of Christian missions penetrated to earth's remotest bounds and the distant islands of the sea, their standard the cross, their watchword their Saviour's command, and their anchor his sure word of promise and prophecy; there to wage war, not with flesh and blood, but superstition, cruelty, and barbarism, to proclaim to the people that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, the good tidings of great joy contained in the gospel of peace and salvation.

Some authors have characterized the alder as "an ugly, melancholy tree," and too many pass it by unmindful, if not ignorant of its value and utility. But "in nature there is nothing melancholy," and with equal truth we may add, nothing without utility. All are created to answer some appointed end, and each without failure or fault discharges that duty. The scarcely visible grain of sand has its niche in that impassable boundary, which, though the waves of the sea are mighty and rage fearfully, they cannot pass. The light and feathery pappus down, the sport of every wind, is the fleet and buoyant agent by which the seeds of many of the most useful tribes of the vegetable kingdom are conveyed to distant spots, and fixed upon their destined sites. Even the casts thrown up by the poor earth worm, tend to fertilize the ground and unlock its hard and frozen surface. The alder does not hang over the limpid stream or the reed-grown pond merely to derive from them the sustenance it requires, cumbering without benefiting the spot. Its numerous fibrous creeping roots serve to strengthen and support the bank on which it grows, and some writers have considered that it exhales properties which correct the unhealthy miasma generally prevailing in low and marshy grounds. On these accounts, the alder is often planted, when not naturally found in such spots, to form a remedy for the evils which attend them. Like a true and attached friend, it repays, according to its power, the benefit received; and hence poets, both ancient and modern, have adopted it as the emblem of gratitude and devoted affection.

"———There the alder, darkly green,
In such fix'd attitude doth fondly lean
O'er the clear brook, as 'twould not lose one tone
Of its sweet parley as it journey'd on.
And then, what time the soft winds gently stirr'd
Its darkling leaves, it too would breathe some words
Of answering kindness. Ah! in bye gone hours
When fancy, proud to try her new-born powers,
From all she saw or heard stole some sweet thought,
Oft has that tree some theme for musing brought.

If harsh of mood, too hardly would she deem
'Twas in self-homage bending o'er the stream,
Like beauty o'er her mirror, pleas'd to find
Its image in the glassy stream enshrined.
Anon, repenting of a thought so rude,
'Twould seem to her the type of gratitude,
Shading the brook that fed it, lest the sun
In mid career should gaze too fierce thereon;
And then, a softer image it supplied,
For ever bending o'er that crystal tide,
For ever listening to its liquid chime,
Though all the sights and sounds of summer time—
A sky all glory, and an earth all bloom,
Gales breathing only music and perfume,
Seem'd all intent to win its love—but no!
It mark'd alone that streamlet's gentle flow."

L. A. TWAMLEY.

And thus should the eye of the Christian be ever "looking unto Jesus," the source whence alone his hope, and strength, and peace are derived. But alas! the fiery glow of the furnace of affliction, the engrossing cares of time, and even the blessings which surround his path, too often draw away his regards from his Saviour; and thus lessen the supply of spiritual life which he can only receive out of this fulness, and cause his graces to droop and wither. It is only as drinking daily and hourly from the brook of living water flowing forth from the smitten rock, that he can lift up his head, extend his sheltering shade, and perform the duties allotted to his station. Thus planted by the Divine Husbandman in the house of the Lord, the church of the living God, and founded on Christ, the sure and tried foundation stone, he shall flourish and bring forth fruit abundantly, and even in declining days be fat and well liking, proving the faithfulness of the Lord his strength, until transplanted into the paradise above.

SUPERSTITIOUS RITES IN CHINA.

WHEN the crew of a Chinese vessel are about to weigh anchor, they, in conformity with authorized custom, deem it right to commend themselves to the care of the unseen deities, and to propitiate their prospering favour by an act of worship. One of the crew lights a bundle of gilded paper, bows, and throws it while blazing into the water; another takes the loud sounding gong, and beats a pealing strain upon it, generally with very little regard to measure or rhythm. A similar rite is performed at sunset every day while in harbour or at sea. The writer was present when two gongs were beaten in cadence, in a sort of rivalry between two men, who responded to each other in measures of eight strokes each. This is remarkable, as the number eight occurs oftentimes in western music; many airs have eight measures in each strain; and in the minuet and other kindred exercises there are eight evolutions in each series of movements. When the sun or moon suffers an eclipse, these gongs are beaten without intermission, lanterns are hoisted, and the flaming scrolls are committed to the deep with a most unsparing hand. By a vulgar error, a dragon is supposed to swallow either of those orbs during a total eclipse, and these ceremonies are performed with the view of making him disgorge his morsel. The dragon was perhaps used as an emblem of that power, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their circuits; but tradition mistook the emblem for the thing itself. A common phrase on the cakes of Indian ink is, *fe lung tsae teen*, "the flying dragon is in heaven." Chinese astronomers, long before their acquaintance with the mathematicians from the west, explained the nature of an eclipse; but the superstitious crowd chose to have the matter their own way. The inhabitants on shore are very punctual in their devotions at night and morning, if any observance in honour of these things, which in the language of the Old Testament are called the "vanities of the nations," merits a term so significant. A bundle of incense sticks is lighted, and perhaps two or three wax candles, and placed before an idol on the niche wherein his imaginary presence is supposed to reside. The act is performed very frequently by one of the junior branches of the family, either because he has the greatest share of leisure, or the smallest accumulation of guilt. At times, a large tray is set before the niche with offerings of boiled rice, fowl, fish, and different kinds of vegetables. The best of their kinds are selected for the occasion; for a Chinese, amid the deep ignorance and confusion of his mind, is on one point more consistent than some nominal Christians, who propose to give the best of their days* to sin, and reserve only the refuse and leavings of life for their Maker. When one of the natives, while busily occupied in a sacrifice of this sort, was questioned as to the motive by which he was influenced, he replied in broken

* Optima quæque dies, Virg. Georg. iii.

English, "Chinaman fashion:" another was bold in alleging his reasons, for when ridiculed for worshipping a few gay emblems, he said his forefathers and himself had always done so, and had thereby obtained many a large draught of fish and a safe return to their homes after a voyage. A similar defence was made by the women who poured out drink offerings and made cakes for the queen of heaven in the time of Jeremiah: see Jer. xliv. 17—19.

The lintels of a Chinese house are often adorned with red paper, gilded and cut in checquered spaces, and an inscription is fastened over the door, which contains a short prayer, that happiness or some special favour may descend and enter the dwelling. A bundle of plants, consisting of the cactus and a few common denizens of the garden, are hung up over the door, as the averter of evil influences. Every house has a cell in the upper side or frontispiece, in which the character for *shin* is written in large dimensions. This word may be translated "spirit," as it is applied to the intellectual part of man, which, according to their philosophy, resides in the heart during life, and ascends to heaven at death. Before this cell, a vase for incense is placed, with perhaps an urn or a candlestick upon each side upon the table, which fulfils the office of an altar. The wall on each side of the cell is sometimes adorned with a pretty scroll, suggesting some moral sentiment in harmony with its fellow. The Tanker boats which convey the passengers from Canton to the island of Honan, very often present a niche or cell of this kind, though instead of the word *shin*, the representation of the deity is set up. Before this niche the members of the household kneel and bow, especially on any joyous or festive occasion.

The Chinese are nationally characterized by their excessive fondness for inquiring into futurity. Hence they often repair to temples, and after a prayer that they may be rightly directed, proceed to draw lots, by taking a slip of bamboo out of a number which are contained in a cylindrical vessel. The slip is marked with a certain sign which corresponds with one inscribed upon a scroll setting forth in very poetic and ambiguous terms the destiny of the inquirer, which he interprets by the scantling of his own hopes or fears. A native, who had often affected to slight the superstitious practices of his countrymen, and had described in some classic verses the philanthropy of the Son of God, in dying to rescue his people, was not proof against the enchantment which a visionary hope excites in an over curious mind; so one morning he comes not at the appointed hour, but at length makes his appearance with these "responses" in his hand. As the writer had given the man credit for knowing better, he supposed that these had been brought for his instruction, and could hardly be persuaded that his friend thought there was any truth in things couched in words so dark and mysterious.

In spring and autumn it is customary for all the natives to repair and decorate the graves of their ancestors. There would be little to blame in such an act of respect for those of their forefathers, whom death had mingled with the dust; but they do not stop here, but present offerings of fowls, pigs, rice, vegetables, tea, etc., with libations of wine or spirit. Tapers of wax and incense sticks are kindled and placed in front of the gravestone or monumental tablet. While these are shedding their light and their fragrance, the worshipper, who is often hired for the occasion, with his assistants kneel upon a mat spread for that purpose, pours out the wine and recites a form of prayer. Whether they do this as an act of homage merely, or believe that the shades of the departed derive some refreshment from these oblations, it is not easy to say. When a native thus employed, was asked whether "he did not think that the dead must be very hungry, seeing they got only one or at the most two meals in the course of the year?" instead of a reply, he abused the stranger for asking him such an impertinent question. The minds of his countrymen are not clear upon the subject, as they grope in darkness at noonday; a definite answer, therefore, was more than we could expect from him.

The priests are not numerous when compared with the population of the country. Temples are frequent, and so indicate that there is a superstitious zeal among the majority of the people.

The larger kinds provide an accommodation for the priests within their enclosure. Here they live in a state of idleness, chatting with their companions, counting their beads, or sitting in an unmeaning fit of dreaming contemplation. At day fall a drum is beaten, and the inmates of the temple assemble for prayers. These are recited with hands folded and in a chanting voice, while a small bell by its tinkling serves as an accompaniment and a guide at the same time.

The drum, first mentioned, resembles a cask, and rests upon a stand in some convenient part of the temple. A large bell often occupies a similar situation, and is struck with a hammer as a prelude to the rites of service. A band of music is, on particular occasions, called upon to bear a part in the ceremonies of worship, and to fill up the interludes by melodies of a sad and plaintive character. It is the opinion of the writer, that when the budhistic doctrines were introduced into China from India, some compromise was made as to the rites of worship; for they seem to be indigenous. The rites performed by the Chinese to their ancestors, the worthies of their country, or to any of the native gods, are childish perhaps, but are never offensive. When the new sect about 65 B.C., propagated their views in China, they were obliged, it appears, to adopt many forms then in use, and to lay aside everything of a revolting character which they might have learned in that infatuated country from whence they came. By way of synopsis we may state, that there are three religions in China, or perhaps to speak with more accuracy, there are three aspects under which superstition may be viewed. 1. The budhistic modification, which enjoins celibacy upon its votaries, renunciation of the world, perpetual abstraction, and the worship of the three budhs with a rabble of reputed saints. This is extraneous, and not the growth of the country. 2. The Taou system or modification, which seems to have been derived from the ancient superstitions of the Chinese nation. The priests of this religion wear their hair wreathed into a tuft on the crown of the head after the original fashion: they are clad in a long scarlet robe, which has the emblems of Chinese philosophy, or the *yin* and *yang* and the *pa kwa* of *fuh he*, the author or authors of civil polity, embroidered upon its back; and they are seen walking in procession with drums and clarionets, and a portable altar to pay the dues of observance to the different gods of the country. 3. The philosophical, or rather the ethical system of worship, which commands the adoration of progenitors, and of the sages who have reformed mankind. This is founded upon a consideration of that debt which mankind owe to their forefathers for birth and nurture, and to moral instructors, for their invaluable lessons, by which the multitude was led to organize itself into a civil community, and exchanged the life of a wild animal for that of a man. When survivors are anxious that a spirit should wend its way in safety to the hills, the abodes of the genii, a Taou priest is called, who, as he stands at the feet of the dead, chants a prayer, rings a little bell, and sprinkles the body with wine to frighten away all evil spirits. If souls are supposed to be in purgatory, a company of budhist priests are sent for, who chant, beat a drum, sound a cymbal, and ring a bell. But if, at the anniversary of some sage, the offering of a swine, a sheep, and a large table garnished with every sort of viand within ordinary reach, is to be accompanied by certain sacrificial rites, persons of official rank in their proper garments attend and perform those rites. A Taou priest is seen perchance, but he takes no part in the ceremony; he acts only as the superintendent of the preliminary arrangements, or warden of the temple. In practice, there seems to be little or no competition between these three aspects or modifications of the Chinese religion; but each has its time and its influence, by a tacit permission of the other two.

If the reader knows the worth of prayer, the writer earnestly entreats that China may have a prominent place among those intercessions which are made for the salvation of the world. The movements now in progress may humble the power by which so many millions are kept in bondage, and then the missionary will have free course in his endeavours to contrast the supreme excellences of the gospel with the useless, "beggarly," and absurd ceremonies of idolatry.

G. T. L.

Mountain Pheasant of Australia. *Now* or *Ngow-oo.*

THE MOUNTAIN PHEASANT OF AUSTRALIA.

The mountain pheasant (*Now* or *Ngow-oo*) is closely allied to the species described in our last number; it is, however, more gracefully formed, the head and neck are thickly clothed with feathers, and the colouring of the plumage is beautifully variegated.

Mr. Gould gives the subjoined communication respecting the habits of this bird from Mr. J. Gilbert.

"The following account," says Mr. Gilbert, "of the habits, manners, and nidification of the present species, has been detailed to me by G. Moore, Esq., Advocate General; Mr. Armstrong, aboriginal interpreter; and some of the more intelligent natives of western Australia. Mr. Moore saw a great many of these birds about sixty miles north of Perth; but its most favourite country appears to be the barren sandy plains of the interior 1,011 miles north and east of York.

"It is a ground bird, never taking to a tree unless when closely hunted. When pursued, it will frequently run its head into a bush, and is then easily taken. In its actions and manners, it is very like the domestic fowl. Its food generally consists of seeds and berries. It has a mournful note, very like that of a pigeon, but with a more inward tone.

"The eggs are placed in a mound of sand, the formation of which is the work of both sexes. The natives say they scratch up the sand for many yards around, forming a mound of about three feet in height, the inside being constructed of dried leaves, grasses, etc., among which the eggs are deposited, to the number of twelve and upwards, and covered up by the birds as laid; or, as the natives express it, the countenances of the eggs are never visible.

"The bird never sits upon the eggs; but when she has laid her number, the whole are covered up, after which the mound of sand resembles an ants' nest. The eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun's rays, the vegetable lining of the hillock retaining sufficient warmth

during the night. The eggs are deposited in layers, no two being suffered to lie without a division between them. They are about the size of a fowl's egg, and are white, very slightly tinged with red. The natives are exceedingly fond of them, and rob the mounds two or three times in a season; they judge of the probable number of eggs in the heap, by the quantity of feathers lying around. If these are abundant, they know that the hillock is full, when they immediately open it, and take the whole; upon which the bird will again commence laying, to be robbed a second time, and she will frequently lay a third time.

"Upon questioning one of the men attached to Mr. Moore's expedition, he gave me a similar account of its habits and mode of nidification; and added, that in all the mounds they opened, they found ants almost as numerous as in an ant hill. In many instances, that part of the mound in which the lower portion of the eggs was imbedded, had become so hard, that they were obliged to chip round them with a chisel to get them out. The insides of the mounds were always hot."

Captain Grey, who had been recently engaged in an expedition along the north-west coast, gave Mr. Gould a similar statement.

"The farthest point north," says captain Grey, "at which I have seen the breeding places of this bird, is Gantheaume Bay. The natives of King George's Sound say that the same, or a nearly allied species, exists in that neighbourhood. I have never fallen in with its nests; but in one description of country, namely, when the soil was dry and sandy, and so thickly wooded with a dwarf species of *leptospernum*, that if you stray from the native paths, it is almost impossible to force your way through. In these close scrubby woods, small glades occasionally occur, and here the Ngow-oo constructs its nest, composed of a large heap of sand, with dead boughs and grass, and at least nine feet in diameter and three in height. I have seen them even larger than this.

"Upon one occasion only, I saw eggs in those nests; they were placed at some distance from each other, and buried in the sand. I am not sure of the number; but the account given by the natives led me to believe that at times large numbers were found."

We do not learn, either from Mr. Gilbert's account, or that of captain Grey, whether, as in the case of the brush turkey, several combine to construct a common mound, or the contrary. But from the statement that when the nest is robbed, the bird lays again, we conclude, that though she trusts her eggs to be hatched by the warmth of the mound, (caused partly by the heat of the sun, and partly by the decomposition of the vegetable matters mingled with or lining it,) she does not forsake them, but watches over them, remaining near the spot in attendance till the young are excluded.

Judging from analogy, we infer that the brush turkey does the same. Whether in the case of the *ngow-oo*, the eggs are placed upright, or not, does not appear.

Here, then, we have well-attested instances of two birds belonging to the gallinaceous order, not incubating, as do birds in general, but constructing mounds for the reception of their eggs, which are hatched in them by artificial heat, not by the heat of the parent.

In reflecting on this singular fact, we are naturally led to inquire, whether any other birds adopt a similar mode, and also whether any other oviparous animals do the same.

The ostrich has been long believed to bury her eggs in the sand, in order that the heat of the sun may hatch them; but this has been denied. In South Africa, the ostriches lay their eggs in a shallow cavity scraped in the sand, with an elevated rim around it, and several females unite in forming a common nest; upon these eggs they sit, the females relieving each other during the day, the male taking his turn at night. But though the ostrich near the Cape incubates like other birds, it appears that within the torrid zone the females lay their eggs in the sand, where the heat of the sun is sufficient to hatch them, the female sometimes sitting upon them during the night. In this instance, however, the bird does not sit, because there is no necessity for it, the sun being powerful enough to bring the chick to maturity. But with regard to the two birds we have described, we find that they construct an artificial depository of vegetables, or of vegetables and sand, so as to constitute a hot bed, by the heat of which the eggs are duly hatched. The principle, if we

may so express ourselves, upon which these two gallinaceous birds act, is therefore different from that of the ostrich. Did they merely lay their eggs in the sand, and there leave them, they would, speaking figuratively, commit an error in judgment, which would result in the eggs losing their vitality.

Still, in the instance of the ostrich, as far as we know, we have the nearest approach as respects the point in question to the brush turkey and the *ngow-oo*.

Of all oviparous animals, birds alone sit on their eggs, or incubate. All the reptiles and fishes trust their eggs, as a general rule, to the heat of the sun, whether in the water or on land, for becoming hatched. Many, however, bury them; and some, as the common snake, in places where other heat besides that of the sun may influence them; as, for example, in hot beds and heaps of decomposing manure. If, however, any cases approaching that of the brush turkey are to be found amongst the cold blooded, oviparous animals, we may naturally expect to find it in the highest of the reptilia. Tortoises and turtles bury their eggs in the sand, and there leave them to the action of the sun. Crocodiles do the same; but they watch over the places in which the eggs are deposited, and the females take the young under their own charge. One species, however, the pike-nosed alligator, (*Alligator lucius*,) which inhabits the Mississippi, North America, and the lakes of New Orleans, is said to deposit its eggs in layers, separated from one another by partitions of mud. Azara also states that the Yacaré alligator, (*A. sclerops*,) of South America, deposits its eggs in the sand, and covers them with dry grass or vegetable matters; but, in both these cases, they are hatched by the solar heat alone.

In the construction, then, of hot beds as depositories for their eggs, the brush turkey and the *ngow-oo* stand isolated among the feathered race; nor do we find a true parallel among the oviparous animals of other classes.

It may be asked, What end is answered by this singular departure from the general rule among birds? Our reply is, We cannot tell. In every department of nature, we are presented with facts which baffle our endeavours to account for; with laws, and exceptions to laws, the why and wherefore of which are beyond our comprehension. M.

"I DON'T CARE."

"MAMMA," said my cousin Mortimer's eldest little girl, "what does *don't care* mean?"

"I think, Ellen, it never means any good; and generally a great deal of harm. If you were running along the towing path, by the side of the river, and I were to say to you, Take care, Ellen, what do you think I should mean?"

"That I should mind, and not go too near the edge."

"But suppose you did not mind, and did go too near the edge?"

"Perhaps I should fall in and be drowned."

"Yes, Ellen; and something else, whether or not you should fall into the water."

"I should be disobedient, mamma."

"Yes, my child; that would be the worst of it; because disobedience is a sin."

"Mamma, when I was at play, last night, with Louisa Parry, she climbed up a ladder, and gathered some grapes; and her maid begged her to come down, lest she should break her neck: besides, she told her she must not gather grapes without leave, her mamma would be very angry with her; but Louisa said, 'I don't care,' and went on doing it."

"I am very sorry, my dear, that Louisa should have acted so improperly; and very sorry that you should have witnessed her conduct. But as you have seen and heard it, I hope you will remember that it is very foolish not to take care at all times: those who do not, are likely to fall into mischief and danger. It is more than foolish, it is very sinful indeed, for a child not to take care to obey her parents, and not to care whether they are pleased or displeased. I hope my dear little Ellen will never utter such an expression, or cherish such a feeling."

The conversation between my cousin and her little daughter recalled to mind an old spelling book, used by Frank and myself, which contained a notable story of a disobedient careless boy, who used to treat both command and admonition with the insolent defiance, "I don't care." I forget the various stages of vice and misery through which he passed; but he was at length torn to pieces by a lion, into whose power he was thrown by some act of headstrong disobedience. This tragical scene was rudely depicted at the commencement of the story, which

ended with the moral, "Don't care always comes to an ill end at last." The spelling book has long since become obsolete, and I am not sure that the warning was based upon sound principles; for, in the moral tales of that day, obedience, diligence, and good conduct, were made invariably to conduct to wealth and honour; while idleness and vice as invariably led to disgrace and ruin. This, though in accordance with the general tendency of things, is not, in point of fact, always immediately and visibly verified; and if it were, policy is but a poor ground on which to build morality. He who does right, merely because he thinks he shall fare the better by so doing, will, at best, do it but partially and superficially; and will, in all probability, become the easy prey of temptation, which comes baited with a plausible representation of greater advantage to be derived by pursuing an opposite course. However, without at present too nicely scanning that point, I know that the closing sentiment of the tale was deeply lodged in my mind; and that I always considered it a very alarming thing to say, "I don't care."

The question of little Ellen led to a conversation on the subject; and long after the child had returned to her playthings, we were enumerating instances in which this unguarded phrase is often used.

Arthur Longley was referred to as adopting it, in a tone of listless indifference. Frank, who was his schoolfellow, complained that more than one holiday had been wasted by his frittering, undecided way. When asked if he would join in a walk, or a game at cricket, or whatever else the projected recreation might be, his reply was, "I don't care if I do;" or, if two things were proposed for choice, he would say, "I don't care which;" and still loiter away the time in indecision, until he was too late to enjoy either.

"We never, now," said Frank, "include him in our consultations; but form a plan the day before, and make all ready, so that we have the whole time to spend on active recreation. If Arthur joins us, he is welcome; but then he must act upon our motto, 'Work while you work, and play when you play.' We shall not again suffer him to cheat us out of our pleasure by his dilatory 'I don't care.'

"Another of our boys," continued Frank, "is continually adopting the phrase, in defiance of authority. So daring is he, that he commonly goes among us by the name of Dreadnought. He is the most ingenious inventor, and the most daring perpetrator of mischief; and when engaged in his rebellious frolics, if some more timid transgressor, though perhaps an admiring spectator of his boldness, interposes the caution, 'Oh, take care! Hark! there's master coming! You'll surely be caught!' his reply always is, 'What do I care! let him come:' and it is really astonishing," continued Frank, "how frequently he does come off harmless."

"No, Frank," said my uncle, "not harmless. Such daring spirits may, and often do escape the immediate infliction of disgrace and punishment, which they are apt to consider the only harm that can result from their offences. But they do not escape moral harm; nor do they escape the guilt of inflicting it on others. I have known more than one lamentable instance, of a spirited young rebel, such as you describe, who, by the success and impunity, which generally attended his feats of youthful mischief, and especially by the admiration and applause poured upon him, (perhaps by misguided parents,) for the cleverness which outwitted, or the courage which defied a master, has lost all moral susceptibility, and become hardened, in defiance of all authority, human and Divine. The influence too, of such an example, is most injurious on others. The hero and his feats became objects of emulation to those who have not equal abilities; and, like some of the weaker animals, they learn to make up in cunning what they want in strength and courage: and thus a lad, who, perhaps, prides himself on his frankness, generosity, and honour, forms a host of servile imitators to characters of meanness and artifice."

"Yes, uncle," replied Frank; "I have seen something of this in the influence of my schoolfellow. Though he is reckoned a hero himself, his satellites are generally mean spirited, cringing, and cowardly; and though he generally comes off himself with flying colours, he often leads others into terrible scrapes. I don't mean ungenerously on his part; but merely as he stimulates them by his example. I wish he could be induced to consider the real consequence of his exploits, both on himself and others, and then, I think, he would not be so ready to say, 'I don't care.'"

"Do not imagine," said Mrs. Mortimer, "that all the mischief, or all the hardihood of youth, is confined to the nobler sex. I can assure you, schoolgirls have quite as much of it in their way. The challenge may often be heard among them, as applied to some transgression of the established laws of the school, 'Dare you do so and so? I dare.' I sometimes smile to recollect the serious tone and manner with which a steady, little, old-fashioned girl used to reply,

'I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.'

Perhaps there was a degree of pomposity in the appropriation of the phraseology; but it would be well for school girls and school boys too, if their daring were kept within the range of the sentiment. Then, there was a ditty in vogue among school girls in my day, which seems to intimate that 'Don't care' is a phrase adopted by those who practise eye service. I am afraid it is so, whether among pupils or servants. It is this,

'Follow my dame on tip-ti-toe,
I don't care whether I work or no;
I can work, or I can play,
Or I can throw my work away.'"

"I think," said my uncle, "'Don't care' is often used as an expression of contempt of delegated authority. I have known servants, who, though they would receive with all obsequiousness the direct command of a master, would spurn at the same command if communicated through the medium of a fellow servant, and say, 'I don't care for him.'"

I recollected having frequently heard one of my schoolfellows say, "I don't care for him; he's only an usher:" who looked upon it quite another thing, if it could be said to him, "But Mr. —— himself says, You must do it; or, Leave off doing it."

"Ah," said my uncle, "that is a very common error. People forget that by their contempt of any legitimate authority, however subordinate, they contemn the source of power, however exalted. A loyal subject of any state dare not indulge a perverse or contemptuous spirit against the meanest officer, who is the representative of the sovereign. And in families and schools, as well as states, the Christian law is, 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist, shall receive to themselves condemnation,' Rom. xiii. 1, 2. Don't you think, Samuel, that this makes it a serious offence, to despise any who, in the providence of God, are set over us?"

"Yes, indeed, it does, uncle. I think my schoolfellow cannot know this, or cannot have thought of it, or he would not dare to say that he does not care for anybody but the master."

"I have known some young people indulge, and even express as rebellious and contemptuous a spirit against their parents, whose authority certainly comes next to that of God. I can think, at this moment, of at least two young persons, who, when the choice of their society, or the change of a situation, or the selection of a partner for life, was under discussion, on being admonished, 'But your parents will not approve of it;' have replied in the spirit, if not in the very words, 'I don't care for that; I am old enough now to be my own master. I shall choose for myself, and do as I please.'"

"And, uncle, what became of them?"

"You may well ask, Samuel, as if you were afraid to hear. I could tell you melancholy tales of the consequences resulting from filial irreverence and disobedience; but I cannot tell you of one young person, who did not care for the wishes, the feelings, and the counsels of his parents, on whom the blessing of God was seen to rest; or who became, in any respect, eminent and honourable."

In the course of the conversation, Mrs. Mortimer remarked, that the phrase, "I don't care," was often used as the expression of foolhardiness. She mentioned a fine young man, with whom Mr. Mortimer was acquainted, who was in the habit of exposing his health in the most reckless and uncalled-for manner, in defiance of all admonition and remonstrance. On one occasion, rather from a spirit of bravado, than from any real occasion to go at that particular time, he would set off to walk, several miles, over a bleak unsheltered common, in the midst of pouring rain. His friends in vain endeavoured to dissuade him. He said, he did not care for being wet through; nothing ever hurt him. Some one present reminded him of the homely adage, "The pitcher may go often to the well and be broken at last;" but though he derided the warning, he verified it: for in that rash expedition he caught a vio-

lent cold, which settled on his lungs, and soon wasted his strength, and brought him down to the grave. During his illness, he felt and acknowledged his foolhardiness to have been a great sin; and trembled at having to answer for the guilt of throwing away his life for a vain bravado.

My uncle mentioned another lamentable instance of the fatal results of foolhardiness. A youth, on being placed apprentice to a druggist, received from his master repeated cautions, (rendered especially necessary by the inflammable nature of many substances continually employed in their business,) to be very careful of fire; never to go into certain parts of the warehouse with a lighted candle; never to neglect snuffing a candle, lest a spark should fall from the overgrown snuff; and whatever other cautions he considered requisite. The youth was for a time observant of his master's orders; but, by degrees, he became remiss and careless: and not unfrequently, when reminded by a fellow servant that he was transgressing the master's injunction, and admonished of the danger, he would reply, "Nonsense! What do I care for that? there's no danger at all: I've done it scores of times, and no harm ever came of it." Poor fellow! he did it once too often; for, in consequence of his carelessness and presumption, in the very matters in which he had been so often warned, his master's house was burned down, and several lives lost, including his own.

The like presumption is often seen in trifling with moral danger. "Oh," says the thoughtless youth, "There's no danger, no harm in it; I've done it many times, and I am none the worse for it:" and so, "because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil," Eccles. viii. 11, and they flatter themselves that there is no evil in sin.

"I don't care what it costs." "That," observed Mrs. Mortimer, "is no uncommon phrase. I think, uncle, you have often been vexed to hear it."

"Yes; indeed I have. Horses, carriages, paintings, whatever* he saw and fancied, was ordered home without consideration. If his poor, meek, pensive wife presumed to ask, 'But what will it cost? Is it not too expensive? Can we afford to have it?' she only got some rude reply, to mind her own affairs, and perhaps, 'I don't care what its costs; I am determined to have it, let it cost what it will. What it costs is of no consequence to you.' But," continued my uncle, "the present embarrassed state of his affairs, and the darkened prospects of his family, too painfully prove that his habits of wanton, reckless expenditure have been of serious consequence to his wife, and to all connected with him. Nor is it in pecuniary expenses alone that this person and others, who, like him, are bent on their own gratification, say, they don't care what it costs; they don't care what restraints they break through; they don't care what wounds they inflict on those whom they ought to revere, love, and cherish; they don't care what consequences they entail on themselves by their headstrong folly. "Get it for me, it pleases me well," is the language of their turbulent passions; and, like him of old who uttered it, they generally find, as the result, that in pleasing their eager fancy they have plagued their hearts. I think you were quite right in telling little Ellen that 'Don't care' is always a bad word."

My conscience reproached me, as uncle made this remark, for my own experience confirmed the truth of his observation; happily it was in a comparatively small matter. About four miles from my uncle's residence, is a high hill, a part of which being excavated to a great depth, many marine productions, in a fossil state, are found bedded in the earth. I had long had a desire to collect some of these monuments of antiquity, and one hot summer's day I obtained a basket from Mrs. Rogers, who did not question me as to the object of my expedition, but supposed I was going to gather strawberries, or collect plants. She, however, charged me to keep in the shade, and not overheat myself. After a toilsome walk, I reached the spot; spent an hour or two in exploring the clift and collecting specimens, with which I filled my basket, and placing it on my head, returned with my cumbrous load. With difficulty I reached home, and on setting down my basket, I sunk down, completely overcome with heat and fatigue. "Oh, master Samuel! master Samuel! What have you been doing? Little did I think, when you came to me for the basket, what you were after. To

* Though my uncle did not name the party of whom he spoke, there is no doubt he alluded to the Captain.

think of your toiling up that hill this hot day, and bringing home this load of stones! Why, it is enough to be the death of you!" Such were the exclamations that awaited me on my returning to consciousness: "There, he's coming to, now —but—poor dear! how his head throbs! Does it not ache very badly?" I could not deny that I had a bad headach. "But," said I, "what do I care for the headach? Look at my basket of fossils?" A serious illness was the result; and I learned that pleasure may be bought too dear, and the achievement of a favourite object is not always an adequate return for the cost and risk incurred in obtaining it.

But I must briefly mention a few more instances of the "Don't care" spirit, as they were spoken of at my uncle's, or have since come under my own observation.

There's the "Don't care" of procrastination. "I fully meant to have discharged such a duty; or done such an act of kindness; or made such an effort at usefulness, to-day; but I quite forgot it. Ah well, 'I don't care:' I can do it to-morrow." But oh, how impossible is it that to-morrow, in addition to its own duties, should bear the superadded burden of the neglects of its predecessor! How very probable is it that there will not even be an attempt to fulfil the resolve entered into in so careless a spirit, to say nothing of the uncertainty of to-morrow coming at all.

There is the "Don't care" of self-will. "I don't care what mischief I do in effecting my purpose. I am determined to accomplish a certain object; and if one method fails, I will try another." Alas! how many individuals have been ruined, families divided, and societies broken up, to effect the unhallowed purpose of one self-willed, ambitious, and powerful man!

There is the "Don't care" of childish perverseness. "If I can't have it exactly my own way, I don't care about it at all. I will throw away the thing altogether." Thus the king of Israel cared not for all his extensive possessions and dominions, because he could not obtain one little plot of ground to grow a few herbs on, 1 Kings xx. And all the greatness, and wealth, and honour of Haman availed nothing to his content or satisfaction, so long as he saw Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate, Esther v. 9—13.

There is the "Don't care" of bitter resentment. "He has offended me, and I will have my revenge of him." "But it will do you no good to injure him." "I don't care for that; revenge is sweet." The following is a fact:—Two builders resided next door to each other. Both were desirous of obtaining a certain contract. The tender of one was accepted. The other, enraged at his disappointment, declared he would leave no means untried to injure his rival. The houses, which the two parties occupied, had been built before the modern enactment that requires party walls, and the house of J. had been built to the wall of D. Hence D. had the legal right to pull down his own wall: a right of which he was inhuman enough to avail himself, at a time when he knew that the wife of J. was just confined in the room which he laid open. No remonstrances, concessions, or offers of remuneration, on the part of J., could divert him from his malevolent purpose. This most unseasonable exposure to cold, threw the poor woman into a rheumatic fever: for two years she was unable to walk; and though she lived many years afterwards, suffered excruciating pain in her limbs to the day of her death. The unhappy D. did not long enjoy his revenge; for while superintending the work of spoliation, he fell from the top of a ladder, and broke his leg, of which he died.

There is the "Don't care" that expresses disregard of the admonition of danger. "Such a practice is dangerous. It may not be absolutely sinful; but it is not 'lovely' or 'of good report.' Your conduct may give occasion, to those who would seek occasion, to speak evil of you. It would be wiser and safer to alter your course." Such admonitions are too often met with the reply, "I don't care what people say of me: they are not my judges. If my own conscience does not condemn me, I don't care for the opinion of others." But you ought to care. It is mentioned to the honour of ancient believers, and, as a matter of consistency with what God, and the church, and the world, had a right to expect from them, that they "obtained a good report," Heb. xi. 39; and others are spoken of, professors of religion, yet who follow pernicious ways, by reason of whom the way of truth is evil spoken of, 2 Peter ii. 2. A Christian is bound to avoid not only evil, but the very appearance of evil, 1 Thess. v. 22; and not

only, not to open the mouths of gainsayers, but, by his well doing, to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, 1 Peter ii. 15; and the professor, who can be careless as to what people think or say of him, so far from satisfying himself that he has the testimony of a good conscience, ought to suspect himself, lest his conscience should be blinded or seared, since it allows him to retain so favourable an opinion of conduct, which, in the eyes of other people, is inconsistent and censurable.

Then, again, "Take care, such an act is dangerous; though in itself seemingly trifling, it may prove the beginning of evil." Who is it that makes light of such an admonition? that "does not care" for the caution; that flatters himself there can be no great harm in such a thing for once, and sure that he is in no danger of making a practice of it? It is he who, in presumptuous folly, seats himself on the sands of the sea shore, and will not retreat, though warned, on the approach of the waves; but flatters himself of security, in saying to the rising element, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther." Yes; and he who despises caution against the incipient power of a habit is the same who, in a little time, gives himself up to the determined indulgence of habit, and still meets remonstrance with "I don't care; I can't help it now; I have loved idols, and after them I will go," Jer. ii. 25.

There is the "Don't care" of unbelief and presumption. I heard a flippant daughter of vanity ridiculing some pious people, who passed by her on their way to the house of God, and boast, that since her marriage, a period of twelve or fourteen years, she had never entered the church door, except when she had occasion to go to be churched. Her brother-in-law, a pious clergyman, entreated her to forbear; and, if she had no regard for her own soul, to consider the injury that such conversation might inflict on the souls of her children; and the remorse that she would probably feel on her dying bed, in looking back on the influence of her language and example. Her reply was, "I never care for what parsons say: they are paid for saying it. As for death, I don't choose to think about it. I should like to live two hundred years—as long as ever I can; but without growing older than I now am. And then, if I must die, I should wish to die and know nothing about it; but, at any rate, I will not care about it now."

"'I don't care' what he says. It may be true, for what I know; but he is no better than other people, and I do not see why I should mind him." It is a pity that the advocates of truth should ever weaken their cause by the loss of personal respect. But still it is great folly to reject what is true, and good, and valuable, on account of the channel through which it comes. Good news may be brought by a leper, 2 Kings vii. 9. A wise man, for his own sake, will examine the testimony, and act upon the truth.

There is the "Don't care of despair." Things are come to such a pass, that it is impossible for them to be mended. I don't care what becomes of me." This is a sad and sinful, as well as most distressful state of feeling. It is, however, in all cases, a delusion, though, in some, a fatal delusion. Does the desperate expression refer to worldly circumstances?

> "Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
> Live till to-morrow, will have past away."

Think of the power of God, who can turn the shadow of death into the morning. The case cannot be more desperate than that of Jonah, who was yet brought up from the belly of hell, to sing, "Salvation is of the Lord," Jonah ii. 9. Does the expression of despondency refer to the salvation of the soul? Instead of giving up in hopeless despair, think of the Saviour's boundless love and grace; listen to his call, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," Isa. xlv. 22. Say, "The call must needs be addressed to me, for I am not beyond the ends of the earth;" and, "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I," Psa. lxi. 2.

C.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

PART V.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In concluding the history of the Gunpowder Plot, an interesting inquiry presents itself. Were the original conspirators the only guilty parties? or must the plot be traced to the influence of Popish doctrines, acting on minds of an excitable and enthusiastic temperament? In other words, Was the Gunpowder Plot the child of Popery?

This question may be easily answered.

To the authority of the church every Romanist yields a ready and absolute submission. It is a mortal sin to disobey her commands. It is highly meritorious to advance her interests. Her enemies are his enemies. Her friends are his friends. And, that church, long ago, doomed all heretics, by a formal decree, to extermination;* and, at a subsequent period, declared that promises made to them were not to be kept, if their observance would be prejudicial to the Romish faith.† It was notorious, also, that during the reign of Elizabeth, bulls had been issued, denouncing her as a heretic and an usurper; and that the most strenuous efforts were made to drive her from her throne, and take away her life. It has been already stated, that pope Clement VIII.'s breves, respecting a popish successor to Elizabeth, were in Garnet's possession, and that he showed them to Catesby and Winter. That they encouraged Catesby in contriving the plot, if they did not originate the idea in his mind, is sufficiently clear from his own words: "If it was lawful," he justly argued, "by force of the pope's breves, to have kept the king out, if he was not a Catholic, it was as lawful now to put him out, when he had declared himself the enemy of Catholics." It is true that Garnet alleged, in his defence, that he had endeavoured to dissuade the conspirators from their purpose, because further communications had been received from the pope, prohibiting all violent measures; and that in a letter to Greenway, written about three weeks before his death, he uses these words: "I always condemned the plot, absolutely, in my own mind; and my opinion generally was, that all stirs against the king were unlawful, because the authority of the pope, who had forbidden all such attempts, was wanting."‡ But these vows imply, that with the pope's permission the plot would have been justifiable, and treason a religious duty; and Garnet's explanation of the papal prohibition, as given to sir Everard Digby, confined it within very narrow compass, or rather entirely nullified it. "He told me," said sir Everard, "that they were not" (meaning priests) "to undertake or procure stirs; but yet they would not hinder any, neither was it the pope's mind they should, that should be undertaken for the Catholic good."§ Now, all the conspirators considered the plot to be "undertaken for the Catholic good," or, as Fawkes said, "for the restitution of religion;" meaning, thereby, Popery. This was the animating spirit of the enterprise. The conspirators dwelt on it in their conferences; they were encouraged by it in their toils. If they succeeded, their "holy religion" would be exalted; if they failed, they would die "for God's cause,"‖ and get a glorious name. "I am satisfied," said John Grant, on the morning of his death, "that our project was so far from being sinful, that I rely entirely upon my merits in bearing a part of that noble action, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all sins committed by me during the rest of my life!"** There is no doubt that he uttered the sentiments of all his accomplices. Popery had blinded their minds, and hardened their hearts. They cared not what misery was inflicted, what blood was shed, what precious lives were sacrificed. They would have spread "lamentations, and mourning, and woe" throughout the land, and exposed the kingdom to all the horrors of revolution and war "for the Catholic good." They were true sons of the church, and obediently followed out the well-known principles of the Papacy.

But it has been affirmed that the plot was altogether confined to a few men of desperate characters, and that the Romanists, in general, reprobated and disavowed it. And so they did, after it had failed! The conspiracy was necessarily confined to a few persons, to give it a chance of continued secrecy. Had it taken effect, the consequence would have been a revolution, and it requires little sagacity to form a judgment of the probable conduct of the Papists under such circumstances. The pope's breves would have been then found very plain and explicit; and none would have hesitated to carry into effect, to the utmost possible extent, the decree of the Council of

* At the Council of Lateran, A.D. 1215.

† At the Council of Constance, A.D. 1414.

‡ Lingard's History of England, ix. 394. 18mo. edition.

§ Jardine, p. 384.

‖ As Rookwood was being drawn to the place of execution, his wife presented herself at an open window in the Strand, and exhorted him "to be of good courage, inasmuch as he suffered for a great and noble cause."

** Jardine, p. 187.

Lateran.* That the Gunpowder Plot was a popish plot, devised by Papists, sustained by popish principles, encouraged by popish priests, and designed to accomplish the overthrow of Protestantism, and the establishment of Popery on its ruins, cannot be denied; although its failure has made it convenient to disclaim the atrocious deed. But the pages of history cannot be blotted out.†

The influence of Popery is also strikingly shown in the case of Garnet. He justified the concealment of the plot, by the plea that he had received the knowledge of it in confession, or "by way of confession." This was not the whole truth; for it became fully evident that he was frequently consulted respecting it, and that his approbation and advice were highly esteemed by the conspirators. But let us admit his plea, that it was revealed to him in confession, and that therefore he was bound to keep it secret. The doctrine of the Romish church, on this subject, is thus authoritatively expressed: "As all are anxious that their sins should be buried in eternal secrecy, the faithful are to be admonished, that there is no reason whatever to apprehend, that what is made known in confession, will ever be revealed by any priest; or that by it the penitent can, at any time, be brought into danger or difficulty of any sort. All laws, human and divine, guard the inviolability of the seal of confession; and against its sacrilegious infraction the church denounces her heaviest chastisements. 'Let the priests,' says the great Council of Lateran, 'take especial care, neither by word, nor sign, nor by any other means whatever, to betray, in the least degree, the sacred trust confided to him by the sinner.'"‡ Here is, indeed, a safeguard for traitors! The word of God says, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers," Rom. xiii. 1—"Honour the king," 1 Peter ii. 17. But a popish rebel may go to his confessor, and say, "My king is a heretic: I mean to kill him to-morrow." He need not fear discovery. His spiritual father will not put forth his little finger to save the nation from the consequences of the infamous deed. He may, indeed, endeavour to persuade the wretch to alter his mind; but should he be unsuccessful, not a word will escape his lips, nor any friendly warning be given to the victim of treachery. He might save the life of his sovereign; but the laws of his church prohibit him from yielding to the impulses of compassion, and compel him to become a traitor. And when the villain has consummated his purpose, he will be seen bowing again at the feet of the confessor, to receive the absolution which will send him in peace to the scaffold, and apply a flattering, deadly unction to his soul."§ The seal of confession! Whence comes this seal of confession; this right to conceal murder and treason; this exaltation of a sinful man above the authority of God's holy word? Is it not the "deceivableness of unrighteousness?"—the "working of Satan?" 2 Thess. ii. 9, 10.

We shall be told that it is perfectly unnecessary, and not very charitable, to revive the memory of this atrocity. "Let it be buried in oblivion." No; never! The record must be preserved, and continually set before men, as a warning against the pernicious and perilous tendency of popish principles. It never can be forgotten. We do not charge modern Papists with treasonable opinions and practices. We know that they profess entire loyalty to the sovereign of these realms, and that, for the most part, they are peaceable subjects. But we know, also, that the decree of the Council of Lateran is unrepealed; that the law of sacramental confession is unaltered; and that Popery is always the same. The power wielded by the priesthood is a mighty engine. In its more mischievous uses, at least as far as the

* That decree has not been regarded as a dead letter. Cardinal Allen declared that pope Sextus v., in requesting Philip of Spain to undertake the invasion of England, was avowedly acting on "a special canon of the great Council of Lateran, touching the chastisement of princes, that will not purge their dominions of heresy and heretics."—*Turner's Modern History of England*, iv. 505.

† Archbishop Tillotson observes, "I would not be understood to charge every particular person, who is, or hath been, in the Roman communion, with the guilt of those, or the like practices; but I must charge their doctrines and principles with them. I must charge the heads of their church, and the prevalent teaching and governing part of it, who are usually the contrivers and abettors, the executioners and applauders of those cursed designs."—*Works*, 12mo., vol. i., p. 349.

‡ Catechism of the Council of Trent, translated by Donovan, p. 282.

§ The following extracts from the examinations of the conspirators will illustrate these observations:

Thomas Bates. "The said priest, Greenway, gave this examinate absolution." This was in December, 1604.

Robert Winter. "I confess that on Thursday the 7th of November, (this was after the discovery,) I did confess myself to Hammond the priest, as other gentlemen did, and was absolved, and received the sacrament."

general condition of society, in England, is concerned, it is at present dormant. But it still exists, and under altered circumstances must be expected to bring forth its accustomed fruits. The same influence, by the working of which a Protestant school is suppressed, or a Protestant Bible burned, would constrain the slaves of the system, at any fitting opportunity, to oppose the advancement of knowledge and piety, and forge anew the chains of persecution. The spread of popish principles, therefore, in any form, and under any modification, cannot but be regarded, by the friends of scriptural truth, with deep concern.

Tradition is the main pillar of the Papacy. Nothing perplexes a popish debater more than to confine him to Scripture. But let him choose his own position; let him appeal to tradition, and the authority of the church, you will find, if you agree to meet him there, that he is impregnable. The Protestant's only safety lies in a strict and uncompromising adherence to the word of God. We must have Scripture alone, or become Papists. Let the rallying cry be, "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them," Isa. viii. 20.

We pity the ignorance and superstition of those infatuated men, whose horrible plot has been now contemplated. We adore the gracious Providence which unveiled the deed of darkness, and delivered Britain from the tremendous destruction. We bless God, as well we may, for the light of Protestantism, and the happiness it has diffused in our land. And now let us determine to contend earnestly "for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," using no carnal weapons in its defence, but relying on the promised grace of the Holy Spirit, in connexion with the word of God and prayer. The main truth of the gospel is, the justification of the sinner by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness;—that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus," Rom. iii. 25, 26. Inseparably connected with our acceptance through the righteousness of the Saviour, is the sanctification of our souls. In believing the gospel, we are justified: the truth which we believe "effectually worketh" in our hearts, producing likeness to the Redeemer, and conformity to his will. We have the "spirit of Christ;" the spirit of meekness, forbearance, and forgiveness; the spirit of "power, and of love, and of a sound mind," 2 Tim. i. 7. We bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitefully use us and persecute us, Matt. v. 44. We seek to know all the will of the Lord, and to do it; and we cheerfully devote our time, our strength, our talents, and our property, to the extension of his kingdom. But, however diligent and zealous we may be, we shall not boast of our performances, nor dream of merit. We shall live and die, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life," Jude 21. No prayer to the "mother of grace" will mingle itself with our last words. We shall not look to the saints, but to the Saviour. Christ alone will be our trust, our joy, our hope. "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God," Rev. vii. 14, 15.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE DIORAMA AND COSMORAMA.

THE DIORAMA.

The Shrine of the Nativity. The panoramas which are exhibited, from time to time, are on a much more extended scale, and the cosmoramas present a greater variety of views to the eye, than the dioramas; but the latter are far more arresting than either of the former. The peculiarity of the style, in which they are painted, the varied lights cast upon them, and the changes they exhibit, give them a decided advantage over every other exhibition of paintings, so far as an approach to reality is concerned. The illusion, indeed, after gazing, for a short time, is so complete, that an effort of the mind is required to convince the spectator that he is not gazing on tangible things, but only on a shadowy resemblance of them.

Perhaps, of all the dioramas hitherto exhibited in London, that of the shrine of the nativity at Bethlehem is the most successful in its influence over the spectator. It is true, that the scene it

presents is not at all likely, of itself, to carry back our associations to that lowly stable at Bethlehem, where the holy Child Jesus was born. The commonest wood cut of the manger, and the oxen, that ever yet was appended to the cradle hymn of Dr. Watts, would be more likely to produce this effect, than the sumptuous, the splendid, the magnificent spectacle of the shrine of the nativity; but in the power of impressing the gazer with the reality of the objects presented to the eye, the glittering lamps, the stately pillars, the shrine, the crucifix, and the pictures, it is unrivalled.

I have ascended the staircase, passed through the darkened room at its summit, and groped my way downwards, with my hand against the wall, to a seat immediately in front of the part appointed for the exhibition. Audible voices tell me that half a dozen or a dozen persons must be present, but as yet I can discern no one. Scribbling with my pencil, in darkness, I am gazing on the illuminated lamps, which seem to cast no light, except round the immediate place where they are suspended. A female voice is indulging in a levity quite at variance with the impressive gloom, and an occasional laugh is heard from the opposite end of the benches.

The low, tremulous toll of a distant bell has vibrated through the place, and by slow, and scarcely perceptible degrees, the other lamps of the picture have been illuminated. There is the shrine of the nativity! A correct resemblance of the one now in existence in Bethlehem, said to be erected where our Saviour was born. "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel," Matt. ii. 6.

At this moment, the ardent fervour of an oriental fancy could scarcely surpass, in its creations, the magnificent scene before me. The silvery sparkling of the burning lights, the golden glare of the lamps, chains, and picture frames; the rich yellow, topaz-like radiance that is shed around, and the deep mellow shadows, with the bold relief they afford, are truly exquisite.

The two worshippers seem at their devotions, the one kneeling with his face buried in his hands; the other, altogether prostrated on the floor, add much to the awfulness of the scene. Brilliant and varied hues, striking objects, with strong lights and shadows, are blending their influence, with that of stillness, solemnity, and interesting associations. The light-hearted female has ceased her jocose remarks; the scene has subdued her hilarity, and a breathless silence reigns around.

To the right is the spot intended to denote where the manger stood, and near it is an altar to mark the place where the Magi worshipped the Redeemer. "And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh," Matt. ii. 11.

It is said that there are few spots pointed out to the pilgrim or visitor to the Holy Land, better authenticated than that of the nativity. It seems scarcely probable that the early Christians would altogether lose sight of its locality. According to history, a temple was erected over the spot, by the emperor Hadrian, about a hundred years before the present edifice was formed. Whether contempt or jealousy of the Christians led on the emperor to this undertaking, it would be hard to determine.

Bethlehem, the birthplace of David, is represented by travellers to be a village beautifully situated on an eminence overlooking the Dead Sea, and the solitary wilderness of Engedi. The olive, the vine, and the fig tree flourish in the country around it; and from the high grounds may be seen the distant mountains of Moab and Idumea.

Changing as the scene does, representing the shrine of the nativity, as it now exists, and then the celebration of mass by the Franciscan monks, the visitor gazes with astonishment and awe; but when, by imperceptible degrees, the whole, as if by magic, becomes lighted up with bewildering brilliancy, and the organ chants a solemn tune, his amazement is extreme.

The Coronation of Queen Victoria.—This splendid representation cannot fail to interest the spectator; for though a sight of the ceremony is so much desired, few people, comparatively, can be present at a coronation. I am sometimes looking at the attractive personages congregated together on the canvass, and sometimes regarding the architecture and

decorations of the venerable abbey of Westminster, as exhibited in the painting. They are both very effective, though appearing to some disadvantage, coming after the superior brilliancy of the scene which has so recently preceded them. The fixed position of the worshippers at their devotions, in the shrine of the nativity, is in strict keeping with the scene, and heightens the effect of the painting; but here, in the coronation, it is otherwise, for the motionless attitude of so many figures, imparts a monotonous, statue-like effect that is never altogether dissipated.

There sits the queen in king Edward's chair, holding in her hands the royal sceptre, the ensign of power and justice; and the rod, the emblem of equity and mercy. The archbishop of Canterbury is placing the crown upon her head. At her right hand, stand the peers who have assisted at the ceremony, in their gowns of crimson velvet, and capes of ermine. At her left hand, stand the bishops, robed in black and white. In the box, on one side, are the royal family; and in the other parts the foreign ambassadors with their ladies, the peers and peeresses, the judges, the lord mayor, the sheriffs, maids of honour, officers, and other attendants.

Hark! what a startling sound! A flourish of trumpets has announced that Victoria is crowned, and imagination hears the distant thunderings of the Tower guns, and the nearer acclamations of the people, "God save the Queen!" The thunder of the cannon has ceased, the clangor of the trumpet is still, and even now can I fancy that the voice of the archbishop is heard, as he thus addresses the queen: "Be strong and of good courage, observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways; fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, receive a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give you in that day. Amen."

The company assembled are growing a little more talkative; some are speaking of the queen, some are pointing out the peers, while others are admiring the dresses and decorations so prodigally spread out before them. The coronation is a striking and solemn ceremony, from the entrance into the cathedral to the recess. I think of the recognition, the oblations, the services, the sermon, the oath, and the anointing; the investing with the royal robes, the putting on the crown, the presentation of the Holy Bible, the benediction, the enthronization, the homage, the communion, and the final prayers. But while I am noting down these remarks, the company are preparing to depart. I must now proceed to the Cosmorama.

THE COSMORAMA.

This then is the Cosmorama. The little book put into my hand tells me that I have eight different views to gaze on. The rope bridge of Penipé, in South America; the palace of Zenobia, at Palmyra; Constantinople during the conflagration in 1839; the palace of Versailles; general view of Rome; the park of Versailles; the lake of Thun, in Switzerland; and the village of Baden.

Often and often have I reflected on the varied and almost endless gratifications which await us, both in the natural and artificial creation! Truly, if our harps are not on the willows; if our hearts are in tune, a song of thanksgiving should be ever in our mouths.

> The crowded city and the rural scene,
> Alike are teeming with almighty love!
> Here, the great Maker of this wondrous world
> Sets forth his power and goodness infinite,
> In mountain, vale, and wood: and there displays
> The gifted properties on man bestowed.

Though supplied with a book, giving some account of the different paintings, and furnished with paper on which to note down any suggestion that may occur to me, this passage is so dark, that I can neither read nor write legibly, without approaching the little windows, through which I must look to see the views.

The rope bridge of Penipé is the first painting, and a striking one it is. The bridge of twisted rushes, with sticks laid across, covered with branches of trees for a flooring, is represented as stretching over the river Chambo, near the village of Penipé, from rock to rock, a distance of one hundred and twenty feet. To cross such a bridge, a strong head, a bold heart, and a steady foot must be necessary. I can fancy a timid person, following his Indian guide, while the violent oscillation of the bridge hanging in air, blanches his cheek, and makes his limbs tremble. Some say, and many things are more improbable,

that the notion of suspension bridges arose from the rope bridges of South America. We need not, however, have travelled so far to make the discovery, as any spider would have furnished us with a model both scientific and secure.

The palace of Zenobia is one of the principal remains of the city of Palmyra. The Corinthian style of architecture, with the vastness that characterized the Egyptian buildings, are both sufficiently apparent. Palmyra was the Tadmor of king Solomon, a magnificent city of Syria, the stupendous ruins of which are situated in the midst of a sandy and sterile desert, around which, on three sides, mountains rise of considerable eminence. Zenobia was queen of Palmyra. Beautiful in person, and of extraordinary intellect, she united the refinement of the Grecian with the hardihood of the Roman character: this was her palace. In the pride of her power, she thought lightly of Rome; but Aurelian came as a conqueror, and her city was swept with the besom of destruction. Palmyra was a splendid city, afterwards a town of little note; at a still later date, it was an unimportant fortress, and now it is a mere miserable village. The costly ruins of its former greatness form a strange contrast to its present humiliation; for mud cottages now stand in the spacious court of the once splendid temple.

"The owlet builds her nest in princely halls;
The lizard's slime bestreaks the palace walls;
No trace of man, save that the embers spent,
Show where the wandering Arab pitched his tent.
The ruin tells us that the despot's hand
Spread desolation o'er the wretched land;
And tombs o'erthrown, and plundered fanes declare
Too plain—the royal robber has been there."

As I gaze on the painting, it wonderfully improves in appearance: what was a mere picture, is now a real ruin, and in fancy I am standing in the midst of its mouldering magnificence. Mark the square blocks of stone through the principal portal, and the beautiful pillars, in the distance to the left, contrasted with the strength of the foreground.

Palmyra tells a tale of other times,
War and the whirlwind have alike despoiled her.

Constantinople, during the conflagration of 1839, must have been an awful spectacle. The little device of introducing an apparent flame that bursts forth, flinging a frightful red glare on the city, and then, as suddenly subsides, involving the place in portentous gloom, is very effective. It gives a reality to the representation.

What a dreadful calamity is an extensive fire! Three thousand seven hundred houses were destroyed. Despairing fathers, frantic mothers, shrieking children, bedridden and helpless old age, all at their wit's end. Alarm visited every house! Terror strided through the streets, and destruction in all directions raged abroad.

The building at the entrance of the Bosphorus there is the seraglio, or palace of the sultan. To the right is the dome of Santa Sophia, the most celebrated mosque of the moslems; and yonder is Pera, where the foreign ambassadors, the Dragomans and Frank merchants reside. Visit Constantinople as you will, by the Dardanelles and sea of Marmora, by the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, by the plains of Thrace or the hills of Asia, she will always be seen to advantage.

At present, the inhabitants of Constantinople follow the false prophet; but the Christian humbly believes that the Mohammedan crescent will yet wane before the Star of Bethlehem. In vain shall the enemies of the cross contend against almighty power; at the appointed time "The Lamb shall overcome them; for he is the Lord of hosts, and King of kings; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful," Rev. xvii. 14.

The palace of Versailles is an admirable view. The building, trees, gardens, flowers, hedges, grass, and water, all are excellent. Years have passed since I looked on the real palace; but this representation of it brings it back to my gaze, as though it were just before me. The façade of one thousand nine hundred feet, the projections, Ionic columns, and statues of marble and bronze, are truly magnificent.

The centre statue in the distance, represents Marcus Curtius leaping into the abyss, as a sacrifice for the good of his country, and the fountain on the left is the Fontaine de la Pyramide, formed of four basins, one rising above another. Every spectator will be interested by this view of the palace of Versailles. Such as have seen the original, will admire it for its correctness; and those who have not, will be spell-bound by its beauty and magnificence.

A group of children have entered the place, to witness the wonders of the cos-

morama. They are peeping through the little windows at the different views, full of joyous exclamation. With children pictures are always perfect.

In happy ignorance of art, they see
Beauty in every plant and spreading tree;
Gaze on the woods and waves, with glad surprise,
And speak their pleasure with their sparkling eyes.

Let there be red, and blue, and green, and yellow enough in his brush, and a painter may calculate on the youthful world for his admirers.

This *general view of Rome* takes not my fancy, though it will be full of interest to those who never saw a better. St. Peter's and the Vatican, with its colonnade, and obelisk, and fountain; the Pantheon, the Colosseum, and the Antonine and Trajan pillars, are objects which associations render attractive; but on so miniature a scale, they can scarcely be expected to be very effective. The road between the trees there would be accurately traced by the eye of a Roman Catholic; for it leads to that mother of churches, St. Giovanni Laterana, the oldest in Europe, wherein the pope is consecrated. The scene before me takes back the thought

"To that proud capital, where Cesars found a home,
When Rome was all the world, and all the world was Rome."

The temple of Jupiter Stator, the ruins of the palace of the emperors, and the Fontana Paolina, the finest fountain in Rome, may all be clearly distinguished by those who have a knowledge of the once imperial city. The Corso, the finest street in Rome, may also be traced, with the Quirinal palace, the towers of St. Maria Maggiore, and the receding waters of the river Tiber.

Though the imperial city of Rome had not, like Athens, an altar inscribed "To the unknown God," yet did its citizens as ignorantly worship stocks and stones, as the people of Athens. They were wholly given up to idolatry.

The park of Versailles, like the palace, is an object which at once arrests the attention; and the longer you gaze, the more are you disposed to linger on the scene before you. The foreground, fountains, with their margins of white marble, and groupes of bronze figures are very fine; and still more magnificent is the fountain of Latona, with the white marble figures on the red marble steps, surrounded by seventy-four gigantic frogs spouting out crystal streams. The spectator, unacquainted with the fable of Jupiter, metamorphosing the peasants of Lybia into frogs, for refusing refreshments to Latona, will be at a loss to make out what is signified by the scene.

The canal there, more than four thousand feet long, crossed by one whose length is three thousand, forms a prominent feature in the representation. I could dwell on the particular points that afford me satisfaction; but all appear beautiful. The sky is bright, and the park is delightful. The palace and park of Versailles, most certainly, form one of the most attractive scenes in the world.

The village of Baden, though presenting to the eye of the spectator a view of one of the most picturesque spots in all Syria, is to me one of the least impressive scenes of this exhibition.

When the fierce and fiery beams of the summer sun drive away the inhabitants of Scanderoon from the marshy and unhealthy situation of their dwellings, they find an agreeable retreat in the village of Baden, where excellent fruits and good water await them. The aqueduct arches, the Santon's tomb, the minaret and dome of the mosque, the gulf of Ajazza, and the distant mountains of Lebanon, are not without interest; but so much are they eclipsed by several of the other scenes, that I will not dwell upon them.

The lake of Thun, in Switzerland, is to me by far the most attractive representation of the cosmorama. It is enough to make the common-place spectator imaginative, and to inspire the poetic visitant with high-wrought visions of romantic beauty. To decide whether the mountains, the trees, or the skies are the most lovely, would be an arduous undertaking. If the sublime and beautiful were ever closely connected, they are so in these smiling valleys, these cultivated hills, and mighty mountains, whose cloud-capped, icy pinnacles are lost amid the skies.

Well may such scenes be valued by the Switzer peasant! Well may they afford pleasure to him by day, and mingle with his dreams by night.

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Cling close and closer to his mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

The lake of Thun is more than seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, while the Niesen, Moine, Riger, and Jungfrau mountains lift their snowy heads thirteen thousand feet and more amid the clouds. All that is picturesque and fair in Alpine scenery seems here embodied. The river Aar, which runs below the spot whence this view is taken, descending from the Finster-Aar-horn, rolls along the base of the glaciers, collecting all their tributary waters, distributing them among the lakes of Thun and Brienta. It afterwards pursues a course somewhat circuitous to the Rhine on the German frontier. I must now bid adieu to the Cosmorama.

In perambulating from one exhibition to another, of panoramas, dioramas, and cosmoramas; of architecture, statuary, painting, science, and literature—the thought intrudes itself, Oh that all who have talent, all who excel among mankind, would bear in mind whence their powers were derived, and would humbly adore the Giver of all good for the endowments with which he has favoured them in this world, and the revelation of his mercy through the Redeemer!

It was a desire of this kind that moved the spirit of Kirke White to fling upon his paper the following beautiful, though somewhat florid thoughts:

"Oh! I would walk
A weary journey to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art
Preserves a lowly mind, and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish. Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die."

LOSERS OF SOULS.

All they who wrong others to enrich themselves; all that rob upon the highway, pick pockets, or break open houses; all that forge deeds, forswear themselves, or suborn others to do so in law suits; all that willingly cheat, defraud, or overreach their neighbours, in buying or selling their goods; all that pilfer and steal, or so much as withhold and conceal what they know belongs to another; all that are able, yet will not pay what they owe, but lie in prison, or hide themselves, or at least pretend they cannot do it; all that smuggle the king's customs, or corrupt his officers, and by that means keep to themselves what the law hath made due to him; all that refuse or neglect to relieve those of their relations or others, which are really in need, and so withhold from them the maintenance which God hath appointed for them; all that oppress and gripe poor workmen in their prices, or servants in the wages which are due to them; all that work upon people's necessities, and extort from them more than the laws of the land allow of; all that follow such unlawful trades as tend to the corrupting of youth, and to the nourishing of vice and wickedness in the world; all that by false weights or measures, by lying, over reckoning, or by any trick, impose on those they deal with; and all that are conscious to themselves that, by these and such like unlawful ways, they have got other men's money, goods, or estates in their hands, and yet will not restore them again to their right owners as far as they are able:—these all as plainly lose their souls for this world as if they should make a solemn contract or bargain with the devil that, upon condition they may have such and such things at present, he shall have their souls for ever; for so he will, and leave them in the lurch too: he will serve them in their own kind; as they cheated others, he will cheat them, and put them off with nothing but dreams and fancies, instead of the great profit and advantage they expected.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

THE REDEEMER.

In the fulness of the time appointed, God was manifested in the flesh, to clear the debt of all that believe in him, many of whom were gone home to glory on credit. He did not pay this debt by instalments; but all at once. He offered himself once, only one payment for Old Testament saints, as well as those under the New Testament, and to the end of time. There were pipes on each side of the altar of the burnt offering, to convey the blood to great basins, till they were full. I imagine that one of these basins might be said to belong to the Old Testament saints, to which the merits of the sacrifice of Christ on the cross run through the pipe of God's appointment back as far as Abel and Adam, till they were full of salvation: and the other basin, so far from Calvary, as the end of time, receiving the efficacy of the same atonement, through the golden pipes of gospel ordinances.—*Christmas Evans.*

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. V.

NINTH CLASS. ENNEANDRIA.

As in chaotic darkness the word of God called forth the light; so in spring, it may be said, the breath of the Almighty diffuses life throughout the earth. What was dead is made to live, what was sterile becomes abundant, and what was dumb becomes tuneful. May is a season of blossoms and balmy breezes. It is a month that gives much, and promises more. The hill, the valley, the wood, the coppice, and the hedgerow, are sprinkled with buds and flowerets. The beetle, the bee, and the butterfly, on their errands of food gathering, or pleasure, are abroad. The live-long day rejoices, and morning, noon, and night, the song of the nightingale is heard.

In May, while the cuckoo is proclaiming the spring, and the birds are building their nests, the hedge hog sallies abroad in search of cockchafers, his dainty meat. Lady birds, or, as young people call them, lady cows, with their speckled wings, congregate together. Field crickets and forest flies grow bold, and the death-watch beetle beats his forehead against any thing that emits a sound.

> How many a dame, in midnight hour,
> Has heard that gentle tap with fear;
> And gazed with pallid face around,
> And trembled at the boding sound.
>
> "Oh may we live, that we may dread
> The grave as little as our bed!"
> And look, amid our earthly strife,
> On death, as on the gate of life!

In the ninth class, *Enneandria*, are arranged plants which have blossoms with "nine stamens," as the term *Enneandria* implies. It is divided into three orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as sweet bay and laurel. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as rhubarb. 3. *Hexagynia*, with six pistils, as flowering rush.

One of the most common evergreens in shrubberies and clumps for ornamenting the lawns of villas and country residences, is the noble laurel, or sweet bay, (*Laurus nobilis*,) a native of the south of Europe, flowering in April and May, and ripening berries in the autumn. The blossoms are of a yellowish white colour, and grow in short clusters. They have the peculiarity of some plants, producing flowers with stamens only, and other plants and flowers with pistils only. In both sorts of flowers, the corolla has four oval divisions. The berry is dark blackish purple. Medicinally, both the berries and leaves are employed as a warm carminative and narcotic stimulant; but as their effects depend on the prussic acid contained in them, and this being uncertain in quantity, they are very far from safe. For the same reason it is not safe to use bay leaves in cookery, as is often recommended, particularly in the older books. So dangerous a poison ought not to be thus tampered with for the sake of the aromatic flavour which it imparts.

Belonging to the same genus is the cinnamon laurel, (*L. cinnamomus*,) an evergreen tree, a native of the island of Ceylon, and other parts of tropical Asia, flowering with us in January, which answers to the midsummer of its native climate. The flowers, which are white, grow in axillary panicles. The calyx is wanting, and the corolla has six oval, painted, and spreading petals. The fruit is an oval berry, with a depressed top, and containing one seed. The bark, which is in so great esteem as an aromatic spice, is taken off from May till October, from the younger branches. It has a warm, pleasant, sweetish taste, and ought to be very smooth, thin, and splintery, not liable to break in short cross pieces. It is employed in making oil of cinnamon, cinnamon cordial, and other preparations. In Ceylon, the natives also procure, from the tree, a singular production, called cinnamon suet, used for making candles. In the specimen which the writer of this article received from professor Christisan, of the University of Edinburgh, it appeared to be not unlike mutton suet; but rather of a more yellowish tinge, with little taste or smell. It contains eight per cent. of a fluid oil, not unlike olive oil, and a waxy substance, similar to cerin.

In the same climates grows a very similar tree to the cinnamon laurel, called cassia, (*L. cassia*,) an evergreen, belonging to the same genus, and so like the cinnamon, that botanists are not quite agreed whether it is specifically distinct, or a mere variety. The fruit is an egg oblong, black berry, with a sharp top, differing in this from the fruit of the cinnamon tree, which has a depressed top. What are called cassia buds are not procured from this, but from the cinnamon tree. The cassia bark is not unlike cinnamon in qualities, but is not so thin and smooth, and does not break

so splintery, but in short cross pieces; and, above all, the aroma is not so delicate and fine. It is often sold for cinnamon to those who do not know the distinction.

The biblical reader may remember that cassia is a sweet spice, mentioned by Moses as one of the ingredients in the composition of the holy oil, used when the sacred vessels of the tabernacle were anointed. Sweet cinnamon was also another ingredient. "Take thou also unto thee principal spices, of pure myrrh five hundred shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even two hundred and fifty shekels, and of sweet calamus two hundred and fifty shekels, and of cassia five hundred shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of oil olive," Exod. xxx. 23, 24.

The sassafras tree (*L. sassafras*) is another plant of this interesting genus, and is a native of North America, and also of Asia, flowering with us in May and June. The flowers, which are small and greenish white, grow in hanging panicles. There is no calyx, and the corolla has six narrow convex divisions. Some flowers have stamens only, nine in number, and no pistils; other flowers have both stamens, six in number, and one pistil. The berry is deep blue, in a small red cup. The wood, the root, and bark are the parts medicinally used, the taste being sweetish, aromatic, and somewhat acrimonious, depending on a resin, and an essential oil, which are both soluble in alcohol and water. It smells somewhat like fennel. In medicinal effect it is diaphoretic, promoting perspiration; and alterative, being used in form of decoction, or infusion. An oil is also prepared from it.

The camphor laurel (*L. camphora*) is another evergreen species of this genus, and is a native of North America and Asia. The flowers, which are small and white, grow in close clusters. There is no calyx; the corolla has six small petals of an egg oblong form; the capsule is roundish; the fruit is a red oval berry. The roots, wood, and leaves are used from which to distil camphor, which is a strongly odoriferous substance, of a bitter aromatic taste, slightly soluble in water, on which it will swim, and wholly soluble in alcohol. In the market, camphor is extensively adulterated with spermaceti white wax, which can with difficulty be detected by the eye, their appearance is so similar, and they unite and blend so intimately. But by putting a sample on a piece of hot bread, its goodness will be proved by its becoming moist. It is a powerful stimulant, and in a large dose may prove poisonous.

In the second order, we find the highly interesting rhubarb plants, (*Rheum,*) of which there are two principal species, and innumerable varieties. The wavy-leaved rhubarb, (*R. undulatum,*) in some of its varieties, is to be found in almost every garden, and is a perennial, indigenous to Asia, and flowering with us in May and the following months. The flower stem rises from four to six feet high; the flowers being white, and growing in bunches, on a large branchy panicle. The leaves are very broad, undivided, but more or less waved on the margin. The leaf stalks are extensively used for making tarts, either alone or with gooseberries, or apples. The corolla has six persistent divisions, and the seed is three cornered and flat. The varieties consist chiefly in the size and colour of leaf stalks, some being green, and some pink or scarlet; and some very large and long, while others are thin and short. They are all easily propagated from seed, which springs up a few days after it is sown, or by dividing the roots, and planting out the divisions. The root has similar medicinal properties to the Indian rhubarb, though of considerably less power. It is frequently sold for the genuine.

There is a variety called, on account of its unusual size, the Goliath rhubarb. A field of this variety, when in flower, presents the appearance of a miniature forest. The thick and jointed stalks are crowned with bunches of flowers that resemble clusters of white caterpillars.

The Indian rhubarb (*R. palmatum*) is also a native of Asia, and was formerly much more common in gardens than it is now, since the common species came to be so generally cultivated for its leaf stalks. It flowers in May, like the preceding, the flowers being small and whitish, and growing in panicled clusters. There is no calyx; the corolla is six cleft, the divisions being blunt; the seed organ has three membranaceous margins, and encloses a triangular seed. The root is one of the most valuable purgatives ever discovered. The Russian or Turkey rhubarb is brought to market in round pieces, artificially dressed and perforated in the middle with a hole,

intended to show the soundness of the interior. The sort hawked about the streets of the metropolis, by Jews and Armenians, is some inferior sort, rasped, dyed with turmeric, and artificially dressed, so as to make it resemble the genuine. It ought to be very compact and solid; not light and porous, and easily pulverized into a bright buff yellow-coloured powder. When chewed, it should feel gritty, and tinge the spittle with saffron yellow. When broken, the fracture should appear rough and jagged, showing numerous streaks of a fine bright red colour. The East Indian, or Chinese rhubarb, is not in round, but largish flat pieces, with perforation. In colour, it is brownish yellow, not reddish yellow, like the Turkey rhubarb. The texture is more compact and heavy, and it is less easily powdered. When broken, it presents a more compact smooth fracture of a dull colour, mottled with yellow, pink, and grey. The powder of this root is reddish, and not bright yellow. In the powdered state, all the sorts are extensively adulterated with the roots of meadow rue, common dock, and common garden rhubarb, very difficult to detect.

In the third order, we find only one plant which is not very uncommon, the common flowering rush-on-water gladiole, (*Butomus umbellatus*,) a native perennial, growing in ponds and slow running streams, such as the Ravensbourne, at Lewisham, near the five milestone from London. It is a very handsome plant, blowing from June till late in autumn, the flowers growing on the top of a tall stem, in form of an umbel, their stalks being arranged like the spokes of an umbrella, with six divisions. The capsules are six, with many seeds. The leaves are sharp edged.

A sluggish half-choked stream is, in sunshine, the rendezvous of insects of all kinds, gamboling in the air; flitting from one side to the other, and settling on the tops of the rushes and sedgy grass.

> What time, amid the glowing west,
> The summer sun retires to rest;
> Hovering around the rushy stream,
> Unnumbered bright-winged insects gleam.
> Myriads of gnats the gazer sees;
> Moths, beauteous butterflies, and bees;
> And harry-long-legs, beetles bold,
> And dragon flies of green and gold.

TENTH CLASS. DECANDRIA.

In this class are arranged such plants as have flowers with "ten stamens," as the term *Decandria* implies. There are five orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as rue. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as the pink and saxifrage. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as campian and catchfly. 4. *Pentagynia*, with five pistils, as lychnis and stonecrop. 5. *Decagynia*, with ten pistils, as phytolacca.

Rue, (*Ruta graveolens*,) which illustrates the first order of this class, is an evergreen shrubby herb, a native of the south of Europe, to be met with in almost every garden, and blowing from June till late in the autumn. The flowers, which are yellowish green, grow in bundles. The calyx and corolla of the first blown flowers are five; the calyx and the corolla of the succeeding flowers are only four parted. The petals are concave. The receptacle has ten honey points (*Nectaria*) around it; the capsule is lobed, and the seeds rough and black. The leaves, which are sea green and very nauseous, are the part used in medicine. The distilled oil of rue is poisonous.

A great number of interesting foreign plants belong to this order, such as the senna tree, (*Cassia senna;*) the copaiva tree, (*Copaifera officinalis;*) the guaiac tree, (*Guaiacum officinale;*) the logwood tree, (*Hæmataxylon Campechianum;*) the Benjamin tree, (*Styrax Benzoin;*) the storax tree, (*S. officinalis;*) the Tolu balsam tree, (*Myroxylon Toluifera;*) and the Peruvian balsam tree, (*M. Peruvianum;*) besides a native shrub, the bearberry, (*Arbutus alvœursi;*) and the strawberry tree, (*A. unedo.*) The bearberry is not uncommon in marshy, mountainous situations in Scotland; and the strawberry tree has been found wild, it is said, in the south of Ireland. It is a very common evergreen in shrubberies, and bears blossoms and fruit at the same time, late in autumn, and early in winter, the fruit being not unlike a small strawberry, and the blossom somewhat like that of the whortle berry, or of the cross-leaved heath.

In the second order, the most common plant, perhaps, is the shady saxifrage, (*Saxifraga umbrosa*,) better known under the popular names of none-so-pretty, and London pride, the latter name having been given, it is said, on account of the plant thriving in the gardens of the most confined suburbs of the metropolis, in spite of smoke and want

of light and air. It is a native perennial, found in shady woods, in mountainous situations, and blows from April till June, with a pale carnation coloured blossom, in a handsome panicled spike, about one foot high. The calyx has five divisions; the corolla has five petals, prettily dotted with scarlet; and the seed vessel is two-beaked, and one celled with many seeds. The leaves vary in shape, but are almost uniformly notched with a sort of gristly notches.

The clove, July flower, (*Dianthus caryophyllus*,) is another common garden plant of this order, said to be a native of Britain; but if so, it is very rarely to be met with wild. It flowers in July, with blossoms of various shades of red, growing in branched panicles. The calyx is cylindrical, having one striated leaf, with four scales at the base, very short and egg oblong; the corolla has five petals, very broad, beardless, and with claws; the capsule is cylindrical, with one cell and many seeds. The sweet-william (*D. burbatus*,) a well-known species of the same genus, from Germany, has the flowers growing in a tufted bouquet, and the calyx leaves are bearded. Both are biennial.

The July flower and sweet-william are to be found in the cottage garden of the poor, while slips of both adorn the blue broken jug of the almshouse window, and the sabbath-coat button hole of the aged labourer.

Go on, old man! thou doest well
To listen to the sabbath bell:
Go forward to the house of prayer,
Haply thy God may meet thee there:
A Saviour's love demands thy praise;
Thy God has blest thee all thy days;
Then give him, while his mercies fall,
Thy hope, thy heart, thy soul, thy all.

Another foreign plant, of this order, commonly grown in garden pots for windows, is the hydrangea, (*H. hortensis*,) a native of China, and blowing from April, throughout the summer and autumn. The flowers are produced in a large globular rayed bouquet. The calyx is five toothed; the corolla with five petals; the capsule with two cells, opening by a hole between two beaks. The colour of the flowers may be changed from pink to blue, by growing the plants in a soil mixed with wood ashes, peat earth, or iron rust.

The most common wild plant, illustrative of the third order, is the hedge stitchwort, (*Stellaria holostea*,) a very pretty evergreen perennial, very frequently to be met with in hedges, copses, and woods. The blossom, which appears from March till June, is white and showy; the calyx with five spreading leaves; the corolla with five petals, two cleft; the capsule two celled, with many seeds; and the leaves sharp pointed, and somewhat rough.

In gardens, an illustration of the order may be found in the pink-eater fly, (*Silene armeria*,) a native annual, occurring, though not very commonly, on rubbish, and in waste places. It blows from July till killed by the frost. The blossom is lake red, and grows in a tufted bouquet; the calyx consists of one bulging leaf; the corolla of five petals, crowned and clawed.

In the fourth order, are two not uncommon wild plants, the wood sorrel, (*Oxalis acetosella*,) found in damp woods, and the stonecrop, (*Sedum acre*,) on dry walls, and on the sea shore. The wood sorrel is a very pretty flower, of a delicate reddish white colour, with darker veins, growing snugly on slender flower stalks, and slightly nodding. The calyx has five leaves, purple at the tip; the corolla is bell shaped, and five petaled; the capsule opens, when ripe, with a spring, which causes the seeds to be projected to some distance from the root. The stonecrop is often grown in pots, and has a showy yellow blossom appearing in June. The calyx and corolla have each five divisions. There are five scales at the bottom of the seed organ.

The scarlet lychnis (*Lychnis chalcedonica*,) is a very common garden plant of this order, from Russia, flowering from June to July, and again in September, with a flat bouquet, or tufted umbel of fine scarlet blossoms. The calyx is of one leaf, cylindrical, ribbed, and claved; the corolla of five petals, with two lobed divisions. The ragged robin of the fields, or cuckoo flower, (*L. flos cuculi*,) is of the same genus; and the ragged robin of the gardens is a double flower of a common field plant, (*L. diorca.*) The rose campion (*L. cœli rosa*) is also of the same genus, and a very common garden flower.

In the fifth order, we find the tree mustard, (*Phytolacca dodecandria*,) which, from a misapprehension of a conversation of one botanist with another, has been recently said, in many works, to be the mustard alluded to by our blessed Saviour, as producing the smallest of all seeds, and afterwards growing to a high

branching tree. The *phytolacca*, however, does not grow in the Levant, and therefore could not be the tree alluded to. See Linnæan Trans. vol. xvi. for a statement of the original conversation, or mistake. J. R.

INVENTION OF ANIMALS.

I could cite an hundred instances which would prove that animals have invention, independent of the instinct handed down from generation to generation. I will, however, content myself with one instance of superior invention in the elephant, which occurred at Ceylon. Parties were employed felling timber in the forests of Candia, and this timber, after having been squared, was dragged to the depot by a large party of elephants, who, with their keepers, were sent there for that purpose. This work was so tedious, that a large truck was made, capable of receiving a very heavy load of timber, which might be transported at once. This truck was dragged out by the elephants, and it was to be loaded. I should here observe, that when elephants work in a body, there is always one who, as it were by common consent, takes the lead, and directs the others, who never refuse to obey him. The keepers of the elephants and the natives gave their orders, and the elephants obeyed. But the timber was so large, and the truck so high on its wheels, that the elephants could not put the timber in the truck, according to the directions given by the men. After several attempts, the natives gave up the point, and retired to the side of the road, as usual, squatted down, and held a consultation. In the mean time, the elephant who took the lead, summoned the others, made them drag two of the squared pieces to the side of the truck, laid them at right angles with it, lifting one end of each on the truck, and leaving the other on the ground, thus forming an inclined plane. The timber was then brought by the elephants, without any interference on the part of the keepers or natives, who remained looking on, was pushed by the elephants with their foreheads up the inclined plane, and the truck was loaded. Here then is an instance, in which the inventive instinct of the animal, if that term may be used, was superior to the humbler reasoning powers of the men who had charge of them.—*Marryatt.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN.

An hour ago, I was gazing on the setting sun. It was not lost to human vision in its own unendurable splendour. It flung not around, on earth and heaven, insufferable beams of brightness, banishing and interdicting the eye from an admiring participation of its visible glories; nor yet did it light up and gild the skirts of a gorgeous retinue of accompanying clouds; hanging in mid air, like the shield of a warrior, intelligible to the sight, the dull, red orb gradually approached the horizon.

Often have I gazed (who has not?) on the declining sun, till my eyes have swam in tears, and my heart dissolved within me, in silent ecstacy at its overpowering magnificence; but in this instance it was delightful, unblinded by its beams, to watch its perceptible withdrawal from the world.

As I stood rooted to the spot, the huge red orb entered a coal-black cloud that lay beneath it. A third of it was soon gone; a half of it disappeared, as if, severed by an Almighty hand, a moiety only being left to illuminate the skies. Still lower it descended, till the rim of it alone was visible; and then rushed upon me the arresting thought, which had before occurred, that the united power of men and angels, could not, for an instant, arrest its course. Had a moment been wanting, in which to offer an effectual prayer for the pardon of individual transgression, or the eternal welfare of a sinful world, it could not have been obtained. How invaluable to me did even a moment of that time appear, which, by hours, and days, and months, and years, we are wasting as a thing of nought!

> We toil and spend our lives for trifles vain,
> In wasting that which worlds could not obtain.

Accustomed as I am, when opportunity allows, to watch, with an intensity of interest, the sun going down in the skies, it would be hard for me to impart to you my emotions, when it was made known to me that an aged New Zealand chief had cried out in his own emphatic language, when the probability of sending out missionaries to New Zealand had been intimated to him, "Make haste! my sun is fast going down." I saw in my fancy, the fierce, the treacherous, the man-devouring savage; the ignorant, the implacable and cruel cannibal, whom God had made willing, in the day

of his power, to receive the gospel of Jesus Christ standing amid his brother warriors, tattooed with frightful forms, and besmeared with grease and red ochre, raising aloud, not the wild cry of his native woods, but the brotherly appeal to Christian men, "Come over and help us, and come quickly; make haste, for my sun is fast going down!"

This affecting appeal, on the part of the old warrior, who had, no doubt, in his time, felled many a human being with his mery (club) and his tomahawk, and perhaps banqueted afterwards on his flesh; this cry for mercy from the merciless, whose stony heart had been softened by Divine power, struck me very forcibly; and when I reflected, that not unlikely his brow had on it even more wrinkles than my own, the case appeared urgent; time was flying, and I thought of the angel which stood upon the sea, and upon the earth, and lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer, Rev. x. 5, 6. I seemed bound to profit by the voice from the South Pacific ocean, to take up the cry of the subdued savage, in my own case, and to speak thus within my own heart: "Whatever I have to say, let me say it; whatever I have to do, let me do it; time presses, and will not allow me to loiter any longer! let me make haste, for my sun is fast going down."

It may be that these remarks, now dribbling from my poor pen, will be read by those who have numbered more years than old Humphrey; and if so, take it not unkind, my aged friends, that he should include you as well as himself, in a few free and friendly observations. Seeing that we have no time to spare, it may not be amiss to consider, for a moment, the errors and infirmities of age, with a view of avoiding, as much as we can, the one; and of manifesting, as little as we can, the other.

It is said that aged people are too often opinionated, and not sufficiently considerate towards the buoyant spirits and inexperience of youth; that they are apt to think, that because they are aged, they must of necessity be wise, and are thus led to become dogmatical, and even obstinate. Though these are heavy charges, yet I really am afraid that they are not unfounded. How it may be with you, I cannot; tell but often do I find myself in the attitude of too angrily rebuking the thoughtlessness of the young, when a spirit of forbearance would more become me; and of too tenaciously supporting my own opinion, when it has been but little entitled to consideration.

Aged people are said, also, to be testy and crabbed, showing more churlishness than kindheartedness; they are accused, too, of penuriousness, and sometimes of great negligence in their habits, and in giving trouble to those around them; but instead of dwelling on points which may more or less affect us, let me advert to one in which, I fear, we are all implicated. We do not by our words and deeds, leave a general impression, that we are sensible of the value of time; we do not say, emphatically, by our prevailing spirit, "We see the emptiness of earthly things; we are seeking after a heavenly inheritance; we are standing on the confines of an eternal world; we have no time to spare; we feel that we must make haste, for our sun is fast going down."

Can we wonder that the mature and the young should not be impressed with the brevity and fading nature of human life, when tottering and grey-haired age, leaning on his staff, is seen trifling away time as a thing of nought, and calculating on future years as confidently as though he had but just entered his teens? The warning voice that has reached us, my aged friends, may have some effect in awakening us to a sense of our real position. It seems to say, however praiseworthy our designs, however excellent our objects, they will be altogether useless if deferred.

> Time, like an urgent charioteer,
> With winged steeds flies through the year.

The clouds above our heads are flitting through the skies; the ground beneath our feet is rapidly crumbling away. Morning, noon, and night, tread on each other's heels. The "time is short." "Make haste!" said the aged chief, "Make haste, for my sun is fast going down!"

But though I thus speak to those of many days, yet have I a word for the smooth brow and the ruddy cheek; for the bright eye, the fair form, and the manly frame. In the days of my youth, an aged oak, hollow, blighted, and almost leafless, stood on a rising ground;

and beside it grew a sapling, green and flourishing. I left them side by side, and returned not to the place till fifteen summers and winters had passed away. And was the old oak gone? Had the sapling become a stately tree? No! There stood the hollow oak as in my younger days; but the place that knew the sapling, knew it no more. Thus has it been with old Humphrey! Thus has he been mercifully preserved, while the young around him have fallen in the dust. Receive then the lesson of instruction that his pen is endeavouring to convey. Reflect on the uncertainty of time; attend, without delay, to things of eternity, and ponder on the arresting words of the New Zealander, "Make haste! for my sun is fast going down."

What a humbling thing it is to be shorn of your strength just at the moment when you most require it! To find yourself weak as infancy, while you yearn for the force of a giant. When I took up my pen, I felt like a mighty man clothed with power. I thought that I could, on this subject, be truly eloquent; but how has the gold of my thoughts, "become dim!" how has the most fine gold of my imaginations become "changed!" Much did I undertake, little indeed have I accomplished; and fain am I now, making a virtue of necessity, to draw from my very helplessness a strong and convincing illustration. If, when full of arduous and high-wrought energy, we cannot always secure the object we have in view, how shall we hope to attain it by supineness and neglect?

Be in earnest, then, my friends, whether you have but lately entered the race that is set before you, or are nearly approaching the goal. What your hands and your heart find to do, do it with all your might; hesitate not, trifle not, delay not, boast not of to-morrow, you know not what a day may bring forth: "Make haste! for your sun is fast going down."

What odd whims, what strange thoughts, at times, come into the mind! It is said, that

> "A raven once an acorn took,
> From Basan's tallest, stoutest tree,
> And laid it near a limpid brook,
> And lived another oak to see."

And here am I, pleasing myself with the thought, that old Humphrey, by taking this cry of the aged chieftain, this New Zealand acorn, and planting it in your mind and memory may, even yet, live to see it spring up to God's glory. Smile, if you will, at the oddity of my conceit; things more unlikely to happen have taken place; but however this may be, the lowly disciple of the Redeemer, the humble and grateful believer in the gospel of Christ, will not fail to be struck with this fresh proof that "the ways of God are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts."

Here is an uneducated heathen, one who, if he have followed the custom of his tribe, has lived in a rude hut of twigs and grass, clothed himself with mats and rushes, cut his hair with oyster shells, ruthlessly slain his foe with his hennee (halberd) and patoo (battle axe,) drinking his blood, and feasting on his flesh. Here is he, his heart humbled by the power of the gospel, uttering a cry, resounding like a trumpet in Christian ears. A cry that appeals to us all. We know that our life is "even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." We know, too, that "there is but a step between us and death," and yet, knowing these things, we still require to be reminded of them. Oh let the voice from New Zealand be drunk in not by our ears only, but by our hearts, and let our language be, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days; satisfy me early with thy mercy, and give me to rejoice in thy salvation." Tarry not; come quickly; "Make haste! for my sun is fast going down."

RASH LANGUAGE.

When Sarai, the wife of Abraham, had done wrong, she nevertheless said to her husband, "The Lord judge between me and thee." Who would not conclude from an appeal so solemn, that she has the better cause? And yet, she is appealing to God in a case where she is clearly, consciously, in the wrong. I like not hasty references to Heaven. A truly serious spirit will reflect twice before it interposes the name of God on any occasion, and will shudder at the thought of employing it upon a false or frivolous one. An angry spirit sticks at nothing. For this reason, I would sooner believe a plain, unprofessing man, on his simple word, than ten thousand common swearers under the sanction of as many oaths.—*Dr. H. Hunter.*

HOUSES OF SEVILLE.

THE houses of this town are, perhaps, the most picturesque in the world. You enter them from a porch or zaguan to a court, round which are marble columns, and these are found not only in the principal, but even ordinary habitations. The arches between the columns support galleries or rooms above. It is usual to inhabit the ground floor in summer time, and the upper story in winter. In the former season, a canvass veil is placed over the whole court during the heat of the day, and removed at night, when the family collect together to receive friends under the galleries or in the courts, whilst flowers are placed round a fountain, which generally plays in the centre, the courts being often paved with marble. The lamps, which hang around the walls in symmetrical arrangement, the bubbling of the water, the fragrance of the flowers, the mystical green branches which spring up in every direction from large earthern pots, give an appearance of romance, which, added to the broken lights, the irregular architecture of the buildings, and the white Ionic columns of marble, present, in every house, a varying subject for the draftsman or the painter. To the sides of the walls are attached mirrors, which reflect all around, and pictures, amongst which were once works of art that would delight the connoiseur. It has been calculated that eighty thousand marble columns exist in Seville; but there assuredly must be a much larger number, for many are buried in the walls, others covered with plaster, and on an average, every house possesses six.—*Standish.*

LOOK ALOFT.

THE following lines were suggested by an incident which occurred on board a ship. A child, five or six years of age, by his sprightly and fearless disposition had become the universal favourite among the crew. At a time when she lay becalmed, in one of his venturesome moods, he had climbed to the utmost height of a tall mast, unobserved by any one on board, till the moment he was almost on the point of falling, when he was discovered, at this dizzy height, by his father, who cried out, with a loud voice, "*Look aloft,*" which direction saved his life; for had he looked down, his fears would have caused him to fall. Fixing his eye upwards, he was kept from alarm, and safely descended to his father's arms, who, till this moment, had retained his self-possession, but overcome with the excitement of the moment, he fainted away on the deck.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around, and above, if thy footsteps should fail;
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy courage depart,
Look aloft, and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are array'd,
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tint of the rainbow, but brighten to fly;
Return, and through tears of repentant regret,
Look aloft to the Sun which is never to set.

Shall they who are dearest, the love of thy heart;
The friend of thy bosom, in sorrow depart;
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And, oh! when death comes in wild terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past;
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thine heart,
And a smile in thine eye, *look aloft*, and depart!

WORLDLY HONOURS.

How loosely do honours sit on men, when every disease shakes them off and lays them in the dust. How miserable is the condition of the glory of this world which hardly holds out a life, but often dies before us, ravished away by a frown or forfeited by a fault. Or if it do last as long as its owners, with the staff of office cracked and thrown into the grave, is there buried with the corpse.—*King.*

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

ONE of the greatest anatomical discoveries of modern times, is that which assigns the different functions of sensation and motion to nerves enveloped in the same sheath, but proceeding from different roots, and conjoined after their origin. An extensive practical application of this principle is beset with various difficulties; but reflection will show its great importance. If in a nervous affection a nerve be cut after the conjunction of the roots, sensation and motion would alike be destroyed, but if it be possible to operate on the root of the nerve of sensation only, the patient might be cured.

Crosby Hall.
From a sketch taken recently on the spot.

CROSBY HALL.

Crosby hall is a remarkably fine and even magnificent specimen of our old civic palaces. It occupies the northern and western parts of the quadrangle, called Crosby Square, on the east side of Bishopsgate Street. The chief apartment is the great banqueting chamber, of which the above is a representation, measuring fifty-five feet in length, while it is more than twenty-seven broad, and its height is forty feet. Its chief ornament is its noble roof of oak or chestnut, elliptical in form, and divided with quadrangular compartments, with pendants. This apartment is considered a work of great skill and beauty, and it still remains nearly perfect. The hall is lighted by twelve lofty windows. It has an immense chimney in the northern wall; an exceedingly rare provision in such old buildings, as the fire was usually kindled in the centre of the room, and was allowed to escape through an opening in the roof. Crosby hall is the only considerable relic of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, now remaining in the metropolis. It has been used for many purposes: not long ago, it was used as a packer's warehouse; it has lately been cleared, and put into a better state.

OLD HUMPHREY ON FOREST TREES.

Whatever be the season of the year, the state of the weather, or the hour of the day or night, so long as the trees of the field are visible, they are always beautiful. He who can see no loveliness in the vegetable world, unless the sun is lighting up the sky, has not that sunshine in his soul which clothes creation with beauty and glory, and moves the heart to thankfulness and praise.

But think not that I am casting blame on those whose emotions are not so lively as my own. No, no! if there be a bowed-down brother or a depressed sister among my fellow pilgrims to a better world, whose eye shall fall on these

remarks, to such a one would I say, "Deem me not high minded, or ungentle." Rather would I hang my harp on the willows, than wound a fellow being with an ill-timed note of exultation. While moved to thank God for the unmerited mercy of a buoyant spirit, I would not willingly afflict any one beneath the canopy of the skies. How bounteous in the Giver of every good! How beautiful has he made the dwelling place of man! Every sunbeam and cloud, every tree and shrub, every herb and flower, is a proof of his abundant goodness. But come, let me speak of the trees of the field.

We have all admired the oak, standing, like a forest king, in the glory of his strength and beauty, with his feet struck deep in the ground, and his arms spread wide in the air. He only, who made the world out of nothing, could make an oak out of an acorn! Goodly is the tree in the vast bulk of its stem, the spread of its branches, and the golden glory of its autumnal foliage. You have seen the tree, no doubt, in every degree of its growth, from the sapling, that the weight of the smallest bird would bend almost to the ground, to the forest tree, that shrinks not at the approach of the whirlwind. I love to look at the oak, and to read it—ay! to read it; for it is a volume that treats eloquently of ships, of shipwrecks, and of all the wonders of the unfathomable deep.

Here might I talk of the oak of Boscobel, among whose branches royalty sought protection, or of the yet more goodly oak of Damery, in Dorsetshire, more than three-score feet in girth; or of the "Oaks of Bashan," of olden time; but we have other trees to speak of, and must therefore hurry onwards. I gaze on the oak with pleasure, when it flourishes in its prime, and I regard it with a yet deeper interest, when it has been rifted by the bolt of heaven. There it stands, like a paralytic giant, smitten for waging war with heaven; howling out, as it were, the words, Who hath resisted the arm of the Holy One? "Who hath hardened himself against him, and hath prospered?" Job ix. 4. There is fearfulness in its ruin, majesty in its very helplessness, and sublimity in the magnitude of its desolation.

In the days of my youth, stood a goodly ash, in the village where I went to school. It had a noble stem, that forked off at a great height into noble branches. The slender gracefulness of its airy foliage, and the seed bunches that hung upon it, called forth my boyish wonder and delight, but there was something beyond these that bound me to that goodly tree. So smooth and slippery was its stem, and so free from branches for the first twenty or thirty feet from the ground, that none of my schoolfellows could contrive to climb it; I alone could accomplish the difficult and daring achievement. This served to knit me to the tree; but it made me proud, and pride deserved a fall. I had one day climbed the tree, and crawled, in my high-mindedness, along a high branch, that struck out almost horizontally from the trunk, when the fearful void between me and the distant ground excited fear, and somewhat affected me with giddiness. Willingly would I have given all my reputation as a climber, to have set my foot once more on the solid ground. It was an awful situation; and that I escaped destruction, was only of His goodness whose loving kindness is great, and whose mercy endureth for ever.

The elm is yet more beautiful than the ash or the oak: it towers up loftily above them; it presents a more goodly variety to the eye, and its fresh green foliage, redundant and massive as it is, feathers off delightfully into the finest sprays. What goodly, what glorious elms have I gazed on! not only when the sun has flung his rays on their leaves glittering with the recent shower, but when the moonbeam has broken through the interstices of their dark branches with silvery brightness.

Every truant schoolboy knows the elm, for there the crow builds her nest, and rooks congregate with noisy clamour. Sorry should I be to see the country scenes that I love, oakless and ashless; but rather would I see this, than consent to the removal of the elms. Often have I stood at the foot of a giant elm, that I might not see, merely, but feel myself to be a pigmy!

The beech, though neither so majestic as the oak, so elegant as the ash, nor so lofty and varied in shape as the elm, is yet a fine tree to the eye, and when regarded in respect to its usefulness, cannot but be highly prized. The very name of the tree takes me back to my boyhood. In a gloomy lane, near a deserted mansion, known by the name of

the Ragged Windows, leading to a pond called Wood Pool, stood a noble beech. I can see now, in my fancy, the goodly crop of mast that usually burdened its fantastic branches. Many an hour have I and my playmates pelted that tree with sticks and stones, and many a hat crownful of nuts have I borne away from its despoiled boughs. This brow of mine was then free from wrinkles; these locks were not then bleached by the winters of age. If life be short, reckoning from infancy, what must it be when reckoned from advanced years? Again have I reason to put up the prayer, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am," Psa. xxxix. 4.

How varied are the effects of outward objects on the mind! When we stand under a beech, an elm, an ash, or an oak, we feel ourselves to be under a British tree, and especially so, when under the oak. It sets us thinking, at least it does me, of the old hollow trees that are to be seen in the parks of English noblemen; it takes us, in imagination, to the forests of old times, and to the oak and mistletoe-loving Druids of earlier days; but when we stand at the foot of the cedar, our feelings are changed. It is not a common thing for us to see a fine cedar in England; and when we do see one, it brings to our fancy such a gorgeous picture of the forest of Lebanon, that the solitary tree before us seems as a pilgrim and a stranger in the land.

While I write, a sunny season of the past breaks in upon my memory. Old Humphrey and a few of his friends are keeping holiday. A goodly castle is before them, proud in its strengthy walls and high embattled towers. An ample lawn nearly covers the inner court, a river is gliding along at the foot of the noble pile, and a group of lofty cedars are waving in the wind their flaky branches, sweeping the very ground! But again I must hurry on.

They tell me, that the forest of cedars on Mount Lebanon, where grew the stateliest and most magnificent of trees, supplying Tyre and Sidon, the palace of David and the temple of Jerusalem, with costly timber—they tell me that its glory is departed; the hatchet of the Arab has laid low its loftiest and its mightiest, and few of the kings of the forest now remain.

Thus beauty, glory, pride, and power,
As time rolls onward, sever,
And bow their heads in wintry hour,
For ever and for ever.

I cannot look on a fir without breathing, in imagination, the keen air of the north. Switzerland and Russia and Norway rise before me, and hills and mountains and precipices are bristling with straight, tall, sharp-pointed trees, that stand up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

We read of fir or pine trees tapering up into the air a height of two hundred feet, and spreading their fringy and fantastic branches widely abroad. Many a tall man carries his head proudly, because he measures a trifle more in height than his fellows. I would place such an one at the foot of a two-hundred-feet fir, that he might feel ashamed of himself—not ashamed that he is not two hundred feet high, but ashamed because he is proud of being two inches taller than his neighbours.

Europe, Asia, and America, in their northern parts, abound with firs, fringing the land to the "shining borders of the polar seas." How strange it seems, that the Almighty should make the pine trees of the forest the reservoirs of turpentine, and the grand storehouses of tar, and pitch, and resin, for the use of man! Truly, "Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite," Psa. cxlvii. 5.

If I say that I love the yew tree, it must not be one of the cut and clipped, the mangled and tortured trees, that here and there afflict our sight, in a garden hedge, by the wayside. Such trees may be curious and comical; but rather give me the rudest, the wildest form that nature ever wore, than such grotesque monstrosities. I do love the yew, not because of its dark, slender, needle-shaped leaves and red berries; not because it was famous for supplying the English bowman with his destructive weapon, in days gone by; nor because its wood is hard and tough, and beautifully rich in its colour, grain, and veins, but simply because it has so long stood as a guardian in our churchyards, keeping watch for centuries among the dust that is dear to us.

I could be garrulous about yew trees, for few men have spent more time among the tombs than I have: would that I had turned my reflections there to a better

account; then had the thoughts of my heart been more continually grateful towards God, and then had my words and my deeds been more frequently profitable to my fellow men. Yes, the churchyard is a place familiar to me; there have I mused at even-tide, there have I lingered till the midnight hour; and, once, when the morning sun lit up the eastern sky with his earliest beam, it found me seated on a tombstone, with the skull of a fellow creature in my hand. The churchyard is a place where the wise man and the fool may gain instruction.

Ambition, honour, wealth, and worldly pride,
The painted bubbles mortal men adore,
Burst when they come in contact with the tomb,
And all their glittering hues are seen no more.

Whether the impression common among country people be really true, that a walnut tree requires a thorough beating of its branches to make it productive, I cannot tell; but I do know, very well, that men, ay, and Christian men, too, require a great deal of beating, of one kind or other, to make them fruitful. The walnut tree grows to a considerable size; it has a massy closeness in its trunk, and a boldness of branch, that entitle it to be ranked among useful timber trees. Like the yew, the walnut is a warlike tree; for as the former gave the archer his bow, so the latter supplies the soldier with his gunstock; both trees, however, may be put to a much better purpose than that of enabling men to do mischief. Some half-dozen walnut trees are much endeared to my memory, on account of those to whom they belonged. Thus it is that things inanimate are made useful, bringing to our remembrance those we love, and binding us affectionately to our absent friends.

A word upon the chestnut tree, of which there are two kinds, the Spanish and the horse chestnut; each has its advantage, the one in fruit, and the other in flower. I have no time to speak of the Mount Etna chestnut, the largest in the known world, nor of the Gloucestershire tree, fifty feet in girth, though these have called forth much of wonderment. Not a finer posy is to be found in creation than the horse chestnut tree in flower, and yet, no tree that grows casts a deeper shade. Many a showy character, goodly to look upon, casts a deep shade too. Never should a promise be fairer than its performance. Be a horse chestnut if you will in your words, so that you are a Spanish chestnut in your deeds.

Poplars are all handsome; the abele, with its leaves of silver on the under side, the aspen, with its trembling foliage, and the black poplar, with its graceful boughs. All are beautiful; but the Lombardy running up as it does towards heaven with elegant, lofty, and spiry stem, pleases me best. Willingly would I persuade myself that other people derived half the pleasure from trees that I do; but I fear that this is not the case. At times I can imagine the very angels looking down from heaven, to admire the surpassing beauty of the trees of the field.

Thus might I go on through the trees of lesser growth, but it would not agree with my design. The more bulky trees of the forest were those, and those only, that I meant for a season to occupy my thoughts.

The willow, the birch, and the lime, the hazel and the holly, the cypress and the sycamore, the mulberry and the maple, the elder, the alder, the thorn, and twenty others, are well worthy the best attention that can be paid them; we must, however, pass them by with the general remark, that if we loved God more, we should, most likely, love them more, as the workmanship of his almighty hands.

But imagine not that an ardent love of nature's beauties must of necessity be a good. Alas! many have found it to be an evil. There is no use in dreaming over a daisy, sighing with ecstacy at the foot of a waterfall, or gazing on the rising or setting sun, till blinded with his beams; these things are mere idleness, yea, folly, unless connected with some active principle in the soul. An intense love of created things should produce an intensity of love for their Creator, with a desire to know him, to obey him, and to glorify him. It should influence us in a longing to be like him, and a desiring to abound in every good word and work, setting forth, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, and love unfeigned to our fellow pilgrims, whose we are and whom we serve. Thus gazing on creation, with the mountains and the hills we shall "break forth into singing," and with the trees of the field and the forest we shall clap our hands.

MEDICINE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Medical science and practice were in a very imperfect state, though they had made considerable advances. It is to be apprehended that many persons in this century "died of the doctor," although the practitioners might use their best skill to effect a cure. A minute account is given of the illness and death of the earl of Derby, in 1594, which shows extraordinary medical treatment. Besides rhubarb and manna, and a variety of other drugs, with medical and surgical outward applications, "his honour took bezoar stone and unicorn's horn." The statement, in conclusion, gives ten reasons, "which caused many to suppose his honour to be bewitched." The third is, that he dreamed he was stabbed; the eighth, that "he fell into a trance twice when he should have taken his physic." The latter may have tended to prolong, rather than to shorten his life!

Lord Burghley was often afflicted with the gout, numerous remedies were recommended; amongst them were medicated slippers, oil of stag's blood, and tincture of gold. The latter remedy seems to have proceeded from some alchymist, which was almost the only form in which chemical researches were pursued. The objects principally sought were two; the transmuting of baser metals into gold, and the producing an elixir which would prolong life, if it did not quite prevent death. In 1574, a plan for transmuting iron into copper and quicksilver, was urged so plausibly upon the government, that a corporation was formed for the purpose, and several leading men about the queen, subscribed a capital to carry on the undertaking. It proved a mere delusion. One of the principal persons concerned, was sir Thomas Smith, of whom Strype says, "As chymistry is but an handmaid of physic, and usually accompanieth it; so he was as well skilled in that art also, and had apartments in his house for his skill and laboratories, which were going to his greate cost; but especially in labouring to transmute coarser metals into those of more fineness and greater value." But sir Thomas, when he had bought experience, said of alchymists, "Trust little to the words, and promises, and accounts of men of that faculty. Fain they would be fingering of money; but when it is once in their hands, we must seek it in the ashes."

Magnetism and electricity were known; the former was practically applied in the mariner's compass, but no farther use was made of either discovery. Skill in astronomy and mathematics frequently led to the inspection of surgical studies, as in the case of Dr. John Dee, who was consulted, even by the queen and her chief courtiers.

Cristofer Langton, writing on "physyche," did not hesitate to personify physic as addressing the physicians of that day in severe terms, "Whereas, before I was authour of helthe to everye man sekynge for me; now I am not only a commune murtherer and a commune thefe, but also a mayntayner of parricides," etc.

There were many who wrote rules for health, often ridiculous, sometimes mischievous. Sir Thomas Eliot speaks of colds as being only lately known in England. He rightly disapproves of the warm coverings for the head, so that even boys and young men wore two caps. Another physician laments the increase of witchcraft, which he considers more dangerous than the plague. But at the close of this century, Reginald Scot published the "Discovery of Witchcraft," which did much to meet the foolish ideas on this subject. He relates many amusing stories of imposition and credulity: among the cheats, was one who confessed that her conjuration to restore health was muttering these words over the sick.

> "Thy loaf in my hand,
> And thy penny in my purse,
> Thou art never the better,
> And I am never the worse."

WHAT WE HAVE BEEN USED TO, AND WHAT WE EXPECTED.

I have frequently been led to observe, and indeed to experience, that a very large portion of human misery results from the disappointment of expectations which we never ought to have entertained. Hence, in the moment of sorrow and disappointment, our trouble is frequently aggravated by the internal conviction of reason and conscience, perhaps by the ill-timed retort of officious friendship, How could you expect any otherwise? how could you indulge such groundless expectations?

In one of my school vacations, a family party was formed to visit the

lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. During our stay at Keswick, I accompanied my uncle and Mrs. Mortimer in a ride to a ladies' school, a few miles distant, where my cousin was charged with some commissions to the daughters of a friend, who, on account of distance from home, remained there during the holidays. The young ladies were quite as much pleased as school girls usually are, with the visits of friends and communications from home; they were, however, disposed to avail themselves of the liberty of speech afforded them by the absence of their governess, (who politely withdrew soon after introducing her pupils,) to pour forth complaints of the restrictions and regulations of school, which were by no means agreeable to them: and they particularly requested Mrs. Mortimer to inform their mamma that things were very different from what they had expected—not at all what they had been used to. My uncle and cousin exchanged glances, which at once conveyed to my mind the impression of their being rather sceptical as to the reality of the grievances. Perhaps they felt some embarrassment in steering clear of either encouraging a spirit of discontent and insubordination, or neglecting to listen to just complaints in order to obtaining redress. The questions and remarks of their friends elicited from the young ladies a full concession that there was no deficiency of kindness or attention on the part of their preceptress, nothing wanting that was really essential to their health, comfort, or improvement; and yet they declared themselves far from comfortable, and quite certain that they should make no progress in their education, As far as I can recollect, at this distance of time, the domestic grievances complained of were—thick bread and butter; butter rather too salt; plain rice puddings without sauce; a regular time allowed for undressing, and then the candle removed from each bed chamber; each young lady required to make her own bed, and no distinction allowed between young ladies who had been accustomed to the most genteel style of living, and those who were merely tradesmen's or farmer's daughters. The enumeration of these items was accompanied with some touching appeal, as, "You know, ma'am, it is what we have never been used to." "We never expected any thing like this; and I am sure mamma would not approve of it." "Did you ever hear of such a thing?" etc.

Mrs. Mortimer heard all patiently; but it was evident that she did not sympathize with her young friends in many of their complaints. Her remarks in reply, though couched in the gentlest terms, tended to direct their attention to their own vanity, pride, and self-indulgence, as the real cause of their discontent. She really could not consider any one of the matters specified as worthy to be considered a hardship. Simple food and regular hours were most conducive to health; and the improved appearance of the young ladies fully established the beneficial effects of their present system on themselves. The cultivation of habits of useful activity she considered one of the most important branches of education; and the equal blending of young persons well disposed and well instructed, though not of precisely the same rank and habits, was advantageous rather than otherwise, as tending to enlarge the views, to call into exercise the benevolent dispositions, and to correct the too common, but, wherever it exists, the mean and vulgar prejudice of supposing that wisdom, goodness, respectability, and politeness, are confined to any one particular rank or class of people.

The first class of objections set aside, the young ladies proceeded to express their utter disapprobation of the modes of tuition in Mrs. ——'s establishment; it was so very unlike what they had been used to, and so very different from what they had expected. Among other causes of dissatisfaction, they complained that although they had been more than a year in small hand at their former school, the writing master insisted on their returning to large hand copies; that, in like manner, though they had made great progress in other branches of polite learning, and expected to take a prominent station in the upper classes, they were compelled again to go over the groundwork, which they averred was perfectly unnecessary, and exceedingly discouraging and mortifying to them to be placed on a level with little girls. Moreover, Mrs. —— required them daily to perform a certain portion of plain needlework, for which they had no taste whatever, and restricted them as to the time bestowed on fancy per-

formances in which they would have excelled. And then, too, they were without any kind of stimulus or encouragement to take pains with their learning; for no prizes were given, no taking of places in classes allowed: in short, emulation had no place in Mrs. ——'s system of tuition, and as emulation had been all in all at their former school, how was it possible for them to make progress without it?

The entrance of Mrs. ——, attended by a servant with refreshments, prevented a direct reply to the appeal. A spirited conversation ensued, in which I could distinctly perceive that my uncle and cousin sided rather with the views of the governess than with those of her pupils; for though no direct reference was made by either party to the discontent of the young ladies, the general remarks on education were such as to bear upon the subject of their complaints. There were three points on which the views of the governess and those of her visitors perfectly coincided, and which seemed to strike at the root of the several complaints—That docility in learners is essential to improvement; that conformableness to circumstances is essential to happiness; and that emulation stimulates to superficial rather than to solid attainments; and, moreover, that its ill effects of a moral kind more than counterbalance even its supposed advantages. Whether or not the young ladies were led to reflect on the extreme folly and unsuitableness of pupils forming a scheme of their own for instruction and discipline, and resolving that they will not be taught or regulated in any other plan, did not appear at the time; but I should hope they were; for I know that in course of years they became very valuable and well-educated women, and that they cherish to the present day very lively sentiments of gratitude and veneration for their excellent governess. These results I think could have been produced only by their exchanging a spirit of self-conceit, rebellion, and discontent, for one of subordination. My kind uncle, too, evinced his approbation of the principles and plans of Mrs. ——'s establishment, by immediately placing there the orphan daughter of a friend, who had left him executor of his will, and guardian to his children; and in her case the result fully justified his favourable judgment.

A very worthy and respectable man in my uncle's neighbourhood, having several sons to provide for, determined on placing them out to learn trades. In his selection of one for each, he was duly guided by the abilities and inclinations of the boy, and was also concerned so to dispose of each as to prevent the probability of a future collision of interests between the brothers. Having it in his power to give premiums with his sons, he was particular in choosing masters who well understood their respective businesses, and situations in which he could feel confident as to the moral and religious welfare of his children, as well as to their domestic comfort.

During the period of probation, one of the lads wrote to his father a pitiful letter, full of complaints of the hardships he had to encounter. Things were very different from what he had expected, not at all like what he had been used to at home, and altogether so disagreeable that he was sure his parents would not think of binding him. He therefore requested permission to return home. The parents were disappointed and distressed at this communication, for they had received from judicious friends the most satisfactory testimony as to the eligibility of the situation; and should they remove their son, they knew not where to place him so advantageously. My uncle was consulted. His counsel was, to waive a direct answer to the question of his remaining or his removal, and simply to desire a specification of the grievances, as not an unlikely method of getting rid of them. "For," said he, "if, as I suspect, they are but imaginary troubles, your son, who is not deficient in good sense, will find that, however it may be to poets, to matter-of-fact people, it is no easy task to 'give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.'"

This suggestion was adopted; and in the reply, it appeared that the circle of grievances was considerably narrowed. There was little more to complain of than that the apprentices were required to clean their own shoes; that the junior apprentice was obliged to take down the shop shutters, a task which of course fell upon the complainant; that he received his instructions from one of the journeymen, not from the master himself; and that he was not put upon the more ingenious parts of the work, but

was employed in doing what a mere porter or errand boy might do; and which, if he were kept to it for seven years, he should never learn his business. This was a great relief to the anxious parents. The father, in reply, wrote a cheerful, encouraging letter, containing, among others, the following observations:—"I am obliged to your master for causing you to acquire so useful a piece of knowledge as how to clean shoes. I hope you will take pains to do it properly. You may not always have occasion to do it, but you will through life find it an agreeable piece of independence, never to be obliged to wear dirty shoes for want of a servant to clean them. As long as it is your duty to open the shutters, I hope you will make a point of having them down the first in the street. This will be to your credit and your master's interest. Many a boy has opened and shut the shop of which he ultimately became the master. Your master engages, in seven years, to teach you the business. I believe he is a man of honour, integrity, and competent skill, or I should not have placed you with him. Having confidence in him in these respects, I apprehend he is likely to know better than either you or I can do, what is the best method and order of teaching. It is probable, that though he has a general knowledge of the business, he may consider some of his journeymen better qualified to teach some particular department. At any rate, his varied engagements would frequently interfere with his devoting much personal attention to a young apprentice. All this may be safely left in his hands, especially as he is so judicious and honourable, as to let you see the worst of the engagement before you are bound to abide by it." The youth had sense enough to perceive the justice of his father's observations. He made no farther objection to being bound. During his apprenticeship, he became affectionately attached to his master and all the family. At the expiration of his time, he remained in his master's service, and ultimately became master of the shop, where he carried on a prosperous business for forty years, and then retired on a comfortable competence. He is now an old man; but to the present day he speaks with grateful pleasure of the happy years spent in the house of a good master; and especially, of the blessed effects produced on his own heart and character by the habits, influence, and example of a consistently pious family.

I remember occasionally visiting, either with my parents or my uncle, two maiden ladies, distant relatives of the family; but I do not remember visiting them twice in the same habitation. They seldom resided more than a year in a place, and generally entertained their friends with long details of the inconveniences of their present residence, and the advantages of another to which they were contemplating a removal; but it invariably turned out that things were not as they expected, and they were destitute of some convenience which they had been accustomed to enjoy. They could not bear the confinement of a town after having been used to a spacious garden and extensive prospects in the country. They could not bear the country after having been used to the society and accommodations of a town. In the city, it was impossible to enjoy the glorious spectacle of sunrise; in the village, they bewailed the absence of gas lamps to illuminate, and policemen to guard them as they proceeded on their evening visits. The last disappointment was always the greatest, because the present habitation was expected to combine with its own accommodations those of all former abodes, however incompatible with each other; and the absence of any one of these formed a distinct subject for repining. "It is not at all what we have been used to. It is very different from what we expected:" and life was passed in vain expectations and wearying disappointments.

"It is not at all what I expected," said a young professor of religion: "instead of being all pleasantness and peace, I find difficulties in the ways of religion that I never anticipated. I did expect when I became religious, that I should find among religious people nothing but kindness and goodness; that I should easily conquer all my evil propensities, and that I should always be happy in the prospect of heavenly blessedness; but I am completely disappointed in many respects. There are many restraints and sacrifices on which I did not calculate, and to which I find it hard to yield. I am sometimes reproved by those who are by no means

perfect themselves. Some of those who at first seemed most kind and affectionate, most ready to encourage and urge me forward, now treat me with comparative coldness and neglect. Besides, I meet with so many trials and discouragements, both from within and without, that I often fear I shall not hold out to the end."

"Ah," said my uncle, "religion is not in fault for all that. You are disappointed because you have expected from it what it never promised to bestow; and you have not obtained its pleasures because you have neglected to apply it to the purposes for which it was designed. There is no engagement whatever, that you shall find the way to heaven a smooth and flowery path. On the contrary, you are expressly and faithfully told, that 'strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life;' that 'we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God;' that we must deny ourselves and take up our cross daily and follow Christ, Matt. vii. 14; Acts xiv. 22; Luke ix. 23. Then you have no right to expect perfection in fellow Christians, for it is not to be found here; and it certainly is not in yourself. 'There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not,' Eccles. vii. 20; therefore look well to yourself with a holy jealousy, and look candidly towards others. 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,' Gal. vi. 2. If reproved or admonished, be more concerned to detect and correct evil in yourself than to retort upon the reprover. Honour goodness wherever you see it, but do not expect too much from men; you are nowhere told to make them either your standard or your trust. Cultivate, too, a spirit of humility; do not expect much notice to be taken of you, and then you will not be disappointed if you receive but little; and let it be your great concern to live and walk, 'not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts,' 1 Thess. ii. 4. Be more solicitous about duty than comfort, and then you will find that comfort comes in the way of duty; for in keeping his commandments "there is great reward," Psa. xix. 11.

"You have no warrant from first to last to leave off watching and striving against sin; for, until you reach heaven, you will not only be exposed to a wicked world and a tempting devil, but you will carry within you a wicked heart. 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation,' Matt. xxvi. 41, and wait continually on the Lord, for 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;—they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint,' Isa. xl. 31. If you steadily persevere in such a course, notwithstanding all the troubles and discouragements of the way, you will find that it *is* a way of pleasantness and a path of peace; and, moreover, that 'the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day,'" Prov. iii. 17; iv. 18.

I will sum up, by a few remarks made by my uncle, on different occasions. To those who complained of present duties and circumstances, as "what they had not been used to," he would reply, "What we have been used to is by no means necessary to our well being: some indulgences and habits are better broken off than retained; and new duties should never be reckoned a hardship, for they serve to expand our powers of enjoyment, and to open to us new scenes of gratification.

"Disappointment from creatures is the result both of their insufficiency and our inordinate expectations. They must be disappointed who forsake the fountain of living waters, and seek their supplies from broken cisterns that can hold no water," Jer. ii. 13.

"Change of situation is but a change of disadvantages. He who thinks to get rid of all his troubles and vexations by changing his condition, will always be both disappointed and discontented. In most situations, though things may not be so good as our groundless fancies had expected, they are not so bad as our discontented murmurs would represent them. He was a sensible man, who, when asked at night whether the day should be distinguished by a red mark of joy, or a black mark of sorrow, replied, 'Truth, master, I think neither; but a good brown ochre.'

"Every situation in life has its advantages and disadvantages. We ought not to expect to retain all the advantages of a former situation, and lay claim to all the advantages of a new one, or to get rid of the evils of both. The present is a state of mixture and imperfection. Nothing fulfils our expectations. Every thing discloses evils that we did not anticipate. This should tend, not to make us

weary and dissatisfied of life, but to wean us from the world, and willing to leave it; and stimulate us to set our affections on things above, where all is solid, lasting reality, without disappointment, and without imperfection." C.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

What is it that justifies a man in a court of justice? the goodness of his cause? is that sufficient? No, verily, no man of common sense will attempt addressing the judge and jury by a long speech, without a single evidence to prove the truth of his statement. My fellow sinners, if your case is good, why do not you prove it? why not bring forward your evidence? why do you act the part of wise men in every instance, but in this most important case? That the apostle James is speaking of the evidence of faith is plainly expressed in the second chapter and the eighteenth verse. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." Good works are the effects of the grace of God, and the sufferings and death of Christ. "Let your light," therefore, "so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Here upon earth every one of you shall receive according to your faith; but on the day of judgment every one of you shall receive according to your works. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them, Rev. xiv. 13. Their works do not go before them to divide the river Jordan, and open the gates of heaven for them; but they leave their works behind, tied up in a bundle, as it were, on this side of the river. John saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it descending towards the earth. He is sitting on the throne of his glory, and every individual of the human race must stand before him; he is dividing the righteous from the wicked, as the shepherd is dividing the sheep from the goats; he is setting the wicked on the left hand, and pronounceth the most awfully just sentence upon them, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," Matt. xxv. But the righteous are placed on his right hand, to hear the joyful sound, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." The books were opened, and Mercy presented the bundles that were left on the other side of Jordan. They were all opened, and the register book was read, wherein all their acts of benevolence and virtue were recorded. And Justice examining the bundles, said, "All right, here they are; thus it is written:—'I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'" The righteous answered, and said, "Those bundles must belong to some others; we know nothing of that; we recollect the narrow road, the strait gate, and the slough of despond. We remember the heavy burden that pressed so hard upon us, and how it fell off our backs at the sight of the cross. We shall never forget the time when the eyes of our minds were illuminated, to behold the evil of sin, the depravity of our nature, and the glory and excellency of our Redeemer. We felt and experienced his love shed abroad in our hearts. Oh how sweetly and how powerfully it constrained us to love him, his cause, and ordinances! how we panted after communion and fellowship with him, as the hart panteth after the water brooks. We recollect the time, when our stubborn wills were subdued in the day of his power: so that we are made willing both to will and to do of his own good pleasure. We remember the time when we obtained hope, in the merit of the infinite atonement of Christ, and felt the efficacy of his blood applied to our hearts, by the influence of the Holy Spirit of God; and a thousand other things are as fresh in our memories now as ever: but we do not recollect any thing about those bundles of good works. Where was it? when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee; or thirsty, and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? We do not remember any more than the dead, of ever visiting thee in sickness or in prison, and ministering unto thee: surely those bundles cannot belong to us?" Mercy replied, "Yes, verily, they belong to you, your names are upon them; and besides, they have not been out of my hand since you left them on Jordan's stormy banks." And the King answered and said unto them, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of

the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." If the righteous do not recognize their own good works, if they do not know the sheaves they have reaped, and the harvest they have sown in tears, it is not likely that they build their hopes upon them. Christ and him crucified is the foundation of their hope, the object of their faith, and the centre of their affections. And from a principle of love to him, it is their strongest desire, and most earnest endeavour, to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present evil world. And with all their hearts they say, Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory for ever and ever. Amen.—*Christmas Evans.*

Chinese harrowing.

HUSBANDRY IN CHINA.

The Chinese take credit to themselves for preserving those customs in the original purity which their forefathers have handed down to them. This may be a useful practice in some instances; but it extinguishes the spirit of improvement, and reconciles a man to the use of the most imperfect implements, and to methods of procedure which are tiresome and circuitous in the extreme. This observation is elicited by a reference to the Chinese plough, which is only calculated for stirring the soil, and is very much the sort of thing which a child would contrive were he to be set about the manufacture of that instrument. A labourer, tired of plying the spade, seems to have resolved upon calling the ox to his aid, and for that purpose fastened his shovel to a beam. To one end he attached the docile animal, while he held the other by means of a handle. This is a short, but adequate description of a Chinese plough; for though besides the beam and the handle, there is a sledge upon which the share rests, it merely serves to give it stability, and takes no part in turning up the soil. But it has its advantages, as the hind can lay it upon his shoulder, and carry, it in company with the harrows, to the place of destination. These harrows are represented in our illustration, which conveys withal a sketch of Chinese scenery from the hand of a native artist.

The object of a native husbandman, in preparing his field for a crop, is to form the soil, the manure, and a certain quantity of water into an equable mixture. A plough so contrived, as to be capable of laying up the mould in a graceful ridge, might seem to be unnecessary, where the work is covered with water; and paint, and neatness of finish, superfluous where the beast, the workman, and his implement, are bespattered with mud from morning to night. When the mixture is duly prepared, rice plants are brought in baskets from a bed where the seed had been thickly sown, and plunged, by the hand, into the mud, at convenient distances from each other. The labour is not agreeable, seeing a man is compelled to wade, amidst clay and water, to hold a bundle of dirty plants in one arm, and to bury them in the liquid bed with the other. But the cheerfulness of the national character does not forsake the workman at his employment; and he knows, that when his day's work is done, he shall receive enough to maintain himself and his family. This part of the process is per-

formed in the spring, when the change of the monsoon introduces the rainy months of that season, and thus favours the designs of the husbandman. At that time, the traveller complains that his garments are spoiled by mildew, and that the beauty of his instruments, if he happens to be a surgeon, is marred by rust; but the swain rejoices, because the moisture that distils so copiously in showers and vapours from the atmosphere, promotes the growth and developement of his tender seedlings. He has the forethought to store up water in ponds and dykes, and to intercept the progress of the streamlet as it rolls at the bottom of the valley; but drought exhausts his treasures, and he beholds, with delighted eye, the gathering cloud and the brooding mist. The Creator is mindful of him, and sends a sky so fraught with water, in a vapoury form, that the moisture trickles down the walls of the apartment, and the fair face of the sun is not seen, at times, for forty days.

After the rice has been transplanted, the next step, in the progress of the husbandman's toil, is to supply it with moisture, when the showers are insufficient for that purpose. This is done by means of a bucket suspended by lines, which are held by two men. These take their station at a convenient distance from each other, and then, by relaxing their arms, let the bucket down into a reservoir of water, which, after it is full, is brought up and emptied, by a sudden jerk, in the neighbouring field. The field is generally a shallow lake, formed for the specific end of holding water, as the nature of the rice requires a constant supply of that element. There are varieties called upland rice, which will grow freely upon the slope of a hill, but they are not much cultivated in the southern parts of China, as being inferior, either in productiveness, or in the quality of the grain. While the few are employed in the business of irrigation, the many are dispersed over the field, scrutinizing each plant in its turn, to see whether some pernicious weed has not already began to sprout near the root. When this is the case, he pulls up the seedling from its miry bed, and plucks away its intruder, and then replaces it in its proper situation. In this part of the cultivator's oversight and care, we behold two things, which bring to our mind the language of Scripture. "He shall pour water out of his buckets," Numb. xxiv.; that is, he shall till the soil in the security of peace, and the cheering hope of harvest; and shall have an abundance of water to moisten it in the time of drought. "And when the blade was sprung up, then appeared the tares also," Matt. xiii. 26. But the modes of treatment were very different: in one case, the wheat and the tares were allowed to grow together until the harvest; in the other, they are severed from it with a bold, and doubtless, a well instructed hand.

But in defiance of this foresight and decisive practice, weeds spring up and require the application of the hoe at two successive periods. This instrument is of stouter form and workmanship than its counterpart among us; it has a short handle, and thus compels the labourer to stoop very low to reach the ground. But as the limbs of a Chinese are pliant, and he is naturally assiduous, he has not been hitherto prompted to give it a length better suited to an easy posture. While plodding at this irksome toil, he carries a fan in the girdle that confines his vesture. With this he cools himself from time to time, and relieves his back by throwing the body into an erect attitude. Among us, the labourer wipes off the spontaneous exhalations that condense upon his skin by the handkerchief; in China he dries them by a cool breeze, which he awakens by his fan. The latter is the more economical method, and therefore very characteristic of a frugal nation. While the men are thus occupied, the mistress is seen bending her footsteps towards the field of labour, with a staff across her shoulder. At one end is suspended a pitcher of water fresh drawn from the spring, at the other a tray spread over with different kinds of provision. With her left hand she leads her little son, while her daughter carries a basket filled with the basins, cups, and the rest of the apparatus used for making tea.

When the corn is ripe, which happens in August or September, the reaper puts in his sickle or hook, and the corn is cut exactly in the same manner as with us. But instead of a wagon or cart, the shoulders of the patient native execute the office of 'carting.' The corn, after being tied up in sheaves, is subsequently bound up in bundles. One of these is transfixed by one end of a staff, and another by the other end, so as by their arrangement to resemble the scales of a balance. The whole is then placed upon

the shoulders of the labourer, who trudges homeward at the rate of nearly four miles an hour. In this way the corn is soon carried, as the workmen are numerous, and their application to their task cheerful and untiring. While this is going forward, a stand is sometimes made, by setting up three poles, so that they cross each other in a diverging manner. A line confines them at the point of their decussation, and they consequently rest in the position in which they were placed. Upon the end of these, the bundles of corn are hung for a time, that they may dry in the sun and the breeze. This would not be a bad hint to our farmers, when a showery harvest impels them to make the best use they can of the intervals of sunshine with which they are favoured. Corn suspended in this way, would scarcely be liable to shoot even in the wettest weather.

After the corn is stacked, the farmer begins to think of thrashing out the grain. For this purpose he takes it to a floor prepared by a cement, so that it is of stony hardness. Upon this corn-floor, or area, the kernels are beaten out with a flail, which resembles the one in use among ourselves. In former times it had two "swingles," that it might hit two strokes for one, just as a Chinese warrior thinks to make himself more terrible by using two swords instead of one. The other implements used on this occasion, are a fork, a shovel, a fan for winnowing the grain, and a basket to receive it. Thither it is brought again, if by keeping it grows dusty, or contracts a disagreeable dampness. After the rice crop has been removed from the field, the soil is usually turned up by the plough, and manured for a second crop of vegetables, which is ready for transplanting just when harvest is ended. A field that waved with yellow corn is, in a few days, converted into a kitchen garden, and refreshes the eye with a profusion of the liveliest green. In China, the land has but a short rest; the assiduity of the native in pulverizing it by his spade, his hoe, and his plough, and a bountiful application of manure, seem to supersede the necessity of fallows.

Wheat is cultivated in the northern provinces of China, beyond the limits of the writer's excursions, and therefore he has no remarks to make upon the mode of its cultivation. It was often seen at the mills, near Macao and Canton, and appeared to be small-grained, and of an indifferent kind; and so did but little credit to the skill of the tiller. Two or three kinds of millet are grown in the neighbourhood of Canton, in small fields laid out in narrow ridges. But there seemed to be nothing remarkable in their tillage. The rice is the staple, and demands all the skill, care, and perseverance that the peasant can bestow upon it. L.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE DOCKS.

There are in London many institutions and exhibitions which do little more than communicate pleasure to those who visit them, or promote the advancement of particular branches in arts and sciences. There are others more closely connected with our common comforts, our every day luxuries, and, indeed, with our very existence as a great nation. Among these latter, the docks occupy a high place. In a national and individual point of view, they are of incalculable importance.

> "What a night on the globe would prevail,
> How forlorn each blank region would be,
> Did the canvass no more catch the gale,
> Nor the keel cleave the fathomless sea."

When, for a moment, we consider that not less than four thousand ships are employed in bringing the products of other countries into the port of London, and in bearing away the manufactures and merchandize of England; that fifteen thousand cargoes enter the port every year, and that there are seldom less than two thousand vessels in the docks and the river, to say nothing of three thousand barges and small craft occupied in lading and unlading: when we think of these things, and at the same time call to mind that more than two thousand boats and wherries enable at least eight thousand watermen to pick up a living in plying them; that four thousand labourers find employment in lading and unlading the ships; and that twelve thousand revenue officers are required to discharge the duties of the port and the river, we cannot but regard the docks with interest as well as curiosity.

The East India Docks are at Blackwall; the West India Docks lie across the neck of the Isle of Dogs, between Limehouse and Blackwall; the London Docks are at Wapping; and St. Ka-

tharine's Docks lie between Wapping and the Tower. I visited them all years ago, and walking over the same ground again to day, brings many things to my mind, which for some time have escaped my memory. How often the things of earth remind us of friends who are in heaven! How often do inanimate objects around us cry aloud to us, "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?" "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," Psa. lxxxix. 48; Gen. iii. 19.

As a stranger approaches the docks, he will have many indications of their locality. A solitary chop-fallen sailor walks along slowly with his hands in the pockets of his trowsers. He has had his frolic, he has spent his money, and has "got no ship." Half a dozen blue jackets, some with canvass caps, and others with new black hats on their heads, not over steady, pass on with a rolling walk and enter the public house at the corner. I have just come by a sailor exhibiting a painting of a shipwreck. There he is with a copper coin in his pocket, which a minute ago was in mine. He has lost both his legs, and would, no doubt, give me a full, true, and particular account of his birth, parentage, education, and misfortune, were I to require it at his hands. Where is the heart that has not its tale of sorrow?

Half an hour ago, as I turned along the street by the side of the India House, at least twenty seamen in their holiday clothes stood congregated together on one side the street, while a man, in a Scotch dress, playing on the bagpipes, paraded backwards and forwards before them on the other. Another man, a complete Highlander in face, figure, dress, and activity, was dancing the Highland fling, with an unwonted degree of vigour and apparent lightheartedness, while the delighted tars showered upon him their bounty with liberal hands. Some of these seamen were as fine looking men as any in the world.

The principal entrance to the East India Docks is at Poplar, where buildings have been erected for the accommodation of those employed in the several warehouses and in the quays. I have just been on board a vessel bound for the Mauritius. The dock for loading outwards is more than seven hundred feet long; and that for loading inwards double that length, by a breadth of five hundred feet. The warehouses and quays are very spacious. It is a busy scene, when an East India fleet arrives with its produce of tea, coffee, silk, wool, cotton, indigo, saltpetre, mace, nutmegs, camphor, elephants' teeth, muslins, and other commodities.

The stranger desirous to see all that is interesting in the docks of the metropolis, should not omit, when at Blackwall, to visit what is said to be the largest private dock in Europe. On one of the quays, blubber is landed from Greenland ships. On another are powerful cranes for landing anchors and guns; and on a third a machine for masting and dismasting vessels with more than usual dispatch. How comparatively feeble is man, until the powers of his mind are called into action! He invents machinery, and then goes forth with more than the strength of a giant.

Before the establishment of the Marine Police in 1798, the robberies which took place on the river were very frequent, and sometimes very extensive. Where plunder is to be had, plunderers will be found.

When we reflect on the valuable cargoes with which ships are freighted from the East and West; and on the daring characters that abound in large cities and seaports, it will not excite wonder, that so long as vessels remained in an unprotected state, continual attempts should be made to plunder them. To such a pitch of audacity has pillage been carried on in the river, that a vessel has been known to be boarded, during the night, by a desperate gang, her anchor weighed, and both anchor and cable borne away in presence of the captain, in spite of all his attempts to prevent it. As on land there are thieves of all grades, from the reckless highwayman and burglar to the fearful and wily pickpocket, so on the water, there were spoilers of all kinds, ready to rob on a large or small scale, from a cargo to a cocoa nut, or a nutmeg. The river pirate boldly took, by open force, his share of the booty. The night plunderer bribed the watchmen on board, and by their connivance, bore away in his boat all that he could conveniently remove. The light horseman, on good terms with the mates of ships and revenue officers, opened hogsheads of sugar and other produce, plundering them with impunity. The heavy horseman stowed away, beneath his ample dress, as much

coffee, ginger, and cocoa, as he could well carry; while the gauze lighterman was ever ready to receive stolen goods. Besides these, there were the mudlark and the scupple hunter; the former prowling about at low water, receiving in his small bag such petty packages as he could get from his dishonest friends on board; and the latter sneaking about the wharfs and quays, under pretence of wanting work, to pick up any thing and every thing that came to hand.

The West India Docks have very extensive ranges of warehouses for the stowage of merchandize. The northern dock, for unloading ships arriving from the West Indies, is two thousand six hundred feet in length, by a breadth of more than five hundred. Here a fleet of three hundred West Indiamen may ride safely. The southern dock, for loading outward-bound vessels, will hold, at least, two hundred ships. Before the formation of the West India Docks, the river used to be very inconveniently crowded on the arrival of a fleet.

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The Wapping entrance to the London Docks is before me. Workmen, revenue officers, merchants, clerks, porters, and visitors, are passing to and fro. On the right, stand a number of caravan-looking accounting houses on wheels, that they may be removed from place to place; and the painted boards in the front, announce the intelligence that carts, wagons, vans with springs, and every other accommodation, for the speedy and safe removal of merchandize, may there be obtained. On the left, stand empty and loaded wains, cabs, and coaches, with their attendant wagoners in frocks, coachmen in great coats, and cab drivers in similar attire.

Against the wall, by the gates, are placards of the different vessels about to sail to all parts of the world; a goodly number of ships bound to Australia, New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land among them. On entering the gates, the immense area is covered with pipes and casks of different kinds of wine, to be inspected before stowing them in the ground floors and vaults of the surrounding warehouses.

Masts without number now attract my attention, figure heads, and the great bulging bows of vessels. A confused mass of closely reefed sails, rigging, blocks, and tackling. Here is a lad swinging in the noose of a rope half way down the hull of a ship, turning an iron nut with a nut-screw; and there is another busily employed at the mast head. Seamen, fair, sunburnt, swarthy, and black, are on the decks and round the cabooses, and "Heave ho!" is heard in different directions, as the tackling creaks and the heavy hogsheads dangle in the air.

Years ago I came to this place to welcome home an aged relative, to whom, in my youthful days, I was strongly attached: he had just arrived from the western world. Twenty summers and winters had he passed in the woody lands on the banks of the Delaware, and so much was he altered in appearance, that, at first, I passed him by as a stranger. Time had been busy with him, bleaching his hair like flax, furrowing his cheeks and brow, and impairing the strength of his body and his mind. I could have wept like a child; for affection was strong within me. Well! I must not linger on the scene. Many were the days of his pilgrimage, and his white hairs reminded those who loved him, not only that he had walked long with God on earth, but that he would soon dwell with Him in heaven. Since then, I have witnessed his last sigh, closed his dying eyes, and followed him to the grave.

O fear thou not, Christian, to die,
  For death is the end of thy woes;
And the sleep of the grave will pass by
  As a night of refreshing repose.

The labourer that rests through the gloom,
  At the dawn of the day will arise;
And ere long wilt thou spring from the tomb,
  And be winging thy way to the skies.

The stores of wine in the vaults of this place are immense, as well as those of brandy, rum, and hollands; while, in the warehouses, the amount of tea, tobacco, and indigo, is equally astonishing. As I continue my walk round the several quays, I step for a moment into the warehouses to mark the different kinds of merchandize that are laid up there. One place is filled with wool, another piled up with hemp, and a third occupied with cork, tied up in large bundles. On every hand, something is doing around me; pipes of wine, puncheons of rum, hogsheads of sugar, and boxes of raisins and currants are hoisted by cranes from the quay to the ships, or from the ships to the quays. I see boxes of fruit, bales of silk, bundles of hides, packages of wool, glue, glass,

madder, shell-lac, spices, tallow, oil, wax, gum, whalebone, leather, sponge, and a hundred other commodities, while piles of iron in bars, and logwood in logs, vary the scene.

A party of strangers, judging by the curiosity and wonder visible in their eyes, are now walking along the quay; the ladies are not a little incommoded by the ropes and pullies, the trucks of the workmen, and the packages that intercept their course; yet they take it all with good humour: it would be unreasonable to take it otherwise; the real business of life cannot be allowed to stand still, while we practise its courtesies and civilities.

The outlet of the dock to the river forcibly reminds me of an occurrence which was very near proving fatal. A young friend, about to embark for Sydney, some years ago, had lingered on the quay with her friends till the vessel had almost quitted the lock, sailing onwards for the Thames, there was but just time for any one to proceed up the rope ladder at her side in safety. My young friend attempted to do this, but faltered. It was a critical moment. Had she fallen into the lock, it would have been her destruction. Perceiving that she had lost her presence of mind, I snatched her away from the ladder, just as the vessel cleared the lock. The remembrance of her perilous situation and escape, even now makes me draw my breath quicker than ordinary. About a month ago, I again saw her embark with her husband, on her second voyage to Sydney.

I am now looking on a brig, that lies close up to the quay, and I could look at her for an hour, having just picked up the information, from a sailor on board, that she was all but wrecked in the Bay of Biscay. There she is with a chain cable passed twice round her hull, her bows staved in, her bulwarks broken clean off, and her masts carried by the board. Her jurymast is a mere spar, and she carries not a rag deserving the name of a sail. How such a broken craft could ride the waters is wonderful. While I look at her, the Bay of Biscay scene is before me—the roaring winds, the black sky, and the heaving ocean. Hark how her strained timbers creak between the blasts of the tempest! Her mast is struck by the lightning, and now it is carried away. What a fearful crash! He who can mete out the sea in the hollow of his hand, can alone save her crew from destruction! He has commanded the winds to cease. "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven," Psa. cvii. 29, 30.

When we see the reckless life that sailors too often lead, and when we call to remembrance our own utter unworthiness, well may each of us exclaim, Lord, "what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Psa. viii. 4. How terrible is the wide ocean in its rage, and yet

"Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise, contending winds go forth abroad,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
And thou must sail upon this sea, a long
Eventful voyage. The wise may suffer wreck,
The foolish must. Oh, then, be early wise:
Learn from the mariner his skilful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threat'ning storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
Unerringly secure. Oh learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thyself from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lonely lies;
Points to the light that changes not, in heaven."

* * * *

I have quitted the London Docks, and am now at those of St. Katharine. It is a sight somewhat strange to see a fleet of merchantmen riding on the waters, occupying a spot where, a short time before, might be seen huge buildings of substantial masonry, a beautiful church, and a resting place for the departed dead: yet so it is; for where the river of mammon runs, it sweeps away all that interferes with its free course. The stranger who has not seen the neighbourhood of the Tower and Wapping, for the last twenty years, will look around in vain for the ancient and beautiful church of St. Katharine, once belonging to the old hospital, founded by king Stephen's queen, Matilda. It is gone, together with its burial ground, and the large breweries near. The site they covered is occupied by St. Katharine's Docks. St. Katharine's church is now in the Regent's Park, with its almshouse, master, brethren, sisters, poor scholars and beadsmen.

The new dock of St. Katharine's occupies a space of twenty-one acres, in which a hundred and twenty fine ships find sufficient room. The quay appears to-day more than ordinarily crowded with merchandize and people, though the rain is falling fast and freely. As I walked here, the policemen had their oilcase capes on, umbrellas were hoisted, great coats buttoned close to the chin, and scores of poor draggle-tailed women and girls with their thin-soled shoes, were paddling along the sloppy pavements. The docks are not improved in their appearance by bad weather; and at this moment, the very porters linger to avoid the wet skin that awaits them should they go forth.

I remember being present at the opening of St. Katharine's, certainly one of the liveliest scenes on which I ever gazed. The quays and windows of the various warehouses were thronged with goodly spectators; while the vessels, showing the flags of all nations, and hung with pendants and streamers of all colours, passed proudly into the capacious basin. Every yard was manned with sailors; at every mast head sat a blue jacket; and every deck was crowded with well-dressed company, while bands of music, playing national airs, imparted additional life to the glowing scene.

What a puny thing is man, compared with his own workmanship! Look at the broad bulging bows of that three-masted ship near the quay! Regard her prow, figure head, bowsprit, towering masts, and enormous yards and sails! What an amazing hulk! And yet the whole navy of the world, would not stand a moment before the excited breath of the Almighty. As bubbles on the face of the waters would it disappear and be no more seen. When a ship quits the shore, it is not the strength of her timbers that will ensure her return: she is in the hands of God alone. How infinite art thou, O God, in thy power, thy wisdom, and thy goodness! The sun in his brightness proclaims thy glory by day; and by night

"A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command;
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams:
But thou to these art as the moon to night.
Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by millions, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness! is a cipher brought
Against infinity! Oh what am I, then?
Nought!"

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. VI.

ELEVENTH CLASS. DODECANDRIA.

As spring ripens into summer, beauty and fragrance are diffused more freely. Among the many pleasant sights and agreeable scents that afford pleasure and buoyancy of feeling in a country ramble in this sunny season, those of the blossomed bean field, and the bossy clover flowers, must not be forgotten. They are sources of gratification to all; but especially to him whose heart is susceptible to the innumerable blessings that God, in his goodness, has scattered around on his creation.

A clover field in blossom is a goodly garden of flowers and perfume, wherein bees, butterflies, and grasshoppers take their fill of pleasure. The Christian botanist regards it as the liberal outpouring of a heavenly hand to man and beast, to bird and insect; a proof of the Divine benevolence so palpable, that the purblind sceptic, had not self-conceit bandaged his eyes, would read in it the love of the Holy One to the lower world.

Great God! how striking is thy love,
How wondrous and how free;
When, gazing on thy gifts around,
We feel they come from thee!

In this class, *Dodecandria*, are arranged plants whose flowers are furnished with twelve stamens, as the term *Dodecandria* implies; but they may be as many as nineteen, and all inserted in the calyx. They are divided into six orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as purslane and snowdrop tree. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as agrimony. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as spurge and mignionette. 4. *Tetragynia*, with four pistils. 5. *Pentagynia*, with five pistils. 6. *Dodecagynia*, with twelve pistils, as houseleek.

In almost every watery ditch, or slow-running stream in the three kingdoms, may be met with the fine showy plant called grasspoly, (*Lythrum solicaria*,) a perennial, which rises about four feet high, and blows from July till late in

autumn. The flowers are of a fine purple colour, growing on a close truss-like spike. The calyx is twelve toothed, in form of a tube, unequal at the base; the corolla has six petals arising from the calyx; the capsule has two cells and many seeds. It would be a pretty addition to the flower garden; but would not probably thrive unless planted in moisture, similar to its native place of growth.

Another plant of this order is hazelwort, (*Assarum Europæum,*) a native perennial, by no means common, flowering in May. The flowers are dusky purple, and grow close to the ground, at the base of the leaves, so as to be almost concealed. The calyx placed on the capsule is bell shaped, and three cleft, the divisions being turned inwards. There is no corolla. The capsule is egg-oblong, six celled, and contains few seeds.

In the second order, we find a very popular wild herb, the agrimony, (*Agrimonia eupatoria,*) which is by no means uncommon in fields, pastures, and hedge banks, in various parts of the kingdom, flowering in June and July, or later. The blossoms are of a yellow colour, and grow in a tall spike, or rather bunch. The calyx is five toothed; the corolla has five concave notched petals; the capsule has a fleshy receptacle, with two egg-oblong flat seeds. It is gathered and dried to make medicinal tea for various complaints, but is only a very weak demulcent stimulant, and in no reputation among professional men.

In the third order, one of the most common garden plants is mignionette, (*Reseda adorata,*) which is a native of the north of Africa, blowing from June till it is killed by the frost. When once sown in a garden border, at least in the south of England, it will continue to sow itself, year after year, without any trouble of resowing. The flowers are fragrant, and of a greenish yellow colour, but without petals; the fence of flower scales is many leaved, and spreading; the leaves with three-lobed divisions. There are fertile flowers in a centre surrounded with barren flowers, which are fringed and furnished with petals. It is often forced into early flowering by means of heat; and in the greenhouse may be made to flower during winter.

As the lark or the nightingale for song among birds, is the mignionette, for scent, among flowers. Humble, modest, and retiring, it spreads a grateful influence around. It is a flower of small promise and great performance; it boasts not, though it abounds with excellence. Thus should it be with the Christian character. Meek and lowly, and unobtrusive in itself, yet diffusing widely around the spirit of peace, love, gratitude, joy, and praise.

Another species of this genus, not uncommon in a wild state, is the dyer's weed, (*Reseda lateala,*) used in dying yellow, and in making Dutch pink.

Sun spurge, (*Euphorbia helioscopia,*) or wort root, belonging to this order, is a common weed in fields and gardens, multiplying prodigiously in some places, in consequence of its seeding with profusion. It is a very pretty pale green plant: the flowers appearing in July and later, in a broad wheel-like umbel, five cleft and forked; the fencing bractea, or flower scale of one leaf; the corolla without petals; the leaves pale green, wedge shaped, smooth, and saw-toothed on the margin. Like the rest of the genus, the whole plant, when wounded or broken, gives out a thick milky juice, which is very acrid, and will blister the skin. It is used by country people to destroy worts and freckles.

The sixth order is illustrated by the common house leek, (*Sempervivum Tectorum,*) and has from twelve to twenty pistils. The calyx has twelve concave, acute, and permanent divisions; the corolla has twelve oblong, spear-shaped, acute, concave petals, a little longer than the calyx; the capsules are twelve in number, with many seeds. The leaves are fringed, and the offsets spreading. It is an evergreen perennial, blowing from July to September, with flesh-coloured blossoms on a stiff spike. Baron Haller, who has minutely described this plant, found it in its wild state on the Swiss Alps. It is common in most parts of Europe, on the roofs of houses, and the tops of walls, and is also found on rocks. It was formerly used as an internal medicine, but is now chiefly confined to external applications, for burns and inflammations, and for removing freckles. In common with stone crop, which it much resembles, it is similar in habit to evergreen trees, its succulent fleshy leaves resisting the severity of the winter, and the drought of summer. The leaves of some plants of this kind are so replete with juices, that they can for a time dispense with soil, imbibing a sufficiency of moisture

from the atmosphere for the purposes of vegetation. It is for this reason, that unless in extremely hot weather, gardeners seldom water succulent plants, like houseleeks, as moisture is apt to rot them if the sun does not quickly dry it up. The houseleek may be made to cover a whole coping, by sticking on the offsets with clay or cow dung.

Though this homely plant occupies but a mean station in the garden, it has the merit of assuaging pain, in case of burns, and of making savoury the poor man's bowl.

> The tulip proud, the woodbine free,
> The rose and full-blown peony,
> Will find a bard to sing their praise,
> But who for thee a song shall raise?
> What bard thy merit shall commend,
> Thou poor and homely household friend?
> Wealth, beauty, pride, and power aspire,
> And animate the laureat's lyre;
> But humbler virtue—these among—
> Lives unrenowned, and dies unsung.

THE TWELFTH CLASS. ICOSANDRIA.

The meaning of the term *Icosandria* is "twenty stamens;" but the student must not trust to this precise number for the character of the class, as it may vary considerably. The indispensable character is, that the stamens should be inserted in the calyx, and not in the receptacle nor corolla. There are three orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as the plum, cherry, and myrtle. 2. *Pentagynia*, with five pistils, as the pear tree, hawthorn, and meadow sweet. 3. *Polygynia*, with many pistils, as the strawberry, rose, and bramble.

As an illustration of the first order, the student could not have a better example than the various species of *Prunus*, some of which grow in every wood, copse, hedge, or garden in the empire. It comprehends the plum, damson, cherry, bullace, sloe, and the poisonous cherry laurel. The plum tree, (*P. domestica*,) is indigenous to this country, and grows about twenty feet high, blowing in March and April, with a white blossom appearing before the leaves. The calyx has five divisions, and the corolla five petals; the leaves are spear shaped, and rolled lengthways; the branches are thornless. The varieties are produced by crossing and seedling: plants may be brought into a bearing state, in two or three years, by budding them on standard stocks, as first practised by professor Van Mons, of Louvain, with regard to the pear tree. If this were done to any extent, we might soon have many more varieties of the plant than are at present cultivated.

A pear orchard, whether in blossom or bearing, is a fine sight. The blossom of the pear has not the richness and profusion of the apple; but the tree usually grows in a more elegant shape, its top-towering branches, bent downwards with their load of clustering fruit, are very attractive. The pear, of which perry is generally made, is far from being agreeable to the taste.

The bird cherry (*P. padus*) is not the origin of the garden cherry, but a peculiar species, which bears bunches of highly fragrant white flowers, followed by a small stone fruit of a very peculiar flavour, which has never been improved by cultivation, though it seems to be more capable of improvement than the common cherry, from its possessing a much higher and richer flavour.

The peach tree (*Amygdalus Persica*) belongs to this order, and is said to be a native of Asia, flowering in our gardens in March and April. The flowers, which are rose red, appear before the leaves, as do those of the plum. The calyx is five cleft; the corolla has five petals; and the leaves are narrow, pointed, and saw toothed. Though the native of a warmer climate, it bears our winter sufficiently well, though, in order to have the fruit in perfection, it is the better for being protected by matting and the like from the nipping frosts of our cold springs. The almond tree (*A. communis*) is a species of the same genus as the peach. It is a native of Barbary and the Holy Land, particularly the banks of the Jordan, and flowers in our shrubberies in March and April. The flowers, which are rose red or white, appear before the leaves, and grow on short footstalks. The calyx is tubular, with a five-parted lip; the corolla has five petals, oval and complex; the fruit is a nut covered with a sort of leathery envelope. There are two varieties of the fruit, the sweet almond and the bitter almond, the latter containing a portion of the well-known deadly poison, prussic acid. Bitter almonds are therefore dangerous, if eaten in any quantity, or used for any sort of edible preparations.

The cherry laurel (*Prunus laurocerasus*) is a very common evergreen in our shubberies; a native of the Levant and the mountainous parts of Persia and the Crimea. It was introduced into Europe in 1576, by the celebrated botanist

Cluvius, who received it from Constantinople. It was a scarce plant in England in the reign of Charles I., and a merchant, who had a plant of it in his garden, at Highgate, defended it every winter from the severity of the weather, by covering it with a blanket. Now it would appear that the species has become inured to the severity of our climate, as nobody thinks of protecting them, and they are rarely killed by the hardest frost. From the leaves of the cherry laurel, by distillation, a most deadly poison is extracted, containing prussic acid. This poison was first discovered in 1728, as recorded by Dr. Madden, of Dublin, in the thirty-seventh volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. For a considerable time distilled cherry-laurel water was employed to give an agreeable nutty flavour to creams, jellies, and puddings; and was also put into liqueurs, such as noyeau and ratafia, in the proportion of one part of laurel water, to four parts of brandy. This was not observed to produce any deleterious consequences till September, 1728, when a servant named Martha Boyce, living with a person that sold great quantities of the water, got a bottle of it from her mistress, and gave it to her mother, Anne Boyce, as a very rich cordial. Anne Boyce made a present of it to Frances Eaton, her sister, who was a shopkeeper in the town, and who, she thought, might oblige her customers with it. Accordingly, in a few days, she gave about two ounces of it to a woman named Mary Whalley, who had bought some goods of her. Mary Whalley drank about two thirds of what was filled out, and went away: Frances Eaton drank what remained of the two ounces. Mary Whalley went to another shop to make purchases, and in about a quarter of an hour after she had drank the water, she complained of a violent disorder in her stomach, so that she had to be carried home, and died in about an hour. The shopkeeper, Frances Eaton, sent word to her sister, Anne Boyce, of what had happened, who came to her in consequence, and affirmed it was not possible, that the cordial, as she called it, could have caused the death of the woman Whalley; and to convince her, she filled out about three spoonsful, and drank it off. She continued talking to Frances Eaton about two minutes longer, and so earnest was she to persuade her that the water was inoffensive, that she filled out two spoonsful more, which she likewise drank off; but before she was well seated in her chair, she expired.

It is well worth the attention of the young botanist, to notice the well-ascertained fact, that whenever the stamens are inserted into the calyx, whether the number be few or many, the fruit has invariably been found to be wholesome; and as this is the case with the cherry laurel, it might seem to form an exception to the rule. The fruit of this tree, however, is not found to be poisonous, like the leaves from which the poisonous water is distilled.

As illustrative of the second order, the hawthorn or may bush (*Cratægus oxycantha*) may be selected as a good example, being common in every hedge and copse throughout the kingdom. It grows from ten to twenty feet high, and blows in May and June, with finely fragrant flowers, originally of a white colour, but varying by cultivation, to a rose red, and scarlet; the latter being a recently introduced variety of great beauty. The calyx is furnished with fine teeth, spear pointed, and nearly smooth; the fruit is red, fleshy, of an oblong form, and crowned by the teeth of the calyx around a thickened disk. The leaves are blunt, somewhat three parted, saw toothed, smooth, and sometimes shining.

"In yonder vale a hawthorn blows,
That ne'er repines at frosts or snows;
Though cold its place, though lone its lot,
It buds, it bears, it murmurs not.

Content with what the season brings,
Down in the dale the linnet sings;
Though coarse and scant what it requires,
Nor more, nor better it desires.

The swain that holds the useful plough,
Though deep the mire he must go through,
Whistles and sings, and thinks that he
Shall happiest among mortals be.

Nor bird, nor bush, nor ploughman knows,
The blessings God on thee bestows;
For higher gifts thy soul should raise
Its songs of thankfulness and praise."

The pear tree (*Pyrus communis*) is, in its wild state, a native of Britain, and though not very common, may be found near the metropolis, in the woods beyond Dulwich, flowering in May with a white blossom. It is this which is the origin of the numerous garden varieties of the cultivated pear. In what manner the flavour of fruits is altered by soil and situation, is not at all known, either to practical men, or philosophical botanists. The same grape and the same hill pro-

duce, two celebrated wines, hermitage and coté-roti, quite distinct in qualities. The golden-pippin apple, supposed to be worn out in Herefordshire, continued a few years ago to grow in the stable yard, St. James's, and to produce its fruit in high perfection. The old little yellow warty golden pippin, however, is now comparatively gone; yet other golden pippins are produced on healthy trees, in proper situations, but the fruit is larger and not so finely flavoured. That the old tree, which now produces this little yellow apple, produced it also of the same size and flavour when it was young, is scarcely possible. The swan's-egg pear is well known, at this time, to be annually diminishing in size, while, at the same time, its flavour is proportionally increased in richness.

In the third order, we find ranked the numerous species of rose, (*Rosa*,) on which large volumes, ay, numerous volumes have been written and published. The general botanical character of the rose is, that the calyx has one leaf, with globular border and five expanding divisions, the segments long, spear-shaped, and narrow. The corolla has five petals, inversely heart shaped, as long as the calyx, and fixed to its neck. The stamens are numerous, and very short. The pistils, with the germen at the base, are also numerous. Besides the many species, there are almost innumerable varieties, increasing every year by the process of crossing; and some of the nursery catalogues name more than five hundred sorts.

Perhaps the moss rose is not exceeded in beauty by the fairest flowers in creation, though it would be difficult to define what constitutes beauty in the vegetable world. Where is an ugly flower?

O Christian, may thy graces e'er be found
To fling a living beauty all around;
And dying, may thy memory disclose
A dearer, sweeter fragrance than the rose.

J. R.

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.—No. V.
BLIND JENNY.

Let it not, gentle reader, enter into thy imagination that I have chosen the title of this record in derision of the subject of it. The old and the young, who comprised our village community, have selected the cognomen for me; for to them was she known, and known only as "Blind Jenny." The entire vicinity recognized her by that name, and her very tombstone records it.

Poor blind Jenny! Well do I recollect thy singular appearance, and often, when a child, have I tottered to thee with my penny for a bun from thy treasury of sweets; and, as thou hast let down thy basket from thy head with up-turned but almost sightless eyes, I have gazed on thee with pity, and a wonder yet more intense, how thou couldst find thy way from thy cottage to the neighbouring town to procure this relishing abundance; and I have wished that I could give thee more light, that thou mightest fetch it more quickly, and see, with as clear a vision as myself, the wonderful works of God.

My readers may gather from this spontaneous apostrophe that poor Jenny was the purveyor of sweetmeats for the little villagers. She was not, properly speaking, blind; but what glimmering of that best of Heaven's material blessings she possessed, just enabled her to grope her way along the high road, and perhaps to increase her sense of her own great deprivation by some perception of the inestimable advantage enjoyed by others. How limited it was, was shown by an accident which occurred to her many years before I knew her, and which was the consequence of her infirmity, namely, the loss of a leg, which, obliging her to stump about upon a wooden substitute, gave, in addition to her lack of sight, a still greater peculiarity to her appearance. But, though blind and halt, she was, as before intimated, the village walking shop of conserves. Early in the morning might she be seen coming slowly down, with an old red cloak hanging loosely over her shoulders, a stick in her hand, and that basket on her head which was to return crammed with the sweets that children love. And, as she was coming down, she would, ever and anon, stop at the doors of her more respectable patrons to inquire if any thing were wanting elsewhere than from the shop of the confectioner. Her orders obtained, she would then march deliberately down the hill, on whose brow our village is situated, followed by the eager gaze of many an urchin gourmand. But if they gazed after her at her departure thus eagerly, how much more intensely did they watch for her return. As that period approached, the young troop might be observed assembling on the village heights, and amusing themselves by tossing into the air the pence

ultimately destined to find their way into blind Jenny's pocket. At length she comes, and the wished-for basket is lifted from her head. Forming a merry group around her, they feast their eyes on her stores, and each in his turn receives his palatable purchase. And it is really surprising to observe the involuntary order maintained amongst that thoughtless troop. There is no striving to be served first, no dipping a sly hand into the basket, which, were they so inclined, might be easily accomplished without the slightest suspicion on poor Jenny's part. It seemed, indeed, as if they respected her, and felt pity for her misfortunes. And this was no wonder, the feeling seemed reciprocal; she treated her little patrons as kindly as if they were her own children. For them smooth and kind words flowed from her lips in rich abundance; and few would have guessed, whilst seeing her surrounded by her young customers, what an under current of calculating, worthless, evil feelings ran in old Jenny's breast. But these were not the only patrons she possessed: all the old ladies in the village, in pity to her misfortunes, ordered their daily tea cakes of her; and when these were served, Jenny would trudge from inn to inn to wait upon and joke with the loungers there.

And here the character of blind Jenny begins to unfold itself; and it is one of no ordinary kind. It might have been imagined that her appearance and misfortunes would have rendered her an object only of pity to mankind; and that compassion, if not disgust, would have been the principle influencing the conduct of man towards her. But it was otherwise: blind and halt as she was, Jenny had her admirers; and, to her disgrace be it recorded, that she lived for many a long year a sad life of guilt and shame. Her conduct, indeed, was so openly flagrant, that I have frequently wondered that the many "prudes," (as she called them behind their backs,) who patronized her by the purchase of her tea cakes, did not withhold their patronage. But this was never done. Some, I have heard, would occasionally remonstrate with her; but Jenny's glib tongue, vigorous in retort, or oily in persuasion, as circumstances required, soon silenced their reproaches, and the colloquy not unfrequently ended in the censor becoming the almoner. She was a poor, blind, and lame woman, she would say, who wished to steer clear of the parish, and was, therefore, compelled to mingle with such society to obtain a livelihood, for on their purchases rested her chief dependence. And, then, in pity to her, they opened their purse, and gave her something to keep her at home. But home had no charms for the benighted Jenny: to her hardened heart and unenlightened mind, it conveyed no ideas of comfort or quiet; it was no link between earth and heaven. The same round of giddy pleasures was therefore still trodden by her; and if any remonstrated, the customary appeal to their charitable feelings produced the old effect, and additional means were extorted for the enjoyment of the old reckless and ungodly habits.

By the system of deception she practised, Jenny gratified two evil propensities, the love of sinful pleasure, and the lust of gold. For the latter, she had a strong and permanent attachment, and she was fast amassing, by her sinful mode of living, no inconsiderable sum. This statement may, at first sight, seem incompatible with her habits. But a few words of explanation will remove the seeming inconsistency. That which Jenny drank she never paid for. And this formed one of the unanswerable arguments by which she kept her sober patrons. "They will make me take the poison," she would say; "I know it is wrong, but they will not deal with me if I refuse." And then the hand of charity was again stretched forth, to enable her to remain at home and quit her evil pursuits. But Jenny hied from them to the society of the profligate, knowing that she could, at any time, recall the waning favour of her patronesses by a little flattery, and a few sentences such as we have quoted, interlarded with occasional tears and sighs.

A life such as I have depicted, so unprincipled, so hypocritical, so wicked, did poor blind Jenny lead, for upwards of sixty years, during which

> "Virtue in vain besought her,
> And time no lesson brought her;"

but as the homely saying has it, "That is a long lane which has no turning"—that is a wild life in which there is no reformation. So Jenny, after this period had elapsed, seemed to think; and, therefore, she, the hardened and profligate, has taken a step out of her usual

course into the path of morality. We behold her, at this age, for the first time since the christening of her last child, going to church, and for what purpose? To be married! Yes, blind Jenny is led thither by one of her ancient admirers, apparently resolved to settle down to steadiness at last. But her countenance was no true index of her heart; the first could wear the mask of sorrow while the other was rejoicing, and change it, as the scene or circumstances might require. But to proceed; I well remember that day's scene. At the door of each cottage stood its inmates, waiting to greet the heroine of the day, as she went forth and returned; and in the churchyard were gathered mischievous wags, and some of the most giddy of her own sex who had been plucking the green grass, and the daisies, and the buttercups from the sod that covered the bones of the departed, to strew her pathway as she walked along. Another than Jenny might have paused to consider whether this was irony or respect; but Jenny neither saw nor speculated upon it, but went laughing along.

Well, the ceremony is over. Jenny has changed her name, and for the first time she takes her seat in her cottage as a married woman. But will this bond, to be dissolved only by death, keep her at home? Hard, indeed, is it to give up old usages! And, besides, it turns out that this prudential step has been no voluntary and unprompted one; it has sprung from no late but sincere repentance, from no sudden perception of moral duty and the charms of self-restraining virtue.

Our good old morality-loving rector, partly by dint of eloquent persuasion, for which he was justly celebrated, and partly by a promise of foregoing his own fees, and paying the clerk's fee, which that functionary was never known to forego, had persuaded her to this course, that she might no longer live in open profligacy; that she might cease to be the disgrace she had been to her sex and to his parish, over which he tenderly yearned. It was no wonder, therefore, that home had still no charm for Jenny. Her occupation and inclination still led her to the village inns. Now, however, she did not go alone. Her late step had, at least, given her a husband to guard her, and prevent her from going further astray than he himself went. Thither they retired duly as the shades of evening appeared; she with her basket on her head, and he walking with a tottering step close at her heels. It was in vain that he proffered his assistance to carry the basket, and share in the proceeds. Jenny considered the basket as "part and parcel" of herself, and indignantly refused both offers. This point was long contested between them, and Jenny's conduct told the villagers that she strove hard to rule in all temporal matters, the only matters which engaged her attention. Poor blind Jenny came from the contest a victor, and her lord was compelled to submit to her rule; to go where she was pleased to lead him; to do what she was pleased to tell him; and to be content with what she was pleased to allow him.

But the confidence which she withheld from her husband, Jenny somewhat too freely extended to strangers. Scorning even the Bank of England, as an old-fashioned and scarcely trustworthy place for laying up money, it was Jenny's wont to entrust sums with this or that friend on whom she relied for secrecy, by which means she realized her very fears, and learned by experience that Scripture truth which says of riches that they make to themselves wings and fly away. Some abused her confidence whilst on this side the grave; and when she was no more, the residue of her savings was found wanting. And thus were scattered the wages of iniquity, the hoarded treasures of deceit.

We have now to view Jenny in the time of affliction. She who had stumped about for many years without once missing her daily round of pleasure and business, now is writhing on a bed of sickness. And who is seated by her miserable couch? It is our aged rector. Long had he marked this wandering sheep, and long had he endeavoured to bring her to the fold of Christ. Heretofore his efforts had been thwarted; but now he has hopes; for well he knows that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." As soon as he heard that Jenny had ceased to take her usual rounds, and that she was visited by affliction, he flew to her cottage on the errand of mercy, animated with the hope that the poor wanderer might be reclaimed. Nor did Jenny's reception of the man of God damp these expect-

ations. In her eyes were tears, and from her tongue flowed copiously expressions of contrition. She confessed herself a sinner, a miserable sinner, and vowed with apparent fervour that if it pleased God to restore her, she would never more visit the dens of infamy, but would lead a life of holiness. The good man listened to her with delight, and hoped her character was changed. Some of the neighbours shared his generous delusion, and Jenny was thought to be amongst the penitent. Others, knowing her better, or judging of her by their own profligate pertinacity in evil courses, shook their heads, and foretold that if Jenny recovered, they should yet hear her loud laugh, and laugh loudly themselves at her profane wit. They went farther, and averred that the bounties she was receiving, on every hand, from the Christian community, constituted the motives for her profession; and that were these withdrawn, she would despise all pious counsel. And the event justified this opinion; for Jenny got better, and as soon as her strength allowed, was again seen in her accustomed haunts. Again, attended by her willing spouse, she was found sitting on the ale bench as merry and careless as when in the bloom of youth. And she had now something new with which to amuse her companions, a subject which she thought worthy of her wit. She had to laugh over her deception, and at the dupes of it; and lest her companions should call her by that most odious of all names to such as she associated with, "saint," the poor creature would boisterously proclaim her total want of sympathy with all to whom the term might justly be applied.

But once again was Jenny occasionally seen at church. This was when she began to feel the waning of her strength: when her ability to indulge in former excesses was ceasing, she re-assumed the garb of sanctity, and so well was it worn that many a Christian gazed with sympathy upon the contrite expression of her countenance, and our rector once more visited her and inquired into the cause of the change.

Jenny was not unprepared for this inquiry. Shortly before this period, one of the noblest, best, and most charitable of all our village residents, whom every one loved, was lowered into his long-prepared and lonely tomb. And as he had been good to all within his sphere; as he had stretched out the hand of charity from morning even till night, all who possessed the slightest feeling of grateful recollection followed his corpse with weeping eyes. Among these stood poor Jenny, and her tears flowed as copiously as those of any mourner present. The event, solemn as it was, soon passed from the memory of most of the villagers, but it remained fixed in Jenny's. She dated her change from the solemn hour when she heard the beautiful burial service read over the tomb of that pious Christian nobleman. Such was the substance of Jenny's answer to the rector's inquiry.

As usual there were not wanting those who doubted the sincerity of Jenny's second change, and who talked shrewdly of her eye to the benevolent lady whom his lordship had left behind to perpetuate his charities, and of the many loving friends who were likely to be kind to her for his sake.

Whatever might be her motive, Jenny had now assuredly identified herself with the departed in the estimation of his lady and her friends. The delicacies of their tables found their way into Jenny's deal chest on which she dined, nor were they less sparing of their pecuniary bounties, so that she no longer depended upon her basket. The little villagers, for whom Jenny expressed so much fondness, might now seek their sweetmeats elsewhere, and the old ladies in want of tea cakes might look for another slave. She felt assured that a provision was made for her during the remainder of her life, if she could but crawl to church on Sunday, and abstain from her old haunts during the week. This abstinence no longer required an effort. She had arrived at that age when she could awake at the voice of the twittering sparrow, when the grasshopper becomes a burden, and all the daughters of mirth and music are brought low. It was therefore pleasant rather than painful to Jenny to abstain from what she could no longer enjoy.

So long as Jenny's strength continued, she was to be seen apparently giving to her Maker the dregs of her life, coming to his courts on the sabbath, and mingling with his people in the most solemn ordinances. And it was wonderful to see with what tenderness they regarded her. They imagined that they saw before them the contrite spirit and the

changed heart, broken perhaps by the continual struggle between despairing recollection of past evil and hope of ultimate forgiveness.

Now I will not pronounce Jenny to have been a hypocrite at this the last stage of her long and sad career. It is for Heaven alone to judge of man's sincerity. But I shall be free, I trust, from the charge of want of charity if I acknowledge that I shared in the suspicions of some of Jenny's neighbours, and fancied that sordid motives had something to do with Jenny's seeming sanctity. The best test of our Christian sincerity is a holy and consistent walk during the days of our earthly pilgrimage. Tenderness towards all men no doubt is becoming; but it should not lead us to exalt the sinner at the last period of his life for a few penitential expressions. It is forgetting the truth so forcibly expressed, that "we have but one example of a sinner saved at the eleventh hour, recorded in Holy Writ, and that one (the thief on the cross) is recorded, that while none need despair, none may dare presume."

The remainder of blind Jenny's history is soon told. Worn out, partly by age, and partly by the irregularities of her life, she did not long survive to enjoy the favours of her kind and affluent friends. When stretched on her dying bed, she was surrounded by the pious portion of our village community, who said that she was constantly exclaiming that "she would not take a room full of gold in exchange for the happiness she enjoyed in the prospect of death." And since her decease, they have raised a monument to her memory. I presume not to pass any opinion on the last hours of blind Jenny; but I do appeal to the living, to admonish them against trifling and delay, to exhort them to early piety and holy consistency of conduct. THE RECORDER.

Antioch, showing the walls.

ANTIOCH.

ANTIOCH, a city of Upper Syria, is situated on the river Orontes, about twenty miles from the place where it discharges itself into the Mediterranean. It was built by Seleucus Nicator, about three hundred years before Christ, and became the seat of empire of the Syrian kings of the Macedonian race; and afterwards of the Roman governors of the eastern provinces. The citizens were distinguished only by their luxury in life and licentiousness in manners. Antioch was therefore an unpromising soil for Christianity to take root in; yet here, nevertheless, it was planted at an early period, and flourished vigorously. In this city the followers of Christ had first the name of Christians given to them, Acts xi. 19—26. The modern town of

Antioch occupies not more than one fifth of the ancient enclosure. The most remarkable features in the houses here, as differing with the rest of Syria, are that, besides being low, they have sloping roofs covered with thin tiles, instead of flat terraces; and have only one story above ground, built of slight materials. This style of building probably originated in the necessity of preparing for the shocks of earthquakes, which are very frequent in these parts. Antioch was almost demolished by them in the years A.D. 340, 394, 396, 456, 526, 528, and 568. By this last calamity, about sixty thousand persons are said to have perished. There are in the city ten or twelve mosques, mostly mean structures. The inhabitants may amount to about six thousand, and are governed by a mutzellim, tributary to the pacha of Aleppo.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

Of a Newfoundland dog, purchased by his father, and of a smaller one that had been bred in the house, the Rev. S. Drew used to relate the following story.

Our dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn and apple room, into which the fowls sometimes found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust on the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this, a favourite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went into the dairy, followed by the little dog; and finding dust again thrown into the milk pans, she exclaimed, "I wish that cock was dead." Not long after, she being with us in the harvest field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. Highly exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily uttered wish, she snatched a stick from the hedge, and attempted to give the dog a beating. The luckless animal seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he expected to have received marks of approbation, left the bird, and ran off; she brandishing her stick, and saying, in a loud angry tone, "I'll pay thee for this, by-and-by." In the evening, when about to put her threat into execution, she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large one standing before it. Endeavouring to fulfil her intention, by first driving off the large dog, he plainly gave her to understand, that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind him; but the threatening gesture and fiercer growl of the large one, sufficiently indicated that the attempt would not be a little perilous. The result was, that she was obliged to abandon her design. In killing the cock, I can scarcely think that the dog understood the precise import of my stepmother's wish, as his immediate execution of it would seem to imply. The cock was a more recent favourite, and had received some attentions, which had previously been bestowed upon himself. This, I think, had led him to entertain a feeling of hostility to the bird, which he did not presume to indulge, until my mother's tone and manner indicated that the cock was no longer under her protection. In the power of communicating with each other, which these dogs evidently possessed, and which, in some instances, has been displayed by other species of animals, a faculty seems to be developed, of which we know very little. On the whole, I never remember to have met with a case in which it was more perceptible, than in that of my father's two dogs.

TURKISH FESTIVAL.

The grand procession of the paschal orison took place this morning within the time prescribed by the Mohammedan law, which permits its celebration at any hour before noon on the tenth of the month Zilhijjeh. It issued from the principal gate of the seraglio, soon after sunrise, and appeared in the following order. First came the inferior officers of the court on horse, followed by the pashas and principal functionaries of state mounted on beautiful steeds, whose furniture was richly decked with precious stones. After these came a band of young men on foot, gaily dressed in lively colours and distinguished by their beauty and knightly bearing. They bore in their hands long waving plumes of the most brilliant hues, which they held high over their heads, as if to secure the royal person whom they surrounded from the vulgar gaze. In the midst of this bright band, his face just discernible through the forest of bending plumes, rode the sultan, on a noble Arabian charger, which, from his proud and graceful step, seemed conscious that he was bearing the weight of majesty.

His saddle cloth and reins were thickly studded with diamonds set in flowers, the stirrups were of solid gold, and his gorgeous head piece bore a frontlet, in the centre of which was a magnificent emerald surrounded with diamonds. The sultan himself appeared, as he always does on horse, with his most regal look and bearing. His face wore that grave and mild aspect that commonly sits upon it in public. After him followed a band of musicians who closed the procession. The whole body moved slowly towards the mosque of sultan Ahmed, in the vicinity of the seraglio, between double ranks of artillery men and musicians. A shout ran along their lines as the sultan passed. They all wore European military caps, and their entire dress was conformable. The habiliments of the marines were red jackets and white pantaloons, which, with the caps, were entirely new. The latter, indeed, were now introduced into the army for the first time, the common head gear of the soldiers being the thick woollen fez with a huge blue silk tassel pendent behind, the same as is worn by the sultan and the greater part of those in civil employ, but which, with the unshorn heads that are coming into vogue, are (this my own experience afterwards taught me) insupportable on a summer march.

The sultan and his cortége dismounted in the atmeidan, a public square on which the spacious court of the mosque of Ahmed opens, and entered the sacred temple. The morning service immediately began, while another assemblage was formed in the atmeidan, of the soldiers from the adjacent barracks; for the companies that had served in the pageant of the morning, contrary to many a precept of the koran, stood by their arms. The service without the mosque was the same as that within. A temporary platform was erected for the Imam, and straw mats were spread for the assembly to kneel upon. I could not, at the moment, discover anything in the various prostrations, genuflexions, and divers other postures of the worshippers different from the common devotions of the mosque, nor indeed is there anything peculiar in this distinguished service of the Mussulman liturgy more than some slight deviations of form from the great prayer of Friday.

So much of the ample space of the atmeidan as was not occupied by the worshippers was filled with throngs of Turkish maids and matrons, on foot and in arabas, idle spectators of a ceremony of their religion in which they could not participate.

The service, which was but little longer than the ordinary service of the morning, being ended, the procession returned in the order in which it came, and disappeared within the walls of the seraglio. What transpired there I will not pretend to say, excepting that an order soon came out for the marines to enter, and the rumour was circulated among the multitude that the sultan had sent for them to inspect them in their new dress. They entered, preceded by the band playing a Greek air. Presently, a line of cavalry issued from the gate, well mounted and wearing the new cap. As I was crossing the harbour on my return home, I observed that the ships of war were decorated with flags, and their yards manned with marines, who saluted the sultan as the royal barge shot out from the quay of the seraglio, and swept by them on its way to the palace of Beshiktash.

Such was the pageant which accompanied the sacrificial prayer of Bairam. But the festivity which followed was not confined to the court. It extended to every class and condition of society. On the first day, the call to prayer at the five canonical hours was followed by a salute from the fleet. During the whole of the first feast and the first three days of the second, shops were shut and all labour suspended. The entire Mussulman population was poured into the streets. The cafés were thronged. Every man, woman, and child, appeared in a new dress. The white turbans were never so clean and neatly plaited. Turkish females, in groups of five or six, with their children, in the gayest and richest dresses, strolled through the streets. Friends visited friends, and wished them a happy Bairam, or embraced them as they met without, kissing each other on both cheeks. The inferior paid the same deference to the hand of his patron or superior. Effendis on horseback and ladies in arabas covered the bridge between Stamboul and Galata. Strolling players performed with impunity in the highways. The sellers of sweetmeats proclaimed their delicacies, and the beggars again plied their importunities in the name of Bairam. There seemed in the very word an incentive to mirth and light heartedness. Yet all was

quiet. There was no boisterousness, no indecorum, no extravagant merriment, no loud laughter, much less those contentions, and babblings, and wounds without cause, which are the invariable accompaniments of our more civilized festivities. The reason of the difference is to be found in the habitual moderation and self-command of Turks, and in the absence among them of the grand source of the woe and sorrow which generally follow our own seasons of hilarity. Special care is exercised by the Turkish authorities during Bairam to keep Mussulmans from the grog shops, which, I am sorry to add, are chiefly tenanted by Christians. The only part of the population which give free vent to their mirth are the boys. You may see them riding double on donkeys, racing on horses, or turning on swings, of which there are at least four kinds in use at Constantinople. You may see them playing and tumbling in the courts of the mosques, firing crackers and eating sweetmeats, as New England boys do on the fourth of July. By some, certain hours of the festival are devoted to more serious purposes. The bereaved visit the graves of friends, and sit by them and turn up the sod throughout, as if the sight of the new earth brought into fresh recollection the hour when the loved ones that repose beneath were shut from their eyes.—*Southgate.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN ELECTROGRAPHY.

In the *Visitor* for 1840, pp. 187. 273, a description was given of Mr. Spencer's newly-discovered process of taking impressions of coins, medals, and engravings, by the agency of voltaic electricity. During the past year this gentleman has been engaged in bringing his invention to a more perfect state, and in extending its applications. The results of his labours we shall attempt to explain, in a popular manner, for the benefit of our readers. The art has been named by some of its admirers, electrotype; but it has been termed, with more propriety, electrography by Mr. Spencer himself. This term seems to us exceedingly appropriate, as conveying a notion of its resemblance, in its general purposes, to lithography, zincography, and other arts in which the representations of objects, on prepared surfaces, are transferred for the purpose of multiplication. By the transference of a drawing to the prepared surface of a particular kind of stone, and by subsequent processes, it is possible to obtain a number of such figures on paper; and so, by the deposition of metal by electricity, a similar multiplication is effected. As therefore the one art is called lithography, the other may be termed electrography.

But little alteration has been made in the process of taking copies of engraved plates. There are two methods: one is to submit the plate, which is to be copied, to the action of the electricity in a suitable apparatus, and to form a mould by depositing the copper on it in the manner already described in the *Visitor.* The other method is to form a mould of lead, by pressing the engraved plate and the plate of lead together in a strong press, and then depositing copper upon it in the usual way. The latter process is most readily performed; but the experimenter must be careful that the lead is perfectly clean. It will be found of advantage to plane the metal before it is used, which may be easily done with the tool called by carpenters a jack plane.

The method of separating the electrographic plate from that on which it has been deposited, as recommended by Mr. Spencer, is exceedingly ingenious, and will be found, in most cases, sufficient, if the precautions mentioned in the *Visitor* have been attended to. The plate on which the deposit is formed, should be held over a spirit lamp, if of small dimensions, or otherwise over a charcoal fire; and when it has been raised to a temperature of about three hundred degrees Fahrenheit, cold water should be poured on the deposited plate, which causes a sudden contraction, and consequently loosens its contact with the mould. It will also be found of advantage to produce a vibration in the mould, by striking it with some metallic substance. When the plates are separated at the edges, a small wedge may be inserted, which will facilitate the disunion.

To obtain facsimiles of medals and coins, the impressions of both sides may be taken on lead, which are employed, in the voltaic process, by the same arrangement as engraved plates. Another method of obtaining a suitable mould, is to cast the coin in Newton's fusible metal, which is a compound of three parts of tin, five of lead, and eight of

bismuth, and is reduced to a liquid state at so low a temperature, that it is melted in boiling water. This substance, however, is liable to crystallize in cooling, which must injure the sharpness of the casting, and on this account an amalgam called "Smith's solder for tin" will be preferable. Still more recently it has been discovered, that plaster moulds may be used, provided they are previously prepared with plumbago, for a metallic surface is thus presented, and the deposition goes on as rapidly as if a solid mass of metal were employed.

The deposition of solid voltaic plates having the lines in relief, is easily effected by the process employed by Mr. Spencer in his first experiments; but it has not proved very useful to the printer, as the lines are thick and coarse. It might, however, be employed to take impressions of geometrical figures, in which a strength of line is desirable, and the plates might then be introduced with the type, and printed from in the same manner as wood blocks. Another method of forming this kind of voltaic plate, has since been recommended by the same author, as one which will probably be found useful in the hands of the practical engraver. "Take a copper or brass plate, and give it a coating of fine plaster of paris, or other substance. When dry, let the surface of the plaster be rubbed down level, until there is as much thickness left as the lines are required to be in relief to print from. It must now be smoked with the flame of a lamp, and the lines drawn on the surface thus prepared. The brass or copper-plate will prevent the point used from going deeper than is necessary, consequently the lines will be all of the same depth. When the engraving is completed, let the plaster surface be metalized, a process which will be explained presently. A solid plate of copper may then be deposited on it, and all the raised parts will be perfectly level. These are the principal improvements made in the process of taking impressions in copper from metallic plates, and no further considerable alteration will probably be made until the art comes into the hands of practical men."

Attempts have been made to deposit gold, silver, platinum, and other metals, in the same manner as copper; but these have been but partially successful. Gold may be precipitated from the state of a chloride, by a process similar to that adopted for copper; but with all the care that can be used, and employing weak and pure solutions, which are found to succeed best, the effects are not such as are desired. The experiment frequently requires to be repeated several times; and then the coating is so exceedingly thin, that it may be removed by the friction of the finger. It might, however, be supposed an easy matter to correct this disadvantage, by continuing the operation until a sufficiently thick coating of the metal was obtained; but it is found, by experiment, that gold cannot be deposited on gold. "Whenever the silver or copper," says Mr. Spencer, "becomes completely covered with a thin film of gold, it ceases to be silver or copper, as respects the surrounding solution, or its electrical properties; and no more than this one coating can be deposited in the solid state, by any electrical process as yet discovered. It will, under these circumstances, at once be obvious, that the coating must be chemically thin. Were we able, by this process, to deposit a second coat, there would be nothing to prevent a third, and so on; in that case flowers of gold, or other ornaments in relief, might be deposited on silver, or *vice versa*. I have been, however, more successful with silver under certain modifications."

M. de la Rive, a foreign philosopher of great celebrity and genius, has proposed a method of gilding, by a similar process to that already mentioned; but it offers no advantages over the mode now in common use. The experiments with platinum have been even more unsuccessful; for although it may be deposited from its chloride, in the same manner as gold, it appears in the form of a brittle black powder, "at present affording small hope of usefulness."

During the past year, many attempts have been made to form electrographs of other metals than copper and silver, and some persons, having either deceived themselves, or wishing to deceive others, have asserted, that they had succeeded in so doing. Upon a repetition of their experiments, the fraud has been detected. At the very commencement of this important art, an attempt of this kind was made, and it has been so continued, that it is necessary to caution the reader against these disgraceful impositions, and to recommend a repetition of the pretended experiments.

The process of electrography cannot be effected except on a metallic surface; and it has therefore been an important consideration, what means could be adopted to give such a surface to plaster, wooden, or clay moulds. The method first employed was, that of covering them with gold leaf; but this was not only a clumsy process, but one which injured the sharpness of the model, and consequently made the electric copy much inferior to the original. Mr. Spencer has since discovered another process, which is an extremely pretty chemical experiment, altogether independent of its use in this art, and one which will probably be found useful for many other purposes. The description given by the discoverer is so simple, that it will be better to adopt his own words, than attempt a more familiar explanation. "Suppose it to be an engraved wooden block which you are desirous of metallizing, in order that copper may be deposited on its surface; this example holding good for any other material. The first operation is to take strong alcohol, or spirits of turpentine, in a glass vessel, and add to it a piece of phosphorus; a common phial corked will answer the purpose: the vessel must now be placed in hot water for a few minutes, and occasionally shaken. By this means the alcohol will take up about a three hundredth of its bulk of phosphorus, and we thus obtain a solution of phosphorus. Next procure a weak solution of nitrate of silver, place it in a flat dish or saucer; the engraved face of the block must now be dipped in this solution, and let remain for a few seconds, to allow capillary action to draw the nitrate of silver into the wood.

"This operation being performed, a small portion of the solution of phosphorus must be poured in a capsule, or watch glass, and this be placed on a sand bath,* that it may gradually evaporate. The block must now be held with its surface over the vapour, and an immediate change takes place; the nitrate of silver becomes deoxidized, and gives place to metallic silver, which allows the voltaic deposit to go on with as much rapidity and certainty as the purest silver or copper. The whole process may be performed in a few minutes, and with absolute certainty of success. The interior or exterior surface of a plaster or clay mould of a statue, no matter what size, may be thus metallized with equal facility."

By the discovery of this ingenious mode of manipulation, the application of the electrograph (a term applied by Mr. Spencer to the instrument employed in the depositions) is greatly extended. Had it been confined to the multiplication of works of art, from copper or even from metals generally, it would have been too limited in its use to meet the wants of manufacturers in the present day. But now every substance may be fitted to receive the deposition of copper, and consequently may be multiplied without end. It is thus by the slow and persevering efforts of ingenious, if not of great minds, that the limits of human knowledge are widened; improvements are made in the arts, which administer to our mental enjoyments, or bodily comforts, and a clearer view is obtained of the arrangements of physical existence, and the union or unity of natural causes.

The importance of this wonderful art is now beginning to be known. To the engraver it is useful, because it enables him to multiply the number of his plates, so that when one has been engraven, hundreds may be made from it. Nor are the copies in any degree inferior to the original, for each will have not only the sharpness, but also the same burnished appearance of the surface, so that one cannot be distinguished from the other. To the type founder it is also of great value, for it enables him to provide, without difficulty, a copper matrix, and at a trifling cost. The calico printer has already availed himself of its assistance; and to the potter it is hardly less valuable. These, however, are but a few of the purposes for which it will be found applicable. H.

* A little hot sand in a saucer will answer the purpose.—Ed.

GENTLE REPROOFS.—No. III.

THE TOMBSTONE.

In passing through Hackney churchyard, I observed two boys amusing themselves in throwing stones at a newly-erected tombstone. Every time they succeeded in striking it, a shout of triumph announced their satisfaction. It seemed not to occur to them, that, by chipping the stone, and defacing the inscription thereon, they might be the means of wounding the feelings of the surviving relatives of him who lay slumbering in the ground. It was but a boy-

ish frolic, but still it required correction; for few of us would like to see the erected memorial of those we love wantonly injured and obliterated.

The boys had nothing vulgar about them, and judging by their dress and general deportment, I doubted not they were the sons of gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood. Walking quietly among the graves, I soon came to the place where they stood. "Young gentleman!" said I, mildly to the eldest of them, "if that were your father's tombstone, should you like to see me throwing stones at it?" He looked surprised, and after a little hesitation, said, "No, sir." "Then," said I, "though it is not your father's, how do you know that it is not mine?" With somewhat of confusion in his face, he dropped the stone he had in his hand, and walked, with his companion, to the churchyard gate. Much more gladly would I have sent him away with a happy heart, than with a clouded brow; but perhaps it was best as it was: for when next he passes the tombstone, my reproof may again rise up in his remembrance, and prevent the recurrence of such thoughtless indiscretion.

OBSCURE PASSAGES IN THE BIBLE.

A GENTLEMAN who visits with great regularity the Philadelphia Penitentiary, the inmates of which his piety prompts him to instruct, had given a Bible to a convict, who would ask him, at each visit, with much shrewdness, some difficult question formed from passages of the sacred volume; each time declaring he would not go on, if this was not first explained to him. The gentleman was unable to persuade him that it would be best for him first to dwell upon those passages which he could easily understand, and which plainly applied to his situation. After many fruitless trials to induce the convict to this course, his friendly teacher said, "What would you think of a very hungry man, who had not eaten a morsel of food for the last twenty-four hours, and was asked by a charitable man to come in and sit down at a richly covered table, on which were large dishes of choice meat, and also covered ones, the contents of which the hungry man did not know. Instead of satisfying his exhausted body with the former, he raises one cover after another, and insists on finding out what these unknown dishes are composed of. In spite of all the advice of the charitable man to partake first of the more substantial dishes, he dwells with obstinate inquiry on nicer compounds, until overcome with exhaustion, he drops down. What do you think of such a man?" "He is a fool," said the convict, "and I will be one no longer. I understand you well."—*Dr. Leiber's Essay on Penal Law.*

ACCIDENT AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THERE are so many instances wherein the daring actions of bold men are held up to public admiration, though the motive that occasioned them was any thing but commendable, that it becomes a kind of duty to give publicity to acts of a similar kind, when the desire that inspires them is creditable to humanity. The bravery manifested in defending the oppressed, in protecting the property of another, and in rescuing those who are in danger from destruction, is entitled to the homage of mankind. An instance of this latter description is as follows. According to the "Buffalo Commercial Advertiser," an occurrence of the most thrilling interest took place at Niagara Falls, attended with imminent peril to the lives of two individuals, but resulting in a most happy and providential deliverance. The new bridge to Iris Island, is planted in a frightful rapid, where the current is from twenty to thirty miles an hour, and is only about one hundred, or one hundred and fifty yards above the brow of the great precipice or perpendicular fall. A carpenter, of the name of Chapin, was engaged with others in covering the bridge, and while at work upon the staging, about one hundred feet from Iris Island, accidentally lost his footing, and was precipitated into the rapids, and in the twinkling of an eye swept away toward the great cataract. Speedy and inevitable destruction seemed to await him; but, happily, he was uninjured by the fall, and even in this most helpless condition, retained perfect self-possession. Turning his eye toward the only point of hope above the fearful precipice, he succeeded, by great dexterity in swimming, in effecting a landing upon a little island some twenty feet in width and length, the outermost of a group of little

cedar islands, situated some thirty or forty yards above the falls, and about equi-distant from Goat Island and the American shore. There he stood for an hour, looking beseechingly back upon the numerous spectators who lined the bridge and shores, but with whom he could hold no conversation, on account of the distance and the roar of the rapids. There is a man in the village of the falls, of the name of Robinson, of extraordinary muscular power, great intrepidity, and withal an admirable boatman, and he was probably the only one that could have been found within fifty miles, who generously volunteered his services, to attempt reaching the island in a boat, and bring Chapin off. A light boat of two oars was soon procured, and he embarked. He proceeded with great deliberation and consummate skill, darting his little boat across the rapid channels, and at the intervening eddies holding up to survey his situation, and recruit his strength for the next trial. In a few minutes, he neared the island, but a rapid channel still intervened, sweeping close to the island, and rendering the attempt to land very difficult. He paused for a moment, and then, with all his strength, darted across and sprang from his boat; his foot slipped, and he fell backward into the rapid current; with the spectators it was a moment of thrilling interest and breathless silence; his boat seemed inevitably lost, and himself in fearful jeopardy. Retaining, however his grasp on the boat, he sprang in, and again seizing his oars, brought up under the lee of the little island. All again felt a momentary relief; but still the great labour and hazard of the enterprise remained to be overcome. A cool head and a strong arm only could effect it. Robinson proved equal to the task. Taking his companion on board, in the same careful and deliberate manner, though at infinitely greater hazard and labour, they effected a safe landing on Goat Island. There the spectators assembled to give them a cordial greeting. A scene of great excitement ensued; the boat was drawn up the bank, and it was moved, and carried by acclamation, that a collection be made upon the spot for Chapin and his deliverer, Robinson.

After the collection, Robinson and Chapin took their seats in the boat, and were carried in triumph on the shoulders of their neighbours to the village. The interest of the whole scene was heightened by the presence of Chapin's wife and children, who stood on the shore, watching with unavailing horror and agony what seemed his inevitable fate. Let us hope that they called this to mind, as a stimulus to that sincere and grateful praise which was due to God. Apart from His interposition, there would have been no instrument at hand, or had there been one, he would have toiled in vain.

G.

THE PENTATEUCH.

The treasures of wisdom and knowledge, which are amassed in the five books of Moses, have enriched the whole civilized earth, and, indeed, greatly promoted that very civilization. They have been a kind of text book to almost every writer on geology, geography, chronology, astronomy, natural history, ethics, jurisprudence, political economy, theology, poetry, and criticism, from the time of Moses to the present day. Books to which the choicest writers and philosophers in Pagan antiquity have been deeply indebted, and which were the text-books to all the prophets; books from which the flimsy writers against Divine revelation, have derived their natural religion, and all their moral excellence; books written in all the energy and purity of the incomparable language in which they are composed; and, lastly, books which, for importance of matter, variety of information, dignity of sentiment, accuracy of facts, impartiality, simplicity, and sublimity of narration, tending to improve and ennoble the intellect, and ameliorate the physical and moral condition of man, have never been equalled, and can only be paralleled by the gospel of the Son of God! Fountain of endless mercy, justice, truth, and beneficence! how much are thy gifts and beauties neglected by those who do not read this law; and by those who having read it, are not morally improved by it and made wise unto salvation!—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

CHEERFULNESS.

The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the mind; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour and dissolute mirth; but fills the mind with perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, and be pleased ourselves.

JEANETON; OR, BENEVOLENCE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

I LATELY passed some days in an interesting town in the north of France; and one morning as I walked about the streets in an observant mood, my attention was particularly drawn to a very stout person, apparently about sixty years of age, who was cutting up wood for fuel.

The dress of this individual differed in no particular from that of the ordinary Norman peasants. A pair of coarse blue trowsers, a waistcoat of the same material with a grey worsted jacket over it, a white cotton night cap on the top, and a pair of heavy wooden shoes at the base of the figure, composed the entire dress; a cross-cutting saw, a mallet, and some wedges were the implements this person used.

There is no common labour more severe than that of splitting and cutting up timber for fuel, which is usually done by task work, and lazy people do not undertake it; it will give the best workman enough to do to finish what is called "a cord" in the course of a summer's day and half, and for this the fixed price is only twenty pence.

The labourer whom I had been regarding, seemed determined to finish the job in hand as quickly as possible, and used the saw and the other tools with great dexterity, while a fine little boy tramped about in his sabots, or wooden shoes, playing with the broken logs, and peering now and then with playful and affectionate looks into the face of the elder individual, whom he called papa, while his father, as I concluded him to be, occasionally fondled him, though his tones of voice were rather gruff, and therefore unlikely, as mere musical sounds, to please the quick and sensitive ears of a child.

But the accents of true affection are always sweet to those to whom they are addressed, and are as intelligible in the years of infancy as in the more advanced periods of life when the voice of genuine love penetrates to the heart, and has its echoing vibrations there. The woodcutter to whom I have thus introduced the reader, is a woman. She had been deserted by her parents in infancy, and reared in an hospital for foundlings, from which, when she was twelve years old, a charitable gentleman took her to work in his garden.

Jeaneton, even at that age, was active, laborious, and grateful; and as she grew up, she manifested an independent spirit, which caused her to make every return within her power for the food and clothes with which her kind master supplied her. She soon became strong and careful enough to weed in a garden; to drive cows from their byre or shed, to the pasture fields, and to herd them while grazing; to put hay into their cribs in winter; and to do many of those things about a country house, which a steady child can execute as well as a grown-up person.

It happened one day when she was weeding a flower bed, that her petticoats appeared to the gardener to be very much in her way as she moved from alley to alley between the delicate flower stems, over which they sometimes brushed too roughly. The gardener grumbled at Jeaneton's awkwardness, and wished for a boy in her stead. She half jokingly expressed her willingness to dress as a boy. The result was, that a cast-off pair of trowsers were prepared for her. These she willingly put on, and another circumstance of a very peculiar nature led to her adoption afterwards of man's apparel in every particular.

From her childhood, Jeaneton has frequently walked in her sleep; and, as she became a woman, her kind friends, deeming that she would be less likely to meet with accident or insult in man's clothes, while rambling about when asleep, encouraged her to assume the dress which she still wears; and that which commenced in convenience has continued as her habit from choice. The peculiarity of dress, however, in which Jeaneton indulges, has obtained for her the nickname of Culottes, which in the French language signifies that part of the male attire by which she is distinguished. When not actually at work, she wears a man's blouse (which resembles a smock frock) over her waistcoat; and so much does she resemble a man, that no stranger to her character would for a moment suppose that she is a female. All her usual occupations are those of a man; besides cutting up wood, she reaps, threshes corn, and breaks stones for the repairing of roads.

I should not have noticed these peculiarities, but for other circumstances in

the character of this woman. These I shall proceed to describe.

Having in her early life experienced the misery of being alone in the world, without father or mother, without hearing a friendly word, or awakening a compassionate thought in the crowd about her, until she was saved from destitution by the compassion of M. St. S——, she felt a strong degree of sympathy for those similarly circumstanced with herself when in her childhood; and has proved this by frequently taking under her protection, from the Foundling Hospital, some of those young unfortunates, who at a certain age are turned adrift upon the world with no greater capital than five francs in their pockets. Many of these children she has contrived to keep in her own lodgings, until, in some way or other, she has placed them in situations to maintain themselves.

She has never forgotten that she herself was supported by the hand of charity until her age and strength rendered her independent. The Lord was pleased to give her the power of supporting herself; and while she blessed the Author and Giver of all good things for the health she enjoyed, and the extraordinary vigour of her frame, she felt a proper desire to be independent of all charitable aid, and cheerfully earned her bread in the condition of life in which it pleased God to place her.

It is asserted that in one way or another, she has been the instrument of providing for one hundred and eighteen poor children within the period of thirty-six years.

Besides applying all that she could spare from her hard earnings to her benevolent purposes, she begs for the children of the poor, and she importunes tradesmen, in whose means and dispositions she has confidence, to take the objects of her protection, when of sufficient age and ability, as apprentices to their respective trades without a fee. She will take no denial, and succeeds to a surprising extent. Her heart is in her work, and this is the true secret of her success. It is certain, however, that by many she is considered unreasonable and troublesome, nay with some she may bear the reputation of a hypocrite or impostor; yet, through evil report and good report, experiencing angry rebuffs in her missions of mercy, Jeaneton has persevered in her good work, without intermission, from the day on which she commenced her labours of love; and this perseverance through so many trying obstacles, is not the least of her good qualities.

She has often met with extreme ingratitude from those whom she has served: some of them have passed her in the streets without notice, from that false shame which has made them unwilling to recognize in Jeaneton Culottes, their nurse, their benefactress, and their more than mother.

Those whom the ingratitude of the world has touched, whom friends have deserted in their adversity, can understand the difficulty of a patient continuance in well doing to persons who may prove unworthy of kindness, and ungrateful for benefits; they can estimate the excellence of Jeaneton's disposition in this respect, and the strength of her resolution in pursuing a steady course of active charity, notwithstanding all the disappointments and trials of temper to which she has subjected herself by her patient and untiring zeal, under the influence of the holy principle of love which has abided in her heart, and led her to seek the benefit of those who are more destitute than herself. Hers, to all appearance, is the charity which suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, which beareth all things, believeth all things, and endureth all things!

She has encountered the ridicule of fools, the ungracious denials of the harsh and niggardly, when she asked them to assist in clothing one of her little ones, or to enlarge her means of usefulness in any other point; and, far heavier than all, the unkindness of some of those for whom her own heart has melted with pity; for though that heart is encased in such a rude and unpolished frame, its sensibility is extreme; a child's look of woe affects it in a moment, and sets in motion all its finer movements.

Of this a proof occurred, within the last twelve months, on the discharging from the Orphan Asylum at ——, of some children who had reached the age when they must shift for themselves.

The sobs and tears of three of them testified the unwillingness with which they left their first asylum, and the friendly faces with which they had been

familiarized. Jeaneton was present on the occasion, and affected by the sorrow which she witnessed, undertook to provide for the whole three: they were all boys. One of them she soon consigned to the hands of a person who has public gardens, insisting upon his compliance as a matter of course, and the other two she also placed in suitable situations. The little boy with whom I had seen her, and who called her "Papa," was the child of a poor widow. Jeaneton had undertaken to clothe and support him under her own humble roof.

Truly, Jeaneton seems to have felt the power of that principle which leads the followers of Jesus to give, for his sake, meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked.

Yet some of my readers may say, Well, all this is very good in Jeaneton, no doubt; but I do not see, as she has no child of her own, why she could not serve God and be a good Christian, without taking trouble upon herself.

Now, my good man, or my good woman, I assure you that if you had not of yourself made these objections, I would have touched upon them of my own accord. As you have, however, started them, I expect that you will attend to what I am about to add to this little story, as it will apply to these remarks of yours in a general way. It is true that charity should begin at home, and if Jeaneton had any children of her own, or those of relations claiming her care and good offices, her first duty would have been to help them; and in such cases it would have been by no means praiseworthy in her to bestow her love upon strangers in preference to those of her own family and kindred; for "if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But I am sure that countless numbers, under the pretext that charity should begin at home, not only put a lock and key upon their door to prevent any portion of this Divine principle from leaving their own house, (supposing charity to have any form of existence there,) but prevent it from expanding, as it ought to do, even there.

If charity had a resting place under the family roof, it could not be confined to it; like a stream of water between its bank, it would ooze out here and there; for if real, it cannot be restricted to place, nor to particular seasons, nor to any precise degree of measure, under the plea that charity should begin at home. The extravagant enjoyments of life are called mere necessaries, as fashion or vanity may pronounce, and nothing is left for the purposes of charity, which ends, where it began, at home.

Jeaneton had no child: no particular individuals had any claims upon her; the whole family of mankind equally belonged to her, and her disposition embraced them all; though in loneliness and poverty, she resolved to serve as many as she could. I cannot judge of the inward springs of her conduct. He to whom alone the secrets of the heart are open, can see its workings; but I am willing to suppose that her reasons for the self-privation, active zeal, and perseverance of charity, she has practised for so many years, have proceeded from a good motive; and that gratitude for the mercies which she has herself experienced at the hands of God, has influenced her conduct. I have no grounds for supposing that she takes merit to herself for what God, from whom all holy desires proceed, has put into her heart; or that she deceives herself into the notion, that she is laying up treasures in heaven in the way of reward as of debt, instead of looking to the recompence as of grace. If she believes that by her good deeds, she is of herself earning a place in heaven, this proud feeling of her own ability, this mixing up of her own works with the perfect work of redemption wrought by Jesus, (when he offered up himself a full and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world,) would render all her doings nothing worth in the sight of Heaven; for, instead of the conviction that in herself "dwelleth no good thing;" and that eternal life is the free and undeserved gift of God through our Saviour; and that he who paid the purchase of our souls has a right to our best services; she would be claiming a reward for her deeds, as if they were a kind of purchase money in themselves. It is certainly no easy matter to make people see their obligation to be charitable, when they are in poor and lowly circumstances. They are apt to think that the whole responsibility in this particular of charity, rests with the rich, whom they are quite ready enough

to blame for any deficiency in this respect. The injunction of St. Paul to Timothy, "Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give, and glad to distribute," is of plain application to the wealthy; but the instruction to the poor gladly to give of their little, does not always seem to them easy of fulfilment and applicable to their condition. Yet there is not a situation of life in which charity may not in some degree be exercised.

Jeaneton may be considered a very poor woman, though she has no children of her own to maintain; yet if she had, the same spirit of love which has hitherto excited her to the performance of good deeds, would probably prompt her to give, not clothes nor food, (for these she could not spare, in the case supposed, from those of her own household,) but time, and kind turns, in a thousand ways.

One poor person, for instance, may assist another in a charitable way, and while he or she may truly say, "Silver and gold have I none," may, in a simple and practical sense, add, "Such as I have give I thee." One neighbour may sit by the bedside of another, when in sickness or sorrow; and though he may only have it in his power to give a cup of cold water to the sufferer, yet if he give that in the name of a disciple, verily he shall in no wise lose his reward.

If he devote himself, according to his means and opportunities, to the service of others, from a grateful sense of what the Saviour has done for himself, that person will have a blessing, because, whatsoever he does in word or deed, he does in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Col. iii. 17. There are, indeed, but few who cannot in some way assist others more helpless than themselves; or who have not, in some measure, the power to do good and to distribute; and though their offerings, like the widow's mite, may be the merest trifle in themselves, yet with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

The temper of charity has numberless ways of appearing, even in the humblest cottage. It is the will to be charitable that is generally wanting; the spirit of dissension is far more frequently seen than that of love. Those even of the same household bite and devour one another: the mother-in-law disputes with the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law hates the mother-in-law; the step-mother ill treats the child of her husband, because it is not her own, or the orphan relative, whom another's charity may have introduced to her home; nay, the first commandment of promise is often most shamefully and uncharitably disobeyed by the poor, upon the plea that they cannot afford support to the authors of their being, unless the parish pays them for so doing; and by those in better circumstances, because they possess not the spirit of love, are without natural affection, and are influenced by the selfishness or the vanity of a proud and corrupt nature.

The conduct of Jeaneton is a singular and striking instance of the power of Christian love acting upon one whom, on first consideration, most persons would consider to be neither in a condition to be charitable, nor under any obligation to be so.

If thousands in the higher ranks of life, under the impulse of the heaven-born spirit of charity, employ as they ought the means which God has put into their hands, as faithful stewards of his bounty, tens of thousands minister only to their own idle and capricious wants; or they give, because their gifts cost them no real sacrifice: they may not have to retrench a single luxury, economize in one article of dress or furniture, or deny themselves any bauble in consequence, or anything ministering to their pride or pleasure. They give of their abundance because ostentation, or shame, or worldly interest would render it more difficult for them to refuse, and not for the single purpose of glorifying their Father which is in heaven.

To conclude this sketch—How little are persons of any class of life disposed to suffer inconvenience or disquietude for the sake of others! How few like Jeaneton will lead a self-denying and laborious life for the benefit of others! How very few will gratuitously undergo, and fewer still will persevere in repeating, the often thankless task of rearing and educating wayward children in the midst of a perverse and crooked generation, ever ready to oppose or ridicule those works of mercy which they neither desire to imitate nor wish to behold.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.—THE MORMONITES.—No. III.

We now conclude our quotations relating to a system of deception, so gross that its success may well excite surprise as well as lamentation. The origin of the work of Mr. Spaulding, says the writer referred to in former numbers, and which unquestionably forms the entire groundwork of the book of Mormon, is thus described by Mrs. Davidson, formerly the wife of Mr. Spaulding. This statement of Mrs. Davidson was published some time last winter in the "Boston Recorder," to the editors of which it was sent by the Rev. John Storms, the Congregational minister in Hollistown, accompanied with a certificate from two highly respectable clergymen, the Rev. Mr. Austin and the Rev. A. Ely, D.D., residing in Monson, Mass., the present place of residence of Mrs. Davidson, stating that Mrs. Davidson, the narrator of the following history, was formerly the wife of Rev. Solomon Spaulding, and that since his decease she had been married to a second husband by the name of Davidson, and that she was a woman of irreproachable character, and a humble Christian, and that her testimony was worthy of implicit confidence.

"As the 'book of Mormon,' or 'golden Bible,' has excited much attention, and has been put by a certain new sect in the place of the sacred Scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public, to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to a Divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as Divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently that Mormonism had found its way into a church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has been necessary, I am determined to delay no longer in doing what I can to strip the mask from this mother of sin, and to lay open this pit of abominations.

"Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place, we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio, sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labours. In the town of New Salem, there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this historical romance was to amuse himself and his neighbours. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbours would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited amongst them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of 'Manuscript Found.' The neighbours would often inquire how Mr. Spaulding progressed in deciphering the manuscript; and when he had a sufficient portion prepared, he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding,

residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with the work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

"From New Salem, we removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. Here Mr. Spaulding found a friend and acquaintance, in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. Patterson, who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time, and informed Mr. Spaulding that if he would make out a title page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. Spaulding refused to do, for reasons which I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at that time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and copy it if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all connected with the printing establishment. At length, the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, Pa., where Mr. Spaulding deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. M'Kenstry, of Monson, Mass., with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the book of Mormon came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the 'Manuscript Found' was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the book of Mormon. The historical part was immediately recognized by all the older inhabitants, as the identical work of Mr. Spaulding, in which they had all been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man, and recognized perfectly the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot, and expressed in the meeting his sorrow and regret that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction, and request for the manuscript, which was signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with all whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbours when I resided at New Salem. I am sure that nothing would grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition, doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor, deluded fanatics as Divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and the author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves. MATILDA DAVIDSON."

The whole mystery of the origin of this book seems to be cleared up by this statement, and I have seen no attempt made to gainsay or deny its truth. The farther, however, Martin Harris went into this delusion, the more he seemed to become infatuated. He had already embarked a large portion of his property in bringing out the publication of the book of Mormon, and though many things had occurred that we should think would have convinced any rational man that he had been made the subject of a deep laid scheme of deception, he still seems to have shut his eyes and gone on in the dark. As I have already mentioned, at first Martin Harris was assured that the golden plates on which this record was engraven, would be his, and that it would be perfectly lawful to subject them to public inspection; but as the managers of this

imposture proceeded, they found it necessary to advance with more caution, lest they should put into the hands of others the very elements which would contribute to their own utter explosion. Hence it was revealed to Joe Smith, that he would be authorized to show them only to three individuals who should assist in bringing forward this work. This was a lure to secure the continued co-operation of Harris. To convince Harris that he would be highly privileged, it was foretold in the book of Ether, written by Moroni (book of Mormon, p. 548) that he that should find the plates should have the privilege of showing them to three persons.

To know how much the testimony of the persons appealed to is worth, I will state one fact. A gentleman in Palmyra, bred to the law, a professor of religion, and of undoubted veracity, told me that on one occasion, he appealed to Harris and asked him directly,—"Did you see those plates?" Harris replied, he did. "Did you see the plates and the engraving on them with your bodily eyes?" Harris replied, "Yes, I saw them with my eyes, they were shown unto me by the power of God, and not of man." "But did you see them with your natural, your bodily eyes, just as you see this pencil case in my hand? Now say No or Yes to this." Harris replied, "Why I did not see them as I do that pencil case, yet I saw them with the eye of faith; I saw them just as distinctly as I see any thing around me, though at the time they were covered over with a cloth."

Statements like these require no comment. We shall be happy if the circulation we give them should assist our friends, who have dupes of this wretched delusion around them, in its exposure.

CHANGES.

This is a changing world, but latterly things appear to pass away with more than their wonted rapidity. There was a thicket where, in my boyish days, I gathered hips and hazel nuts; the wild rose blossomed there ungathered, and the brier was rich in blackberries: neither hip, nor nut, nor blackberry, nor rose, can now be seen there; for the thicket is taken away, and steam engines are panting, and iron wheels are rumbling where blackbirds used to build their nests, and nightingales warbled their evening songs. What a folly it is to set our hearts on things that may, as it were, be blown away at a breath, by the changing customs of mankind!

There was a lane, shady, crooked, and cool, where, in summer time, I have gathered the sweet violet from the bank, and plucked the wild strawberry from its wiry stem. The big oak spread there its giant arms, and shed its autumnal acorns all around, a hoard of happiness for the rejoicing swine that frequented that unbroken solitude. The spring that gushed from the higher bank has often assuaged my thirst, and I have drank of it joyfully, thanking the Almighty Giver of so grateful a beverage. But where is the spring now? And where are the shady lane and the oak tree? A railroad station is erected on the spot they once occupied, and throngs usurp the place of solitude.

There was a hill where the morning breeze blew fresh, where the evening gale, laden with odours, breathed around. From its summit might be seen the neighbouring village, the wide-spread moor and distant mountains. The holly tree that grew there, has often, in winter, cheered my spirit with its red clustering berries, and glossy green leaves. How small a thing, at times, will raise or depress the heart! The hill has been lowered, and the tree grubbed up by the roots, for the railroad now runs right across the place. Holly hill is a thing that was, and in a few years will be, no doubt, forgotten.

There was a hollow, and a sweet one too, at a little distance from the road, and many a passenger has been tempted to turn aside to enjoy its privacy. Nobody could tell how the huge grey stones came there, that lay on a heap, covered with moss; and few could remember when the inside of the hollow tree was any thing but touchwood. Gipsies know as well as any people, the pleasantest nooks of a neighbourhood; and seldom, in summer time, was that hollow without a gipsy tent. It is not so now: never was a greater change! The stones have been broken, the old tree burned, and the hollow has been raised for the railroad.

There was a cottage, and one that I loved to enter, though it had neither a grape vine, nor woodbine climbing up the front of it. Its treasures were inside, not but what the place was a pretty place, nay, a very pretty place, but the aged couple that lived there were among the worthy of the world; among the

pilgrims and sojourners that are journeying on to a better inheritance, rejoicing in the hope set before them in the gospel of Jesus Christ. For fifty years they lived in that cottage; but what did that matter? had they lived there a hundred, it would have been the same; down the cottage would have come, for the railroad men wanted the ground.

There was a moat, filled with dark-coloured water, so clear that you might trace the roots of the water lily to the black mud at the bottom. The crazy drawbridge was useless, though it still occupied its place; for a part of the ditch, at the further side of the island it inclosed, had been filled up, joining the island to the field. Stunted oaks and withered pines hung over the moat, and there were the moor hen and the wild duck; and the water rat plunging beneath the broad leaves of the lilies. The water rat, the wild duck, and moor hen have sought other shelter; for the old drawbridge is pulled down, and the old moat filled up. I was much attached to the old moat; but that did not signify, it lay in the line of the railway, and soon every trace of it vanished away.

There was a field so sheltered by the wood, so watered by the brook, and so adorned with rising mounds thick with young trees, shrubs, and brambles, that the place seemed designed more for the pleasure of human beings, than to afford pasturage for cattle. The farmer might have preferred broad acres of unincumbered tillage, but he who visited the place as a stranger, paused with wonder, if the love of nature was in his heart; and if the love of God was there, an ejaculation of praise and thanksgiving overflowed his lips. It was a spot of earth where all the romance of fancy was outdone by the beautiful reality. Wood and water, shrubs and flowers, sunbeams, blue skies and solitude, made the place enchanting: no matter, it lay in the line of the railroad, and is a field no longer.

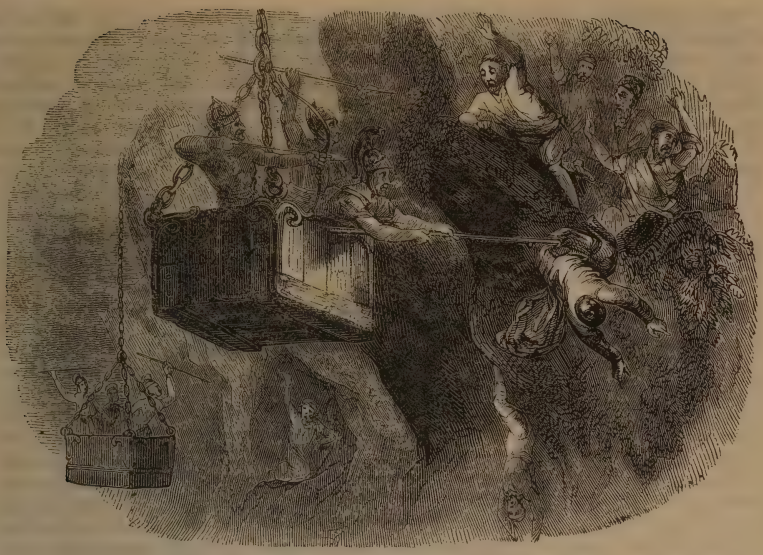
There was a rock of red sandstone, down which hung wreaths of glossy ivy leaves, and creepers of all kinds. On the face of the rock, the boys of the village had carved their names with their knives; and midway up the steep, from a deep fissure, sprang a crab tree, abundant in fruit, adorning the rock with its autumnal red and yellow leaves. Often have I mused on the misshaped letters, and as often gazed on the crab tree, the ivy, and the creepers; but my musings are brought to an end. The red sandstone rock has been levelled to the ground, to help in forming the foundation of the neighbouring railroad.

There was a common, poor enough in herbage, but rich in heath flowers, and the glowing yellow blossoms of the blooming furze. There might be seen the shaggy donkey browsing on his favourite thistle, and the unshod colt as yet uncurrycombed and unaccustomed to the rein; and there might be heard the cry of the plover, the cackle of the flying geese fluttering their way to the pond, and the tinkle of the bell on the black sheep nibbling at the stunted grass. I have lingered there in sweet solitude,

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,"

when the broad sun has been setting behind the blue hills of the west; but my evening rambles there are now over. The common is no common now, and not a furze bush is there to be seen; where the ground was as level as a bowling green, now rise up the high banks of the railroad.

There was an old moss-grown stone cross, standing on a foundation of huge and shapeless stones. Time was, no doubt, when it wore a comelier appearance in the eye of the mere statuary; but its mouldered and misshaped ruin much endeared it to me. It might have been raised by the hands of superstition; but this I know not, for its inscription, if it ever bore one, had long since been obliterated. Standing, as it did, like a hoary-headed monitor, by the wayside, it seemed to warn every passer by to prepare for change. If the hard rock is worn away by the elements, no wonder that time should pull down those that "dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth," Job iv. 19. It may be that you have gazed on the moss-grown cross, but if you have not, you never will now; for it has been broken to pieces, and used, with other materials, in building the railroad wall. All is changing here. The thicket, the shady lane, the hill, and the hollow, the cottage, the moat, the field, and the red sandstone rock, with the common, and the old stone cross, are now all gone. Ay! and we are going too; and it behoves us to put this question to our hearts, Are we, among these changes around us, fixing our hope in Him who changes not, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?



Roman soldiers attacking the robbers in their caves.

ROBBERS IN JUDEA.

It is stated in the fifth book of Maccabees, that robbers greatly multiplied in Judea during the time of Antigonus. They betook themselves to caves in the mountains, to which only one could approach at a time, through certain places known to them alone. In these singular dwellings were arms and provisions in abundance, together with the spoils taken from those they attacked, and at the mouth of each cave was a guard, to repel any hostile attempt to search it.

No sooner did Herod hear of these doings, than he ordered great wooden chests to be made, and furnished with men, bearing long-hooked spears. He commanded that these should be let down from the summit of the mountains, in the midst of which the caves were, and that when they were opposite their mouths, the men they contained should attack the robbers in close fight, and drag them forth from their retreats. All this was done, and, says the historian, "in this exploit, their courage, bravery, and boldness were so conspicuous, that the like of it was never seen; and they wholly rooted out the robbers from all those parts."

THE TELEGRAPH.—No. I.

A telegraph is a machine by which information may be almost instantaneously conveyed from one place to another. It must often happen, in every country, that government orders, foreign news, and other communications, should, for the benefit of the state, be transmitted with great speed, from one part of the country to another. The motion of a horse, or even of a railway carriage, would, in many instances, be much too slow, to effect the desired object; for during the time required to perform the journey, a ship may have sailed, an enemy may have landed, and many other events which it was desirable to prevent, may have happened. The object of a telegraph is to save time; and it is astonishing with what rapidity it is possible to communicate information from one appointed station to another, by the system now adopted; but the electrical telegraph can be worked with so much more secrecy and rapidity, that it will probably supersede the use of every other kind.

The telegraphs now employed by the Admiralty must have been seen by many of our readers; but as others are ignorant of their construction, it will be necessary to give a brief description of their forms and the system of communication. The first object in the establishment of a line of telegraphs, is to select convenient stations, which must be at such distances that the signs to be given can be seen by

those nearest to it. They are, therefore, generally fixed on high hills, and sufficiently near to be observed without the chance of mistake. It is in this way that Chatham, Dover, and other towns where the government has extensive works, are connected with the public offices of London. At Dover, which is seventy-two miles from the metropolis, an order would be received long before a horseman leaving the Admiralty in Westminster, could arrive at Greenwich.

Some kind of telegraphic arrangement has probably been employed by almost all nations, even by those in a semibarbarous state. Many tribes of Indians, in the present day, are accustomed, when at war, to make signals by lighting fires upon high hills; and for all their purposes, these are sufficient: but they would be of little service to a civilized nation in the time of peace, for the meaning of all signals must be previously arranged. Many who read these remarks will remember that when Napoleon threatened to invade this country, combustible materials were placed in exposed situations ready to be ignited, should the attempt be made to land troops on any part of our coasts. This was indeed necessary in some respects; for the ordinary telegraphic system was unsuited to the purposes required, and cannot be used at night. We were, however, mercifully preserved from the much-dreaded calamity of war upon our shores.

The early Greeks had a system of telegraphic communication even at the time of the Trojan war; for in one of the Greek poems of early date, a watchman is represented as descending from a high tower to give information that Troy was taken. "I have been looking out these ten years," he says, "to see when that would happen, and this night it is done."

Without attempting to discover the character of the signals employed by ancient nations, or to relate the instances in which they were adopted, it will be interesting to refer to some of the arrangements which have been used in Europe, and more especially in our own country.

Kircher, a man of great learning and philosophical ingenuity, who left an account of the state of almost all branches of science in his own day, was one of the first to propose a systematic establishment of signals for communication between distant places. The ingenious and celebrated marquis of Worcester has alluded to the same subject, in his "Century of Inventions." But the first telegraph constructed with a view to public purposes, was that described in the Philosophical Transactions, in the year 1684. The method proposed by the author consists in exposing, from behind a screen, a series of differently shaped figures, each representing a letter of the alphabet. "The stations being well chosen," says the inventor, "the same character may be seen at Paris within a minute after it hath been exposed in London, and none but the two extreme correspondents shall be able to discover the information conveyed." The rapidity of the communication for this distance is much overstated.

In the year 1794, the French government used a telegraph invented by citizen Chappe, and the advantage derived from it, called the attention of the English to the subject. It was exceedingly simple in its construction. It consisted of a beam of wood, attached to the end of an upright, and moving on a pivot. To each end of the beam an arm was applied, also moving on a pivot, so that it could be turned in any direction. The instrument resembled, when horizontal, the letter T, which fairly represents the form of the machine, if the top of the letter and the two marks at the extremities be supposed to move on pivots. By the position of the beam and its arms, the information intended was conveyed, every position having some specific meaning attached to it. But although the instrument was simple in its construction, its motions were not easily deciphered; so that an experienced observer was required to read them with accuracy.

In the year 1795, Mr. Gamble proposed a telegraph consisting of five boards, one placed above the other; and by opening or shutting them singly, or together, letters or numbers might be signified. But in the same year, lord George Murray proposed what is called the six shutter telegraph, which was adopted by the Admiralty, and used during the whole of the war, till the year 1816.

There was afterwards a discussion among those who have the superintendence of telegraphs in this country, whether the opening and shutting of boards, as in the two instruments just mentioned,

or an alteration in the position of one or two arms, is best adapted for telegraphs. From the evidence given in an inquiry instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the merits of each method, it appears that the beams or arms are to be preferred; and an instrument of that kind is now employed by the British government. It may not be uninteresting to explain why the board signals have been rejected.

It is scarcely necessary to refer to the fact, that the larger an object may be, the greater will be the distance at which it continues to be visible: every one is acquainted with this fact, as the result of his own observation. From this it might be supposed that as the shutter is larger than the beam, it would be better seen, and therefore be the preferable object for a telegraph. But the atmosphere is never perfectly transparent, and always, more or less, distorts an object by refraction, so that its image, when impressed upon the eye, is frequently ill defined, both in figure and position. This source of error is less evident when the object stands alone. An admirable illustration of the fact was given by a gentleman who was examined on the advantages of the two kinds of telegraphs. If the eye be fixed upon some letter in a printed page, I, for example, and the observer then withdraw his head from the page, the letter will soon appear so confused by the surrounding ones, as not to be easily distinguished; but if the same letter be printed on a plain sheet of paper, standing by itself, the eye will not only discern it at a much greater distance, but, as the image falls singly upon the eye, it will be easy to determine whether it is horizontal, or inclined to the right or the left. The shutter telegraph may be compared to the printed page, and the arm to the plain sheet with a single letter.

The two instruments were carefully observed in their operation by the gentleman who superintended the Admiralty station during the whole of one winter, and he stated that when the boarded telegraph was so much enveloped in fog or mist as to prevent him from seeing which boards were open and which shut, the arm was distinctly visible.

The telegraph now used is an upright post, having two arms, one on the top, and the other about half way down, both moving on a pivot, so that they may be fixed in any position. The meaning of these positions is made known to those who have the management of the telegraphic stations to which information is to be conveyed, but not to the intermediate localities.

When an alphabetical table is used, great care should be taken to compress the information into as few words as possible, and especially in climates where the atmosphere is liable to dense fogs. For want of this precaution a curious mistake was once made during the Peninsular war. The admiral at Plymouth, wishing to forward some news to London, by telegraph, commenced with the words, "Wellington defeated," and before he could finish the sentence, a heavy fog came on and prevented further communication. This sentence reached the authorities in London, and, as may be supposed, caused great alarm; but in the evening the sentence was completed by the additional words, "the French." The sentence ought to have been—The French defeated. Not unfrequently, for the purpose of saving time, and transmitting the information with a less number of positions, the vowels are omitted, as in the systems of shorthand.

Signals are required at sea as well as on land, and especially when large fleets are placed under the command of one officer. It has been said that the unfortunate result of admiral Keppel's engagement was owing to a defective system of signals. The signal book used by our navy, from 1798 till 1803, contained four hundred sentences; but it frequently happened that the sentence required by the emergency of the moment, was not to be found in the book. The system now adopted was proposed by sir Home Popham; and although a great improvement upon that formerly in use, is not so perfect as is required by the service. Flags are used at sea instead of fixed telegraphs.

A communication might be opened on land between distant places by speaking through tubes. The distance to which the sounds of the human voice may be conveyed in this manner is almost incredible; but there are many practical disadvantages in this mode of communication, among which, that of confiding the news or message to many persons, is not the least. H.

THE ARAB RACE.

In my intercourse with nations, I have observed that, like individuals, they are marked by distinctive peculiarities, well-defined, and highly interesting. And as in the case of individuals, the heart will attach itself to one rather than another, so it is with nations; and among all the nations I have met with, the Arab race is my favourite. But here it is necessary to state distinctly who the Arabs are. The people who have exercised control, for several centuries, over the countries where the Mohammedan religion prevails, are usually called Turks. But the Turks do not belong to the Arab race, although it might be so inferred from the language of travellers. The Turks, properly so called, are a northern race; they came originally from Northern Tartary, and the countries north and east of the Caspian sea. The Arabs, before the time of Mohammed, were confined to Arabia; there they had lived from the earliest times, contiguous to the other descendants of Abraham, and very frequent allusions are made to them in the Scriptures, particularly in the prophecies. Isaiah especially predicts the final ingathering of these sons of Ishmael in the following expressive strains:—"The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory," Isa. lx. 6, 7.

Sheba, Kedar, and Nebaioth are all countries of Arabia. I consider it a great privilege to be called to labour among a people who are named in the prophecies, and of whom it is expressly foretold that they shall one day submit to the sceptre of Christ.

When Mohammed arose, the enthusiasm and fanaticism of his religion kindled all their energies, and they poured forth as locusts upon all the surrounding countries, nor did they rest till they had overrun one half of the old world. On the east, they invaded and subdued Syria, Persia, Northern India, even to the Oxus, where their characteristics still remain. On the north, they rushed through Asia Minor, crossed the Dardanelles, and laid siege to Constantinople, which was then the capital of the Greek empire. In the west, they subdued Egypt and all Northern Africa to the Straits of Gibraltar, crossed there, founded a kingdom in Spain, and planted their power even on the mountains of Switzerland, and the frontiers of France. But the waves of this Saracen deluge receded, and now the Tigris is the eastern limit of the race. From the north they have passed back through Asia Minor; and a line stretched from the north-east corner of the Mediterranean to the Tigris bounds their wanderings in that direction. In Spain there is little left of them except a few traces of their language, and a mixture of their blood. In Africa, they still exist as a numerous and powerful people, and occupy all the north of it, from the extreme east to the extreme west, a greater distance than from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores of our own continent. In Syria, though there is a mixture of races, there is but one language, and that the Arabic.

But to be a little more particular as to their civil and political condition. The Arabs are divided into two grand classes—the *Hooderee*, or resident Arabs, and the *Bedawee*, (Bedouin,) or wandering Arabs. The Bedawee is an inhabitant of the desert. He has flocks and herds, but he despises the cultivation of the soil. He is of the original Arab stock, a nomade, a wanderer. In the Bedawee, you see the primitive characteristics of the Ishmaelitish race. As a class, they are poor, indeed, but proud, constituting the nobility of the race, and boasting of a long line of noble ancestry, running farther back than any of the crowned heads of Europe. No potentate of any part of the world was ever more high minded, or more careful to avoid intermarriage with a plebeian than the Bedawee Arab. They pride themselves in being as free as the wind in all their movements over the desert. They roam about like the shifting sands, scorning to submit to the government of the neighbouring nations. Small tribes or fragments of tribes may be an exception to this remark, but it holds good of the mass. You may see their black tents scattered here and there over the hills of mount Lebanon, and tenanted by those who bear the name of some of the great tribes of the desert, from whom they have been separated by domestic feuds.

But these broken hordes, though living thus, will not brook oppression. They detest the Turk, and hate the Russian; and on the least attempt to curb them, they fly into the deserts, and luxuriate in poverty and freedom.

The other class are cultivators of the soil, and many of their original characteristics disappear. They are also more or less addicted to trade, and are more patient of subjection to other powers; as we found them tributary in Mesopotamia, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. In the extreme west, as in Morocco, we find a native Arab kingdom, and in the south-east another in Muscat.

There are several characteristics of the Arab race of great interest and importance to the missionary. Is it of no consequence to the missionary, whether the people among whom he labours are possessed of intelligence, and strong national character, or are sensual, sunk, degraded, and depraved? Nothing can be of more importance, inasmuch as we must depend mainly upon native agency to accomplish the great results we have in view. One trait in the Arab character of special interest is a nice sense of honour. Though there is good and bad among them, yet they all have a high sense of honourable obligations. It may not lead to the positive practice of private virtue, yet it helps to prevent open vice or gross wrongs. This trait shows itself in their universal hospitality. This has come down to them from of old. In their lofty poetry, which will bear a comparison with that of any other people, they laud and extol that Arab who consumes his substance to entertain strangers. Nor can they speak of one in higher terms than to say, "The fire never goes out on his kitchen hearth," but is always burning to cook for the stranger, his guest. Dismount from your horse in the desert, and enter the Arab's tent, and he will entertain you as Abraham did of old, if not with the fatted calf, yet with the lamb or kid, with milk and butter. For to be economical on the score of food is, with the Arabs, the height of meanness. This makes the Arab generous, and thus a feeling of sacredness attaches to the character of guest. Some few are treacherous; but if you want to pass alone through the deserts of Arabia, you will be told there is no difficulty; "We will pass you over to a tribe that is friendly with us, and they will pass you on to one that is friendly with them, and so you will go safely through." When Professor Robinson and myself were at Jerusalem, wishing to visit the region of the Dead Sea, which was infested by a band of Bedaweens, regarded as robbers, we consulted a native friend, and the next day he brought us the captain of the band for our guide. We visited Bethlehem, slept where Jacob slept at Bethel, and returned in safety.

Again, as to the vindictiveness of the Bedaween, he is not naturally bloodthirsty. But he is jealous of his rights, and it has been considered, from time immemorial, a sacred duty to avenge the blood of a relative. It is this feeling which gives them a decided character for independence—a trait possessed even by menial servants, who stand up and raise their voice in the presence of their masters. This was shown when one of the Syrian bishops threatened to excommunicate those Arabs who came to hear us preach. The consequence was, that on the next sabbath our chapel was fuller than ever.

That the Arab possesses great force of character no one can doubt who is acquainted with ancient history. But we see the same character developed now. We see it in the contrast between the Turks under the Sultan, and the Arabs under Mohammed Ali. See, too, how difficult it is for the French, with all their tactics, to subdue the brave Arab troops under Abd el Kader, in the province of Algiers. Another proof of their independence and bravery was shown by the Druse Arabs. A small party had rebelled and fled to a volcanic region, called Lija, or the Asylum, near which I have myself travelled. Here these Druses planted themselves, and forty thousand of the Pacha's troops could not dislodge them. A single Druse is said to have defended a defile against five hundred men.

And then there is much to admire in the patience, perseverance, and endurance of the Arab. The Bedawee considers it degrading to cultivate the soil. He would rather wander in the desert. And how does he live. I can scarcely tell. He lives upon the most meagre fare. He will start in the morning with a few pounds of meal, and a small quantity of water. If he finds no more when that is gone, he will endure hunger and thirst, and the

severest privations, rather than complain. I once encountered a party, who had been driven out of their territory, and were approaching Palestine in search of pasture for their flocks. So far as appeared, a few milch camels only furnished them food. I offered one of them a biscuit, and a cup of milk was returned; and they offered to exchange more. We gave them some barley which we had brought for our horses; and they ground it, husks and all, made it into a sort of dough on a sheep skin, buried it in the ashes, and baked it. When they took it out, it was burned as black as a coal; yet they ate it with a good relish. Bread baked in this way, with camel's dung for fuel, is ordinary fare. Sanctify this trait in their character, what devoted missionaries, what sufferers for Christ's sake, what noble martyrs would they make!

The Arabs are, besides, a very talented race. Soon after the establishment of the Caliphate of Bagdad, almost all the learning and literature of the world was among the Arabs. I have examined some of their books of science, mathematics, etc. with intense interest. It is curious to see how they will start from the same point and arrive at the same results, by a process entirely different from ours. Algebra owes its origin to them; the very name is Arabic. In astronomy they are equally renowned; and by their observations have corrected the calculations made by the Greeks at Alexandria. The Arabic names of several of the stars and constellations now stand upon our celestial globes. In philosophy, though misled by a false religion, they have shown capacity of the brightest order. Their histories I regard as beautiful models. They are simple narratives of facts, much after the style of the Hebrew, dispensing with reflections and inferences, and leaving the naked incidents to make their due impression on your mind. But pass from history to poetry, and you look as from earth to heaven. It is perhaps the most beautiful in the world. It is the soul of sublimity, and for the boldness of its metaphors, the beauty of its rhythm, and the brilliancy of its language, it cannot well be surpassed. In literature, no nation, of equal age, can probably boast more books in the native tongue; and I found a learned German translating a Bibliotheca in nine large volumes, containing only the names or titles of native Arab books. As to language, we love our own, and think very highly of its richness, force, and finish. But with all its copious treasures and polished elegance, it must yield the palm to the Arabic. This is so nicely adjusted in all its parts, that it reminds you of the frame of a building, with every mortice fitted to every tenon, and ours compared with it is little better than a patois. It is, moreover, the language of the Turk, the Tartar, the Malay, and the East Indian.

Another trait in the Arab character is, that he is not disposed to infidelity. Just before going with Mr. Dwight to Armenia, I found it stated in the publication of a Jesuit missionary that the Armenian is religiously inclined. I have since studied the Arab character with reference to this point, and found it true also of them; for while their neighbours the Greeks grow up and go over to infidelity, you will scarcely find any infidels among the Arabs. Indeed, you cannot insult an Arab more than by calling him an infidel. The religion of the Arab now is Mohammedan, and the impostor had the wisdom to adapt his religion to their character; but an acquaintance with them will show that the Bedaween knows hardly any thing of his religion. Few of them at the present day can read the koran; and though it prescribes a penalty for those who do not say their prayers five times a day, scarcely one in a hundred knows enough to say his prayers. It is, however, a striking fact, that while all nominal Christians in the east have prayers in an unknown tongue, they have theirs in Arabic.—*Rev. Eli Smith.*

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. VII.

THIRTEENTH CLASS. POLYANDRIA.

When half the year has passed by, and the sun flings a fiercer beam upon the earth; when July walks abroad attended with innumerable birds, flying insects and creeping things, a brighter colouring begins to be given, not only to the fruit and flowers, but also to the insect world. The rose-coloured beetle becomes common; the cicindela, in splendid green, flits before us; the stag beetle announces the approach of even with his drony hum; while in the mid-day

beam there is a blaze of butterflies winnowing their way over brooks and ponds, gardens and garden walls, fields and hedges, and even high trees.

There is the blue Argus butterfly in one direction, the orange-tip in another; while the tortoiseshell, the peacock, the marble, and the grand admiral, enliven the surrounding scene. Many a band of sunburned, redfaced youngsters cross our path in breathless haste, now up, now down, making desperate efforts with their hats, caps, and jackets, to capture the painted flutterers that, after all, generally escape from their pursuers. Well would it be, if we could all say with truth, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things," 1 Cor. xiii. 11. So far is this, however, from being the case, that most of us, in one way or other, are pursuing butterflies all our days.

If, reader, thou wouldst virtue prize,
With happiness in view;
Leave then the painted butterflies
To wave their wings mid earth and skies,
And be thou diligent and wise,
And noble ends pursue.

In continuation of our botanical remarks, the name of the thirteenth class, *Polyandria*, implies, that the flowers of the plants arranged in it have "many stamens," that is, the number is indefinite; but they are for the most part more than twenty, and invariably inserted not into the calyx, nor the corolla, but into the receptacle of the seed vessels. It contains seven orders. 1. *Monogynia*, with one pistil, as water lily and poppy. 2. *Digynia*, with two pistils, as peony. 3. *Trigynia*, with three pistils, as larkspur. 4. *Tetragynia*, with four pistils. 5. *Pentagynia*, with five pistils, as columbine. 6. *Hexagynia*, with six pistils, as water aloe. 7. *Polygynia*, with many pistils, as butter cup and anemone. It is consequently a very extensive class.

The student may find in ponds, lakes, and slow running streams, an example of the first order of this class, in the magnificent white water-lily, (*Nymphæa alba*,) which is not uncommon in most parts of the three kingdoms; it being frequently introduced to ornament pieces of water, even when it does not grow wild. It blows profusely during the summer months, though it has no smell. Its large size renders it very showy. It closes up its flower in the evening, and expands again with the morning sun. The calyx has four leaves; the petals are numerous; and the berry of many truncated cells; the leaves are large, floating on the water, heart shaped, and entire. The lotus of the Nile, or blue water lily (*N. cærulea*) belongs to the same genus, and is celebrated by the ancients, from Herodotus downwards. Herodotus tells us, that the Egyptians, who live in the low marshy lands on the Nile, in order to obtain a more plentiful supply of food, have found out a resource from the lotus, which grows in the water during the inundation. They gather the lotus plants, and dry them in the sun, then pound what is obtained from the middle of the flower, which is like a poppy head, and make it into loaves, which they bake. The root of the lotus, Herodotus further says, is round, about the size of an apple, moderately sweet, and eatable.

The additional beauty communicated to a pond, by the presence of the water lily, is striking. The broad leaves on the crystal surface, are so enlivened by the flowers, that a general cheerfulness prevails. It is as though nature, on her errand of beautifying the earth, had, as she passed from her profusion of flowers, playfully scattered here and there a handful on the waters.

The white poppy (*Papaver somniferum*) belongs to this order, and is a native of Britain, and though not very common in a wild state, is frequent in gardens, particularly the double varieties, with various coloured flowers. It flowers in June and July, the blossom being large. The calyx has two large smooth leaves, which fall off some time after the flower has expanded; the corolla has (when single) four large wavy petals; the seeds, which are called maw seed in the shops, are numerous, very small, and greyish white. The seed heads, without the seeds, are employed in medicine to produce anodyne tinctures and infusions; and it is from this part, when the plant is growing, that the important drug opium is produced. Incisions are made in the seed head when half ripe, from which oozes out a thick juice that soon concretes, and forms the opium of commerce. By recent discoveries in chemistry, opium has been discovered to contain a number of principles which have considerably different qualities from the opium, in substance. The most valuable of these principles are morphia

and codeia, which produce the anodyne effects of opium, without some of its more disagreeable consequences.

The corn poppy (*P. rhœus*) is a very common weed in cornfields, conspicuous from its very bright scarlet flowers, which are used in making syrup of poppy. The plant flowers in June and the following months. The calyx has two rough concave leaves, falling off after the flower has expanded; the corolla has four large petals (when single) of a bright scarlet colour; the seed vessel is urn shaped, one celled, and contains many seeds. It does not seem to possess the anodyne properties of the white poppy. Double varieties are much cultivated in gardens, varying in colour, like almost all plants, which are subjected to various modes of cultivation.

Corn poppies in the open fields are exceedingly attractive in their appearance. Waving to and fro in the breeze and the sunshine, these flowers look as though they had wandered abroad from the garden, to keep holiday in the sunshine, to companionize with the cornstalks, and rejoice with the golden grain. What a goodly sight is that of a field of corn ripe for the sickle! Nourished by the ground, refreshed by the dew and descending shower, and ripened by the sunny ray, the waving harvest gladdens the spectator's eye. Well may his tongue and his heart exclaim, "Good art thou, O God!" "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness," Psa. lxv. 11.

The sunrose (*Helianthemum vulgare*, formerly *Cistus Helianthemum*) is a very pretty plant of this order, by no means uncommon in dry hilly pastures in England and Scotland, such as in Derbyshire, Cumberland, the Pentland hills near Edinburgh, Gleniffer Braes near Paisley, in all of which localities the writer of this has gathered it in flower. It is a trailing native evergreen shrubby herb, half a foot high, producing a golden yellow blossom in a loose spike. The calyx has five unequal divisions; the stamens are upright, bending down as soon as touched, like the leaves of the sensitive plant; the corolla with five petals of a roundish form; the stipules fringed and spear shaped. The leaves are egg oblong, and slightly rolled back. There is a garden variety, with double flowers, cultivated to ornament rock work.

In the second order is placed the peony, (*Pœonia officinalis*,) a very general favourite in gardens; when double, having much the appearance of a very large rose, or rather of a dahlia, and flowering, too, in May, at a season when these are not to be seen. The blossom is deep rose red; the calyx with five leaves; the corolla with five petals; the style of the pistil is wanting; the capsule is many seeded, like a pod, downy and nearly straight.

In the third order, we find arranged the aconite, (*Aconitum napellus*,) which is not a native of Britain; but is to be found in almost every garden, blowing in May and the following months, according to soil and situation. The blossom is dark purplish blue, and forms a tall spike; there is no calyx; the corolla has five petals, the upper one being arched so as to protect the stamens from rain. The leaves are deeply divided. The root is a cone, in form of a small turnip. It is a deadly poison, and accidents have occurred by gardeners thoughtlessly chewing the leaves. The new alkaloid, aconitina, a very frightful poison, is procured from the plant. Several other species, such as the panicled aconite, (*A. paniculatum*,) are cultivated for medicinal purposes.

The various sorts of larkspur (*Decphinium*) belong to this order, of which the common dwarf annual one (*D. ajacis*) may be taken as an example. It is a native of Switzerland, rising about two feet high, and blowing in June and July, with a pink, purple, blue, or white blossom, varieties produced by cultivation. The five petals have each a forked spur, from which the name is derived.

As illustrative of the fourth order, we find winter's bark tree, (*Wintera aromatica*,) an evergreen from South America, the flowers of which grow two or more together, on white footstalks; the calyx is three lobed; the corolla has from six to twelve erect petals; the fruit is a light green berry, spotted with black, and containing black seeds. The bark is grey and wrinkled on the trunk, smooth and green on the branches, and is esteemed in medicine.

In the fifth order, we find arranged the common columbine, (*Aquilegia vulgaris*,) a native of this country, but rather rare in a wild state, probably because it is, when discovered, transplanted into flower gardens. The writer only once met with it in a large broad patch among furze, in the vicinity of

Blarney castle, in Ireland. It is said to occur frequently in Derbyshire and Westmoreland; but though the writer has botanized in most parts of both those counties, he never met with it. It is a perennial, rising three feet high, and blowing in July with a bluish flower; that found wild in Ireland was white, having a spur behind, somewhat bent inwards. The capsules are velvety, and the seeds black; the leaves nearly smooth; the stem upright, branched, and somewhat angular. From its seeding profusely, it sows itself in gardens, so as to become a weed.

In the sixth order, one of the best known plants is the common buttercup, (*Ranunculus bulbosus*,) which is to be found profusely in almost every pasture field in the kingdom. The very name of buttercup takes us back to the days of our youth. What goodly, what golden hours have we not all of us passed in the fields, with the sun and the blue sky above our heads, and the green grass and bright yellow buttercups under our feet! If we were not sufficiently grateful then for our enjoyment, let us, even now, for it is not too late, acknowledge, with the mercies of our riper years, the blithesome pleasures of our childhood.

> The sun that shone upon our brow
> In childhood, shines upon us now;

and the same Almighty hand, that scattered the pathway of youth with flowers, is yet dealing around us unnumbered mercies. The root bulges below the crown, somewhat like a turnip radish, a circumstance which readily distinguishes it from the creeping one, (*R. repens*,) or the acrid one, (*R. acris*;) but without taking up the root, it may at once be recognized by the leaves of the calyx, which are bent downwards and back from the petals in *R. bulbosus*, and in no other species. It blows from May till June, and sometimes later, rendering the meadows yellow with its golden blossoms. The leaves are rayed and three cut, with three cleft divisions, and are smaller and paler green than in *R. acris* and *R. repens*, though not so pale and delicate as in *R. auricoma*, which grows in copses. *R. flammula*, the marsh buttercup, has brownish green strap-shaped leaves. They are all acrid and poisonous, though not very powerfully so.

In this order, we find some very common garden flowers, such as pheasant's eye, (*Adonis autumnalis*,) a pretty annual, with pale green divided leaves, and scarlet flowers; and windflower, (*Anemone hortensis*,) which sports into so many beautiful varieties.

FOURTEENTH CLASS. DIDYNAMIA.

In this class are arranged plants whose flowers have four stamens, two longer and two shorter, forming two powers, as the term *Didynamia* implies. There are two orders. 1. *Gymnospermia*, with naked seeds, as ground ivy and mint. 2. *Argiospermia*, with covered seeds, as foxglove and snapdragon.

Among the most common plants, of the first order, we find mint, (*Mentha*,) some of the species of which are to be found in every field and garden, for where once introduced, it is no easy matter to eradicate them. Common, or spear mint (*M. viridis*) is the sort used in the kitchen, and is a native of this country, flowering in August, and ripening seed late in autumn. The flowers are small, of a purple colour, and grow in whirled spikes in the axes of the leaves. The calyx is cylindrical, furrowed, and five toothed; the corolla is funnel shaped, and four cleft. Other common species are peppermint, (*M. piperita*,) which is darker coloured, and grows in moist ground; pennyroyal, (*M. pulegium*,) which grows in a spreading manner on the ground; and cornmint, (*M. arvensis*,) common in cornfields, with an odour and flavour less agreeable than the other species.

Thyme (*Thymus serpyllum*) is a trailing evergreen perennial, a native of this country, growing on dry heaths and hilly pastures, and flowering from June till August, with a purple blossom, the flowers growing in a head, and the stems lying down. The leaves are flat, blunt, fringed at the base, and the whole plant is fragrant.

A very common plant of this order is ground ivy, (*Glechoma hederacea*, Linnæus; or, *Nepeta glechoma*, Bentham,) an evergreen creeping perennial, which grows in lanes, copses, and on hedge banks, blowing from March till May, and increasing its runners profusely throughout the summer. The calyx is in form of a tube, with five teeth; the upper lip of the corolla is cleft, and the lower three lobed; the leaves are kidney shaped, and scolloped. The whole plant is fragrant, and is popularly used for making tea.

Lavender (*Lavandula spica*) is another well-known plant of this order,

being an evergreen shrubby herb, introduced into our gardens from the south of Europe, and flowering with us from June throughout the autumn. The flowers, which are pale blue, of a peculiar shade, grow in whirls, in a close spike; the calyx is egg oblong, and slightly toothed; the corolla has the upper lip cloven, and the lower lip three cleft; the four seeds are at the bottom of the tube. The flowers are employed for distilling lavender water, which is extensively esteemed as a perfume. They also enter into the composition of the celebrated Eau de Cologne.

Sweet marjoram, (*Origanum majorana*,) belonging to this order, is a native of Syria and the south of Europe, commonly cultivated as a sweet herb in our gardens, flowering in July and August. The flowers, which are small and white, grow in compact spikes. The calyx has five acute teeth; the corolla is two lipped, the upper lip being erect, and the lower lip three cleft. The whole plant is cut when it begins to flower, and is dried for use. The common marjoram, (*O. vulgare*,) a native of Britain, is also fragrant; but is only used to distil an essential oil.

Illustrative of the second order, one of the best known plants is the foxglove, (*Digitalis purpurea*,) commonly found wild in woods, and copses, and hedge banks in most parts of the country, and frequently cultivated in gardens for the beauty of its flowers. It is a biennial, flowering from June till August; the blossoms, which are large, and red or white, growing on a tall showy spike, all on one side. The calyx is five parted, the uppermost division being the narrowest; the corolla has one large bell-shaped petal, spotted and hairy within, the upper lip being slightly cleft. The capsule has a double partition, with many seeds. The leaves are broad and rugose. The whole plant, and particularly the leaves, gathered when the plant is in flower, is powerfully medicinal, and much employed, by skilful physicians, to diminish the action of the heart, and to lower the pulse in high inflammatory affections, fevers, and consumption of the lungs. It is a dangerous remedy, however, for the ignorant to tamper with, as an over dose might readily destroy the life of the patient. Happily it has never become a popular herb.

Snapdragon (*Antirrhinum majus*) is a plant belonging to this order, which grows on old walls, and is also one of the commonest flowering plants cultivated in our gardens. It blows from June till it is killed by the frost. The blossom grows on a bunched spike, and like many cultivated flowers, varies greatly in colour, from dark blood crimson, through pale rose red, to white or yellowish white; and many are variegated with white and red stripes, or blotches. The calyx has five leaves; the corolla is without spur, the upper lip being in two divisions and bent backwards; the capsule is slanting at the base, without valves, and opening at the extremity by three pores. There are numerous species of *Antirrhinum* cultivated as flowers.

J. R.

SUNSET IN SWITZERLAND.

The quiet and the repose of the evening was perfect. The cottagers already seemed to be sunk into rest, there was no stir among them. The solitary toll of a bell from some church, whose spire pointed towards heaven, to which the house of prayer is the way, was often the only sound that met our ear. The valleys opened upon us: at almost every turn of the road we came upon new combinations of scenery, new outlets among the mountains; yet we were on a road perfectly level, and those heights formed our side scene, and a beautiful one indeed. I was charmed by observing the effect of the clouds that floated around them, or rested on their summits, as the day drew nearer and nearer towards its close. Sometimes these veils of vapour dropped upon and wholly concealed them from our sight; then they shifted, rose gradually, or passed on, alternately discovering or concealing the sides and summits of the mountains, or now partially disclosing some beautiful valley, enriched with woods that appear of the deepest purple against a sky of liquid gold. Now and then might be seen some light spot of verdure that might not unaptly be compared to an emerald set in the diadem of the mountain's brow. Indeed, never till I travelled in these elevated regions, more especially in Switzerland, did I see effects in nature equal in lustre and in the depth and richness of their colouring to the jewels and precious stones of the earth. But not to jewels alone might the glories produced by such a sunset as this be compared. The clouds shifted so continually, that there was no end

to the fanciful effects they produced in combination with the deepening colours and the glittering rays of the last beam of the sun. Sometimes the vapour was so light, that it served only to produce that optic illusion of magnifying objects without wholly obscuring them: when seen through such a medium, the rocks of the Black Forest every now and then assumed a phantom-like form, so that I could well conceive whence arose those wild legends, and the blood curdling heroes of the demon Hurlfraw and his train of spirits and evil things.—*Mrs. Bray.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON OUTSIDE SHOW.

THINGS are not what they seem! There is an outside show that, in some cases, dazzles our sight, and in others, deceives our judgment. That which promises much, frequently yields but little, while that which has been undervalued, is often abundantly productive.

The bitterest herb that grows upon the mountain,
Some grateful perfume in the gale may fling;
The welling stream of a neglected fountain,
Some healing life-preserving power may bring.

Whatever may be the outward words and deeds, there is so much that is deceptive hidden beneath them, and we know, at the very best, but a part of the truth; I sometimes think, that the best and the worst deeds of men are yet unchronicled. The men who have forfeited their lives at the gallows amid the execrations of the crowd, and those who have been effigied in marble, calling forth the grateful admiration of mankind, may have been transcendently surpassed in villany or virtue by hundreds whose names the dust of oblivion has rendered illegible for ever.

I have before had occasion to say, "that could we see the weakness of the strong, the ignorance of the learned, the cowardice of the brave, and the folly of the wise; could we only discern the passions and motives that influence the worst, ay, and the best of men, from hour to hour, from day to day, and from year to year, we should be compelled to regard every man as wearing a mask, and concealing thereby the real features of his mind."

It is a truth, that we hide more than we reveal; but God seeth through all our disguises, "for his eyes are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings," Job xxxiv. 21. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart," 1 Sam. xvi. 7.

One might imagine that the very knowledge of ourselves would go far to defend us from being led away by the outside of things. How often do we stifle our emotions, trying to appear happy, when our hearts are near bursting; and affecting calmness, when strong passion, burning in our veins, is clamorous to break forth like a torrent. There is much in the fiery volcano that resembles the hidden feelings of the human heart. Vesuvius may be quiet outwardly, while turbulence is burning within. We may be unconscious of danger, when, all at once, the rumbling earthquake is heard and felt. The smoke bursts into a flame, hot stones and cinders are hurled into the air, and, amid the bellowing thunder a flood of molten earth and minerals rushes down from the summit of the fiery mountain, spreading desolation around.

Again, I say, things are not what they seem. We learn, in our very childhood, that the cat's velvet paw is not talonless; that the blackberry grows on a brier; that the blooming bud is often cankered at its heart; that the shining bubble bursts while it glitters in the sun, and that the sparkling firework ends only in darkness; and yet, in after years, we suffer ourselves to be deceived by appearances almost as much as ever.

It seems a sort of principle, among mankind, to appear other than they are. Many who are ill, scrupulously hide their infirmities, while others, who are well, affect to be out of health. There are rich people who try to appear poor, and hundreds of poor people, who endeavour to pass themselves off as very rich. Some keep back the truth out of kindness to the feelings of others. Some make mountains of mole hills, or mole hills of mountains, to serve themselves or their friends; and thousands are, in their minds, bodies, and estates, just the reverse of what their appearance sets forth. Motives may be, yea doubtless are different in different cases, yet still it is not the less true, that the world is a masquerade wherein one character is always deceiving another. It was so of olden time, it is so now, and is likely to remain so. Oh for a hearty and unbounded confidence in Him who deceiveth not, but is the same yesterday, today, and for ever!

Then, again, we are so shortsighted,

that we are continually taking evil for good, and good for evil. When Joseph was stripped out of his coat, his coat of many colours, when he was cast into the pit and sold to the Ishmaelites, it seemed, no doubt, a rugged path that he was treading, whereas it was the very highway to the favour of Pharaoh. When Haman erected a gallows, fifty cubits high, he was misled by appearances; he saw, by anticipation, Mordecai hanging thereon; but his gallows was the instrument of his own destruction.

Who would have thought that an armed giant, the weight of whose coat of mail was five thousand shekels of brass, and whose spear-staff was like a weaver's beam, could have been brought to the ground with a pebble stone? Or that the waters of the brook Jordan would be more healing than those of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus? Yet these things were so, and stranger things than even these have happened.

Once more, I say, things are not what they seem: some things are underrated, while others are too highly prized. Samson the strong, saw not in the fair face of his Delilah, deceit, treachery, bondage, cruelty, and death; nor did the learned Rabbins of the Jews discern in the fleshly form of the "Man of sorrows," the Lord of life and glory. They were misled by outward appearances. Cain thought, that because the presence of Abel was a trouble to him, his absence would give him ease; but oh what a mark was branded on his brow, and what a load of sorrow was laid on his heart by the violent deed he committed!

The mighty have been deceived by outside show as much as the mean. The Alexanders and the Cesars of old had thorns enough in their paths; and the sultans and emperors of more modern times, have seldom found the couch of royalty to be a bed of down. The outward splendour of a throne, and the phantom of glory dazzled their eyes, and they saw not the disappointments and the disquietudes that awaited them; the dagger, the bow string, and the poisoned bowl dogged their paths. How few, if any, of the heroes of the world have died the death of the righteous, and found their latter end like unto his! Look at the minion of ambition, the mighty Napoleon, striding the narrow world, like a Colossus! See him at the head of his armies, spurring his own horse, hot after victory, and impatient for renown! But what avails his braying trumpets, his golden eagles, his unfurled banners, and his battle array? Does he gather, in the harvest of glory, that which ambition promised to the sickles of his soldiery? Let the poor handful of captive earth that was shrouded at St. Helena, and now lies unconscious of the pomp that surrounds it on the banks of the Seine, give the reply.

What a mockery is "the bubble reputation," when the breath of the ever-changing multitude is necessary to keep it in the air!

But it is not with the high and the mighty that I have to do. Things are not what they seem in common life. A conviction of this fact, brought home to our hearts, may be practically useful. The benighted traveller, weary with his wanderings, and bewildered with the mists and darkness around him, hastens to the distant light, which he fondly dreams to emanate from some hospitable hearth. Already, in imagination, he partakes of the friendly glow! It is but one more effort that is necessary, and then his wants will be supplied, and his fears dispelled. Alas! when in the act of realizing all his hopes, he flounders in the mire, into which the wandering wildfire of the marsh has allured him. Common place as this illustration may be, it is "faithful to a fault," in setting forth the mistakes of hundreds, when afflicted in mind, in body, or estate. The royal psalmist said, "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I;" but how many are there who, oppressed by the heat and burden of the day, see, or rather fancy that they see, a far better covert to fly to than Him, who is "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," Isa. xxxii. 2. How many Wills o' the Wisp drew aside the trembling heart, the wounded conscience, promising much, and performing little! Things are not what they seem.

The pale-faced invalid, who has been made to possess days of darkness, and to whom wearisome nights have been appointed, hears of some famous mountebank, some medical charlatan, who, reckless of falsehood and dishonesty, unblushingly undertakes to cure all diseases. To him the sick man hies, sees in him a benefactor, and in his nostrum a healing balm, an infallible restorative to health and vigour. By-and-by, the

mountebank is unmasked, and the delusion is made clear; but it is too late—the invalid has been robbed of his remaining strength. Things are not what they seem!

The thoughtless spendthrift, who has involved himself in numberless embarrassments; who has mortgaged his means, and anticipated all his resources; whose way is hedged up with thorns, by accident casts his eye on a paragraph in some public journal. "Money on easy terms," seems like a sunbeam to his delighted vision, and with breathless haste, he hurries off to the kind-hearted and generous lender. Gladly he puts his name to the proffered bills, and in another hour is to receive the seasonable supply. Things are not what they seem! When he returns, the lenders are vanished! His golden expectations are but a dream; but the responsibility he has incurred is a fearful reality.

One of the most striking instances of a deceitful outside show, in the natural creation, that I ever remember to have witnessed, was in the trunk of an oak. To all appearance, there stood a goodly tree before me, and its giant branches were redundantly clad with verdure; but on a closer inspection, I found the trunk to be a mere outside shell. The side opposite to that on which I had at first gazed, had, with the heart of the tree, altogether decayed away. Much of a similar nature may sometimes be found among mankind, an outside flourishing appearance, without a heart. In a tree this is to be regretted; but in a human being it is a wretched spectacle.

I once conversed privately with a public jester, whose avocation was, dressed in gay apparel, to excite merriment in the multitude that gathered around him. What a world of comicality could he throw into his expressive face! What an exhaustless fund of drollery did he possess! and what roars of irrepressible laughter did he call forth amid the crowd! He was, to all appearance, one of the most light-hearted and happy beings that ever wore a smile. But what did he tell me in private? that the colour in his cheek was painted, that the jests he uttered were hackneyed, that the mirth he manifested was feigned, and that he was one of the most miserable of mortals on the face of the earth. This may be no ordinary instance of the striking difference between the fiction and the fact, the shadow and the substance, the outside show and the inward feeling; but approaches to something like the same thing are to be seen around us, every day of our lives.

Thus have I, in a rambling, unconnected way, dwelt a moment on the subject of outside show. Should you pursue the thought, you may be more happy in your reflections than I have been in mine. Certain it is, that things are not what they seem; and the knowledge of this truth should lead us more and more to mistrust our own judgment, and to look above for wisdom and instruction.

ANECDOTES OF A BABOON AND A CAT.

I HAD on board of a ship which I commanded, a very large Cape baboon, who was a pet of mine, and also a little boy, who was a son of mine. When the baboon sat down on his hams, he was about as tall as the boy was when he walked. The boy, having a tolerable appetite, received about noon a considerable slice of bread and butter, to keep him quiet till dinner time. I was on one of the carronades, busy with the sun's lower limb, bringing it in contact with the horizon, when the boy's lower limbs brought him in contact with the baboon, who having, as well as the boy, a strong predilection for bread and butter, and a stronger arm to take it withal, thought proper to help himself to that to which the boy had been already helped. In short, he snatched the bread and butter, and made short work of it, for it was in his pouch in a moment. Upon which the boy set up a yell, which attracted my notice to this violation of the articles of war, to which the baboon was equally amenable as any other person in the ship; for it is expressly stated in the preamble of every article, "All who are in, or belonging to." Whereupon I jumped off the carronade, and, by way of assisting his digestion, I served out to the baboon, monkey's allowance, which is, more kicks than halfpence. The master reported, that the heavens indicated that it was twelve o'clock, and with all the humility of a captain of a man of war, I ordered him to make it so, whereupon it was made, and so passed that day. I do not remember how many days it was afterwards, that I was on the carronade as usual, about the same time, and all parties were precisely in the same situation, the

master by my side, the baboon under the booms, and the boy walking out of the cabin with his bread and butter. As before, he again passed the baboon, who again snatched the bread and butter from the boy, who again set up a squall, which again attracted my attention. I looked round, and the baboon caught my eye, which told him plainly that he'd soon catch what was not "all my eye;" and he proved that he thought so, for he actually put the bread and butter back into the boy's hands. It was the only instance of which I ever knew or heard, of a monkey being capable of self-denial where his stomach was concerned, and I record it accordingly.

I have been reading Jesse's Gleanings. Is he quite correct? I have my doubts. In one point, I certainly do not agree with him, in his favourite opinion of cats. I do, however, know an instance of misplaced affection of a cat, which, although it does not add to the moral character of the race, is extremely curious for more reasons than one, and as it happened in my own family, I can vouch for its authenticity. A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought that it would be possible to bring up a portion of them by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed, that the cat had that day kittened, and that perhaps the puppies might be substituted for her progeny. The experiment was made, two of the kittens were removed, and two puppies substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat, were in a fortnight as active, forward, and playful, as kittens would have been if they had the use of their legs, barked and gambolled about, while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like full slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion; they very soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation, fell in with the little spaniel who was nursing the other three puppies. "Oh, oh," says puss, putting up her back, "is it you who have stolen my children?" "No," replied the spaniel, with a snarl; "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," says the cat. Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and the cat walking proudly off with one of the puppies which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should only have taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of. Does not this prove to a certain extent the power of calculating numbers in animals? and does not the precocity of the two puppies brought up by the cat, infer there is some ground for the supposition that with the milk is embued much of the nature and disposition of the mother? A few experiments made on these points would be interesting; and we should have a new science, that of Lacteology to add to Craniology in our nurture and rearing of the species.—*Captain Marryatt.*

LAWS AND CONSTITUTION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

It is not intended to enter far into this subject here. The principal feature to notice, is the decline of the feudal powers and customs, and a greater attention to the forms of legal proceedings. The royal prerogative was asserted strongly, and became almost absolute during the reigns of the house of Tudor; but it is important to remark that this was under the forms of legal proceedings. Henry VII., as well as the succeeding monarchs, humbled many by process of law. An instance of this appears in the Plumpton correspondence: Empson caused legal proceedings to be instituted against sir Robert Plumpton, who had been knighted by Richard III., and put into possession of his estate by an award of that monarch. As there was an opening to raise a legal question to his title, this was done. The first warning was in May 1501, when Plumpton was cautioned that Empson was taking means to

secure favourable jurors. We cannot go through all the proceedings; but a verdict being given against him, sir Robert determined to keep possession of his "place" by force, and wrote immediately to his wife, to lay in provisions and prepare accordingly. He was not driven to this extremity, but had to attend farther proceedings in London. His wife, the granddaughter of an earl of Westmoreland, wrote in most despairing terms of their circumstances; she sent to borrow money, by her husband's directions; but the answer was, "he hath it not to len;" "as for wood there is none that will bey, for they know ye want money—tha will bey none without they have tymmer tres, and will give nothinge for them." Nor could a purchaser be found for land, "and your henten stoufe is to bey, and I wote not what to do." She had not money to purchase the salt fish, then the only food allowed in Lent. She adds, "Sir, for God's sake, take an end, for we are brought to begger staffe, for ye have not to defend them withall; sir, I send you my mare, and iiij*s*. iiij*d*. by the bearer hereof, and I pray you send me word as sone as ye may."

The difficulties of sir Robert Plumpton increased. On the death of Henry VII., he lost a protection from arrest, which he had as a nominal servant of that monarch, and was imprisoned in "the counter in the Paistres" where he "paid fer every maile of meate" iiij*d*. for himself, and ii*d*. for his servant. His wife soon after came to share his imprisonment. The disgrace and death of Empson, however, changed the circumstances of the suit, and a compromise was effected with the other parties, the particulars of which need not be noticed.

During the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, we find the same employment of legal proceedings. If a person suffered for political causes, it was under a process for high treason, accounted regular at that day. If a nobleman was to be humbled, it was by a prosecution under some obscure or obsolete statute, which, if in any way abated, was so by the exercise of the royal prerogative.

The humbling of the aristocracy, though for a time it was effected by the prerogative, gave additional strength to the commonalty. The House of Commons was more attentive to its privileges, and more inclined to assert them; and it was the personal character and interference of the monarch that kept down the rising spirit of liberty. Yet the House of Commons always retained the power of taxation; this was a right upon which Elizabeth did not infringe; the attempt to do so by weaker monarchs was successfully resisted. This independence of the Commons increased in strength, as the wealth of the middle classes increased; and herein the peaceful policy of Elizabeth did much for the advantage of her subjects.

Even the complaints of crime, at the close of this century, indicate the increased wealth of the people at large: they were rather crimes against property, than against the person. Fleetwood, the recorder of London, mentions his having taken in one day, "seventy-four roogs, whereof some were blynd, and yet great usurers, and very riche." He also mentions "an alehouse neere Byllingesgate," where there was "a schole house sett upp to learne younge boyes to cutt purses." He says they conferred the degrees of "a publique Hoyster, and a judiciall nypper." In the description of England, in Hollinshed's Chronicles, are the names of twenty-three sorts of idle vagabonds, beginning with "ruffiers," and ending with "walking mortes and kinching coves."

The administration of justice was improved, though not wholly independent. The judges were removable at the pleasure of the monarch, and usually inclined to favour the crown; but there were some decided cases of opposition to the will of the monarch, as in the cases of sir Thomas More and judge Hales. There were also instances of corruption and undue favouritism; of this evil, Latimer spoke openly, and in strong condemnatory language, when pleading before Edward VI., charging that monarch solemnly to look to it.

Fleetwood complained of retainers of the court, who when they had done amiss, and were complained of, "they then runne unto me, and no other excuse or answere can they make, but saye, 'I am a jyntylman, and being a jyntylman, I am not thus to be used as a slave, and a colions handes.'" The reports of this active and worthy official are very amusing.

An account of the prisoners in the Tower, in the reign of Edward VI., shows how the process of law was subject to the royal prerogative. The duke

of Norfolk had been confined ten years, Edward Courtenay twelve. Two prisoners had been pardoned; but the bill for their pardon was "steyde by the lorde chanceler. Robert Allen hath bene there twelve monethes and more, for matters of astronomie, and suspicion of calculation." Another was imprisoned "for suspicion of imbecillynge of certeyn jewels and money" of the duchess of Somerset. Still this was preferable to the murderous atrocities of the feudal times. On the subject of law, as well as others at this period, England was in a state of transition. Much evidently would depend upon the course pursued in the next half century.

HEART PURITY.

God is for that man, and that man is for God, who carries about with him a pure heart. Heart purity makes a man the darling of Heaven. Many affect pure language, pure houses, pure habits, pure hands, pure air, pure meat, pure drink, pure gestures, etc., who yet for want of purity of heart shall never see the face of God in glory. Heart purity speaks a man eternally happy. Holiness is that noble principle which fits a man for the happiest sight of God; it makes a man a meet companion for God both here and hereafter. Without this principle, no man can have communion with God in this world; much less can he have communion with God in heaven, if this precious principle of holiness be not seated in his heart. It will not stand with the holiness of God, to have any thing to do with those that have no principles of holiness in them. It is a principle of holiness that fits a man for the service of God, that fits a man for fellowship with God, that fits a man for walking with God, that fits a man for correspondence with God, and that fits a man for the delight of God, and that fits a man for an everlasting fruition of God. And therefore certainly without holiness, there is no happiness; without a principle of purity there can be no seeing of the face of God in glory.—*Brook's Beauty of Holiness.*

WRITING.

Writing diverged from Assyria to all those nations, which either through rusticity did not neglect, or through vanity did not despise this excellent institution. Two nations, the Egyptians and Chinese, between whom Assyria lay, and who were both exceedingly alike in vices and virtues, seem to have laboured under this sort of pride. But their pride turned to the punishment of both: the stupendous monuments of the Egyptians became unknown and obsolete; the Chinese, always children, grew old together in deciphering their characters.—*Brotier.*

CHINA.

There has of late years been much intercession made to God in behalf of China. And we know he will, in his own time, and in his own way, bring the Chinese to acknowledge his supremacy, and to bow to his peaceful and holy commands. I cannot for one moment entertain the idea that China is to be closed, like Japan, and for centuries, or even for tens of years, to exclude the light of God's glorious gospel. Neither can I believe that those who bring glad tidings and publish peace are much longer to be hindered from their work. The pride and the haughtiness of man God will humble. The mountains shall be levelled, and the rough places be made smooth. Jesus shall reign. More and more do I long for the time when I may go among this people, and day after day, and hour after hour, discourse to them about the things of God and heaven.

We are on the eve of a new era, and a great revolution has commenced. We have long mourned over the evils and the desolations around us. For these the gospel is the only remedy. And now we trust the God of nations is about to open a highway for those who will preach the word.—*Rev. J. Bridgman, Macao.*

THE POLE STAR.

The master of a ship when he is on the main sea, casts his eye always upon the pole star; and so directs and guides his ways. Even so must we, who are passengers and strangers in this world, ever settle our eyes to behold the word of God; so shall no tempest overblow us; so shall we be guided without danger; so shall we safely arrive in the haven of our rest.—*Bishop Jewel.*

Ancient Printing Office.

EARLY PRINTING.

It is now generally believed that the art of printing was introduced and first practised in England by William Caxton, a mercer and citizen of London. Having travelled abroad, and resided many years in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, engaged in trade, he availed himself of the opportunity he enjoyed to become acquainted with this process, and encouraged by the great, and especially by the abbot of Westminster, he first set up a press in the abbey of that city, soon after the year 1471.

In 1478, several books were printed by Caxton, of which the titles have been preserved; but nothing can be inferred, either from their number or contents, except the progress of the art. He continued to pursue his business with reputation and success, until the year 1491 or 1492, and numerous volumes issued from his press. Few rivals appeared to share his fame, or divide his emoluments. In 1483, no more than four printing presses were known to be established in England.

It is pleasing to observe, that Caxton, as a merchant, appears to have been a man of strict integrity; and, as a tradesman, when he established printing, "diligent in business." He seems to have been desirous to spread among the people books likely to promote their welfare. Would that a similar testimony could be borne to all those who followed him in the practice of an art, incalculable in its benefits when rightly directed, but widely injurious when perverted to evil purposes!

The first printers in the metropolis, in 1480, were John Lettou and William Machliana, who are supposed to be foreigners, and were probably encouraged by Caxton to come over and settle in England. They printed near Allhallows church, in London. Wynken de Worde appears also to have been induced to come hither by the same means. He is celebrated for his great skill. One circumstance induces many to think that he was his own letter founder; it is, that in some of his first printed books, the letter he made use of is used by all the London printers at this time, and it is therefore concluded, that they were all struck from his punches. He is the first printer who introduced the roman letter into England, which he employed to distinguish any thing remarkable. Most of his books, now remaining, were printed at London, in St. Bride's parish, Fleet Street, at the sign of the Sun.

Others followed in the career thus opened; and towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII., besides the books that were printed at home, several were printed for us abroad, by the encouragement of English merchants and others, as they found it advantageous to do so.

The first person who had a patent for being printer to the king in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, was Reynold Wolfe, Esq., in 1543. He was authorized to be his majesty's bookseller and stationer, and to print all sorts of books in the said languages; as also Greek and Latin grammars, though interspersed with English; and likewise charts and maps, and such other things as might be at any time useful and necessary. AMICUS.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

THIS full stream of typical water following Israel, as also the manna, for the space of near forty years, through the wilderness, may be considered as one of the principal miracles of God, under the Old Testament; and a most lively representation of the river of salvation continually flowing from the smitten rock on Golgotha. Who can describe the aspect of the camp of Israel, when the people, ready to perish with thirst, were invited to approach a flinty rock to quench their thirst, instead of a fountain of water? What fallen countenances and murmurings of impatience were there, when they looked at Moses as he ascended the craggy cliff with a dry rod in his hand! They beheld him lifting up his rod—the rock is smitten. See! instantly the waters gush out, and roll down the cliffs in twelve pure crystal streams! Who can conceive the sudden change of thought, and feeling, and countenance, which took place on that occasion! What movements! What operations! It is a resurrection day, or the changing of the shadows of death for morning light. Bright signs of life are seen through all the camp. See how the maidens run, some with cups, and some with pitchers, which they quickly fill and drink, and haste away to their respective tents to quench the thirst of the sick, the aged, and the little ones, joyfully exclaiming, Oh, children! Plenty of water! Drink abundantly—there are rivers still behind!

In a short time, we see thousands of oxen, and asses, and sheep, and goats, approaching in haste to take the drink of life. Neither were the feathered tribes inactive; the turtle doves, the pigeons, the swallows, the sparrows, the robin-redbreast, and the little wren, scent the water, and with their little bills drink to satiety.

Look back to the day of Pentecost, and see the waters of eternal life flowing through the twelve channels of the twelve apostles. What mighty and marvellous revolutions of thought, feeling, and conscience! and what change of countenances took place with thousands on that day! They had the faces and hearts of profane and wicked men in the morning; but they felt the power of the resurrection before night. They became thirsty, and found the vessels of faith and repentance to rain waters from the fountain of pardon.

They experienced life from the dead! Oh what a glorious sight will be presented to the church, when the fulness of Jews and Gentiles, in the millennial age, shall come in, and shall drink of the well of salvation, according to the measure of their faith!

The water followed the camp of Israel. It rose up with them every morning, and kept pace with them through the day: opening its way into the ground, it abode by them through the night. The little children, early rising, would run back into their tents, and say, "Mother, the river is with us to-day again. Manna is coming down to-day again, mother."

In a word, the spiritual blessings of the death of Christ ever follow the church through the parched ground of affliction, and the shadows of death; and when she shall come up out of great tribulation, her garments will be found washed in the blood of the Lamb. And there the Lamb shall lead her to everlasting fountains of living water, and they shall thirst no more.—*Christmas Evans.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE RIVER THAMES, THE BRIDGES, AND THE THAMES TUNNEL.

THE clock has struck three, the morning is dark and comfortless, and I am wending my way to London bridge, where I wish to arrive while the city is asleep, and where I purpose to remain till I see the sun rejoicing in the east.

I hear a slow measured, heavy tread, on the opposite side of the road; but it is too dark to discern a passer by, at such a distance, unless he be near a gaslight. It is the tramp of the thick-soled ill-made boot of a policeman; I envy not the monotonous occupation of the guardians of the night. The first man I hear abroad is a policeman; and the first man I see is a coalheaver. Yonder is a covered wagon, with a double row of horses, about to start on its lumbering pilgrimage; the

driver has, at this moment, an old-fashioned stable lantern in his hand.

Perhaps you may wonder how, it being so dark, I can see to make my remarks, but I cannot see to make them. With my paper in one hand, and my pencil in another, I stop for a few moments, now and then, and score down my hieroglyphics in the dark, with the hope of being enabled to decipher them by daylight. There are more gaslights now, and I discern objects a little more plainly. "Half-past three!" That must be the cry of some private watchman. To hear the hour of the night, thus publicly announced, is now a novelty. The coffee stands by the wayside have, as yet, no customers: the early refreshment houses are preparing for their usual visitors; and the noses of the night-cab horses are dozingly exploring the remote recesses of their empty oat bags in quest of provender. Here a cat mews at a door, putting up her tail as I pass, and rubbing her side against the panel, to obtain favour with me; and there another darts suddenly forwards and disappears in an instant in a cellar hole. All is quiet at the railway station. A poor lad has just gone by me with a bundle in his hand. I should like to know his prospect for the coming day.

Two or three of the outcasts that nightly wander the streets, stand together at a corner; and now and then I see one standing alone, or slowly pacing her thorny path of wretchedness and destitution. What a price does the poor prodigal pay for husks! "Truly the way of transgressors is hard."

Yonder is the Monument: a straight dark line drawn against the sky. The atmosphere is somewhat misty and comfortless, as though the air was charged with watery particles. My skin is cold and clammy; and a chilly, faint, breakfastless feeling is creeping over me. Well! here is London bridge. As I walked over it last night, I paused to gaze on the steam boats as they came up the river, or shot across it, or turned round to the pier, with a single light at the prow. At a distance the light alone could be seen: a solitary pilgrim gliding along the pathway of the waters.

This is a noble bridge, massive and substantial; and its dark, bronze-like lamp supporters are quite in keeping with the solid parapet on which they stand. The deep shadows, the dark, black blotches on the river, are vessels lying there, whose form cannot be discerned. It is low water, and the colliers and coal barges are resting on the deep mud by the side of the now motionless stream. The lights from Southwark bridge are reflected in long spiral streaks of fire far down in the dark waters. Hark! the clock of St. Paul's is striking four. Like the clang of a huge gong, it startles the ear with its tremulous and brassy sound!

The dome of St. Paul's, the custom-house, the tower, and the top of the monument, are not yet visible from this place, the darkness and the misty air alike hide them from the view. London is asleep, and tens of thousands, whose bread for the day is not yet won, are bound in unconscious slumber. How weak are words in setting forth what we owe to our great Creator, for the inestimable blessing of repose! Yes! London is asleep! Industry has nearly ended, revelry has begun his slumber; science is at rest; Mammon himself is drowsy; and even crime, a dear lover of darkness, scared at the approach of coming morn, is slinking into his shadowy den, lest the light of heaven should fall upon his face.

As I stand musing by the centre lamps, the policeman passes me with his oil-skin cape upon his shoulders; and the streetkeeper in his blue great coat, with gilt buttons, and red collar, wondering, no doubt, what a man can have to do with pencil and paper at this untimely hour. Now and then distant sounds reach my ears; but the big heart of London is still at rest. These rumbling sounds, not those of busy wakeful life, are, as it were, the neesing of the yawning giant as he tosses and turns himself in his slumber.

What a mysterious thing is sleep! The prostrator of strength, the paralyzer of intellect, the arrester of enterprise, and yet the promoter and invigorator of them all! At this moment, the machinery of society, in the principle of its power and the mightiness of its operations, is apparently standing still. The houses of Lords and Commons are empty. Downing Street is tranquil. The halls of Westminster are silent. The Bank is closed. The place where merchants meet, is lonely as a desert, and the marts of traffic and the public streets are forsaken.

In a few short hours, what a world of energy will be aroused! The bright

eye, the nimble foot, the ready hand, the quick intellect, will all be set in motion; and man, forgetful for the most part of eternity, will pursue, with all the faculties of his body, soul, and spirit, the perishable possessions which if obtained, he can only enjoy for a few years, and perhaps not for a single hour.

The heavens to the eastward are growing a little lighter, and things before invisible are faintly seen. Southwark Bridge and its reflection in the water, are both of an equal strength in depth of shadow. I can now see the huge shoulders of St. Paul's cathedral, for the building holds up its head above the surrounding churches, as Saul did when standing among his brethren. The monument, and the church spire on this side of it, appear of the same height from the bridge. Objects are now visible, yet not defined; they have no outline. There is a dimness, a dusky shadowy blending of one thing with another, that leaves me in doubt whether they really are what I take them to be. "An image is before my eyes, it stands still, but I cannot discern the form thereof."

The Tower is now discernible, and more vessels are seen on the river. How gradually does the dawn dissipate the darkness, bringing order out of chaos, and beauty out of shadowy indistinctness!

The captive, long confined in his prison house, amuses, or rather occupies himself with its individualities; he counts the iron bars of his window, and the knobs of iron on the door of his dungeon; he measures the height, the length, and breadth of his cell; every crack in the walls, and every crevice in the floor is regarded till it becomes familiar. And I, in pacing this bridge backwards and forwards, have unconsciously employed myself in a similar manner; the length and breadth of the broad granite stones; the height of the parapet; the number of the recesses and stone benches, and other matters of little importance, have occupied my attention. The gaslights of the bridge are double, but those in the centre of the building are treble. A man is now extinguishing the lights, he does it in a leisurely manner, and moves not with the accustomed merry run of the lamplighter. I will walk towards Guy's Hospital.

The placards on the walls, mingling together their varied colours of red, blue, yellow, and white, have, by gaslight, an odd, yet not inharmonious effect on the eye at a given distance. I must approach them nearer. The Flower Show—The Panorama of Damascus—Three Sermons at the Episcopal Chapel—Zoological Gardens and Fireworks—Steam packet to Havre—Cowan's Canton Strop—and the Eastern Counties Railway—are among the most conspicuous. Had I any desire for a morning dram, it might easily be gratified, for here is a gin shop already open. It grows a little lighter.

I have passed by St. Thomas's, and yonder is Guy's Hospital, where many a weary, yet wakeful eye drinks in greedily the first appearance of the dawn. There many an afflicted invalid, notwithstanding all that skill and kindness can do for him, is weary with his groaning, all the night long making his bed to swim, watering his couch with his tears. Was I now to cry aloud, "Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?" what an answer might be given me, could the aching head, the throbbing pulse, the fevered lip, and the agonizing limb, make their reply. Surely I should not pass the walls of an hospital, without prayer for the afflicted, and praise for the blessing of health. The clocks are striking five.

Here comes a stage coach with passengers, in their caps, great coats, and handkerchiefs; the guard in his white hat, and the coachman with a green comforter round his neck, are quite in character; but not so the lamps of the coach, they are still lighted, and look strange in the grey of the morning. Yonder, under a gateway, stands a young woman with her box and bundle, waiting for the van; a cart is passing by laden with calves that low in a melancholy manner; and a bill poster is entering on his morning occupation.

I have paused opposite St. Saviour's church, turned towards the station of the Greenwich and Croydon railway, and am looking over into the burying ground where some three score gravestones are visible.

Though strong to run his heavenly course,
  The sun in glory rise;
How soon, alas! his parting beam
  Forsakes the western skies.

So man, exulting, thoughtless man!
  Breaks through the glare and gloom
That mark his little earthly hour,
  Then drops into the tomb.

I see something stirring inside the iron

rails that surround a monument. Now it stands upright; it is a goat with a long beard; he has passed the night, like a solitary hermit, among the tombs. Not a sound is heard on the railway, though an increased rumble reaches the ear from the streets. I will once more walk upon the bridge.

The wind is in the south, and the sooty breath of the foul-mouthed chimneys, on the banks of the river, is spreading itself over the city; clouds of thick black smoke are rolling their burden on the breeze. St. Paul's is so surrounded with smoke, that imagination might suppose it about to burst into a flame. The water is covered with dimples unusually small; not glittering as when lit up by the sun or moon, but faintly visible, just giving back the light of dawn. I can now see the casks, the crates, the sacks, the cases, the bales and packages on the wharfs and in the vessels: not a boat is yet moving on the river.

Sounds have greatly increased, and the bridge has gradually been peopled with passengers, market gardeners with carts of fruit or vegetables; butchers with their supplies of meat; men and women with their bundles, a dozen together in a throng, leaving London, and early workmen going to their labour. Coal wagons are passing, and now and then a brewer's dray, the driver's whip ferruled with brass from top to bottom. Girls with their milk cans, and postmen with their letter bags in their hands, and a gilt band round their hats, are hastening onwards. Ginger beer carts are pushed along by their several owners; bakers with bread, and boys with buns before them accost each other; and at this moment a flock of sheep has nearly covered the entrance of the bridge.

London is now awaking! cabs begin to move; coaches, carts, and wagons, increase, and the rumble of wheels, the jingling of chains and traces, the trampling of horses, the footfall of passengers, and the hum of distant sounds, are mingling together in one perpetual din. A boat, with oars, is now going down the river; and here comes an empty steamer.

In the east, the sky is brightening, and now I might indulge the description of a glorious sunrise, arraying the earth and the heavens with kindling azure, and with glowing gold; but were I to do this, it would be departing from the scene before me; it would be indulging my fancy at the expense of truth. There are in the east no glittering beams of living light, no floods of molten gold, and therefore I will not falsify the dull and monotonous appearance of the heavens.

A traveller is going out of town in his gig. He looks like a man equipped for business, and seems likely to see the Land's End before he returns. A soldier is passing by carrying an umbrella, an article that, in his hand, seems a little out of character. Half a dozen men, with short pipes in their mouths, and a kind of wallet on their backs, are going one way, and a party of mulatto seamen, in blue check shirts, white trowsers, and oilcase caps, are proceeding another. Here is a man with rabbits on a pole, half before and half behind him; and there is a fat gentleman, up to his knees in high-topped boots, carrying his great coat on his arm, striding along with the hope of being in time for the coach, while a weasel-faced stripling, heavily laden with a trunk, is making the best of his way after him. There go the streetkeepers and the policemen off duty, right glad to hear the clock strike six.

How much might be said about the striking of a clock, and of its varied influence among mankind, according to the several positions and circumstances in which they are found. In the dark and silent season of night, it has an unusual solemnity. He who has heard a clock strike one, when in a country churchyard, with the stars over his head, will fully understand me.

I can now see clearly the objects around. The Customhouse is one of the most striking. The Tower is another, with Fishmongers' hall; Nicholson's bonded warehouse; the shipping and steam packets in the river; the dark tower of St. Saviour's church yonder, and especially the Cathedral of St. Paul's. The tide is coming in.

The Thames is a noble river. It does not equal, it is true, in magnitude, the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Burrampooter, the Ganges, the Gambia, the Danube, the St. Lawrence, the Rhine, and some others; but take it with its amount of shipping and merchandize, and it stands the first in the world. Rising in Gloucestershire, and being joined in its course by the Lech, the Cherwell, and the Thame, the Kennet, the Coln, and other rivers, it rolls onwards, dividing Buckinghamshire from Berkshire, Middlesex from Surrey, and Essex from Kent; after which, meeting

with the Medway at Sheerness, it mingles its flood with the waters of the German Ocean.

A thousand ships are sometimes moored in the Pool, presenting a forest of masts to the spectator's eye. Under what different aspects may the river be contemplated! The Roman, the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman, at different times, have crossed it, or sailed up its goodly stream. Kings have sailed sumptuously on its flowing waters. Royal brides have been borne upon it in gilt-prowed barges, gorgeous with flags, pennons, and silken streamers, to the royal residence in the Tower. Prisoners have been conveyed at midnight along the silent waters to Traitor's gate, to return no more. Lord mayors have vied with each other in covering the stream with magnificent pageants of yachts and barges in their visit to, and return from Westminster on the day of their installation to office; and, in winter, fairs have been held on its frozen surface.

But if the river has presented changes to the eye, so have its banks. How different was the view from this place three hundred years ago, when the old Gothic cathedral of St. Paul's was standing; when the houses of the narrow streets were decorated with fanciful gables, ornamental vanes, and tall twisted chimneys. The banks of the river are not now adorned with goodly gardens and stately palaces. The sombre towers of Baynard's Castle, and the proud turrets of Durham House, are gone. The old palace of Bridewell is no longer seen. The ancient bridge, gatewayed, towered, and drawbridged as it was, with its chapel, its mills, and houses, is a thing chronicled in records which are already moth eaten.

The first bridge of which we read, as occupying this place, was built by the monks of St. Mary Overs, some eight or nine hundred years ago. Peter of Colechurch, in 1176, began to build a stone bridge, and as the funds were supplied by a tax on wool, a saying has since risen, "London Bridge was built upon woolsacks." Peter was buried in a chapel constructed in the centre pier. Houses and shops overhung the bridge behind, and in front were connected by large timber arches crossing the street; so that the whole was uncouth and cumbrous in appearance. It had gates, and towers, and a drawbridge in one of the arches, which was raised when vessels had to pass.

This bridge is associated with many occurrences of history. Here David, earl Crawford of Scotland, successfully contended for three days in a grand joust against lord Wells of England. Here was the prior of Tiptree, in Essex, with nine other persons, crushed to death in the crowd, while witnessing the public entry of Richard II. and his youthful queen. When Henry V. returned victorious from Agincourt, a grand pageant was given on the bridge. Here sir Matthew Gough and the citizens of London had a conflict with Jack Cade, the rebel; and here was the entrance of sir Thomas Wyat, arrested during the insurrection against queen Mary.

At the Southwark end of the bridge, stood Traitor's Gate, on which, in the reign of the Tudors, thirty heads might have been counted of such as had been executed for high treason! In the reign of Elizabeth, stately houses were erected on both sides of the bridge, for the old houses had been destroyed by fire, and the place resembled a little city. The great fire of 1666 again cleared away the houses, which were once more rebuilt. Hans Holbein, the celebrated painter, once lived on the bridge, and honest John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress." Nonsuch House was one of the erections on the bridge. It was a wooden fabric, four stories high, constructed in Holland, and brought over to England. Not a single nail was required in setting it up, being entirely fastened together with wooden pegs. At each corner it had a wooden tower.

The first stone of the present London Bridge was laid in the year 1825. The edifice is an admirable one. The simplicity of the architecture, the boldness of the arches, the massive solidity of the piers and parapets, and the noble and majestic appearance of the whole challenge admiration. The stones used in the building are of three kinds,—the purple Aberdeen, the light grey Devonshire Haytor, and the red brown granite of Peterhead. How many joyous and exulting spirits, how many weary feet and aching hearts will pass over it, before the shadows of evening prevail!

Southwark Bridge yonder, or, as it is often called, the Iron Bridge, is an elegant erection. Three cast-iron arches, resting on massive stone piers, span the

whole breadth of the river. The centre arch includes a space of two hundred and forty feet, being nearly forty feet more than the height of the Monument. The amount of metal required for the construction of this bridge was above five thousand tons. The toll demanded of the passenger, is, to a perambulator like me, a pleasant thing, for it so reduces the numbers of passers by, that he can linger there for the hour, with his pencil and paper, without inconvenience. How gladly do I give that penny which many grudge to pay!

Waterloo Bridge, a beautiful structure, which has the credit of being considered the longest stone bridge in Europe, is perfectly level. Half a million of money was expended in its erection, and a still larger amount in the approaches to it. It was named after the famous battle of Waterloo, and was first opened on the anniversary of that memorable conflict.

The bridge of Blackfriars is named from a convent of black friars, which once stood in its neighbourhood. He who wishes to secure the best view of St. Paul's Cathedral, should take his stand on its centre arch. From this place, the Monument, the Tower, Somerset House, and Westminster Abbey, are all seen to advantage, as well as a considerable part of the city. To say nothing of coaches, carriages, omnibuses, wagons, vans, carts, gigs, and horses, not less than sixty thousand passengers are said to cross the bridge during the day.

Besides the suspension bridge at Hammersmith, there are Westminster, Vauxhall, Battersea, Fulham, Kew, Kingston, Hampton Court, Richmond, and Walton bridges. But I have now written enough on this subject. The sun is breaking out over the Tower, and the day promises fair. I have swallowed fog enough this morning for a whole month, ay, for two months. Who would have thought that such a watery-looking sky would so soon have cleared up?

> Yet, oft amid the murky shroud
> The sunbeam wins its way,
> And breaking from the thunder cloud,
> Proclaims a goodly day!
>
> And often, too, with waving wings,
> When judgments seem to roll,
> Mercy flies kindly forth, and flings
> A sunbeam on the soul!

A few hours are passed, and the king of day is midway on his journey to the south. I am no longer standing on London Bridge, but in the Thames Tunnel, more than seventy feet below high water mark. The deep descent, the lengthened arches, the retiredness of the place, the line of lamps, and the knowledge that the river is rolling over my head, these altogether impart a novelty of feeling that is not unpleasant to me. There is a little of romance in the whole that gives an interest to every thing I gaze on. The miners, the bricklayers, and the visitors add life to the scene. On descending the shaft, I thought to myself, "Into what strange situations curiosity leads mankind!" And I might have added, womankind too, as I will now explain.

Years ago I was cooped up in this place with a princess; standing on the same plank with the grand duchess Helene, sister to the emperor of all the Russias. It happened that she visited the Tunnel when I was here, and went to the extreme point where the workmen were employed. There was no space in which to practise etiquette, so her grace and the nobles that attended her, Mr. Brunel, the architect, and I, the meanest of the throng, were cooped up together. There were two ladies present, and not knowing which was the grand duchess, I asked a royal duke at my elbow to inform me, and this he did with great politeness. The duchess, who was then on the same plank with me, turned round and smiled archly at my question. Had she been a peasant instead of a princess, this record of the event had never been made by me. Where there is an inclination to be vain, what a trifling circumstance will puff up the heart!

While standing here, three or four timorous visitors, who had ventured past the middle of the excavation, and looked along the row of lamps to the end, have hurried past me, in evident apprehension, lest the vaulted roof above them should give way, and let the Thames into the tunnel. There they go, as though they were escaping for their lives.

This excavation is a wondrous enterprise. Bold in its design, and difficult in its execution, it has arrived at a point which has ensured its success, as the most dangerous part of the work can now be carried on at low water, when, indeed, there is no water over the workmen. Accidents have occurred,

lives have been lost, and seemingly insurmountable impediments have presented themselves, but untiring perseverance has won its way through every difficulty. The Thames Tunnel, when completed, will not only be an important channel of communication between the two sides of the river, over which a bridge could not have been built at this point, but also a triumphal arch commemorating the success of enterprise, resolution, skill, and perseverance, and commanding the admiration of the world.

PAPISTS CONVERTED.

Dr. Thomas Carr, who had been stationed in India for more than twenty years, on his way to his diocese, after being appointed bishop of Bombay, related the following incident to his fellow traveller, the Rev. John A. Clark, an American minister.

"Some year or two since, he accompanied Dr. Wilson, bishop of Calcutta, on a tour of visitation through a part of his extensive diocese. On their way, they touched at Aurungabad, a city under Mohammedan jurisdiction, being a part of the Nizamb's dominion, whose imperial court is stationed at Hydrabad. It so happened, that the Nizamb, or a portion of his army, were, at this very time, at Aurungabad. One morning, while they were at breakfast, a man, who was evidently a native of Hindostan, called, and preferred a request to the bishop, that he would attend the funeral of a deceased child. The bishop of course inquired, if the parents of the child were Christians, to which inquiry an affirmative answer being received, both bishop Wilson and Dr. Carr felt a strong desire to know by what instrumentality the parents of this child had embraced the Christian faith, as they were natives of India. They learned, upon inquiry, that they were followers of Nizamb's camp. All who were employed as domestics or servants in the families of the officers of this army, were called, 'followers of the camp.' The parents of this deceased child, together with some seventeen or eighteen other persons, connected in a like capacity with the camp, had not only embraced the Christian faith, but were in the habit of meeting regularly on Sunday by themselves for worship. After the funeral, the whole company of these Christians met bishop Wilson, and had a long interview with him. He then learned that they had never enjoyed the instruction of any missionary, or had an opportunity of conversing with any Protestant Christian. Their ancestors resided in a part of India, where a portion of the inhabitants had been led to abandon Pagan idolatry, and embrace the Roman Catholic faith, and they among the number. Educated in this faith, they grew up decided Papists in their views and feelings, not even knowing that there was any other or purer form of Christianity. After having joined the camp, and having now arrived at a period of life in which serious reflections were more frequently awakened in their minds, they often felt deep convictions of sin, and were led, day after day, to prostrate themselves before crucifixes, images, and pictures, in order to soothe a disturbed conscience. There was an old woman attached to the camp, acting in the same capacity with themselves, as a domestic in some officer's family, who had formerly resided at Madras, and had been instructed by Kolhoff, or some of the missionaries connected with that station. She had a copy of the sacred Scriptures, which she was constantly reading, and she used to remark to these individuals, that there was nothing in the Bible about transubstantiation, or kneeling before images, or perpetually crossing one's self, and that these things could never bring peace to a troubled mind. To satisfy them of the truth of what she said, she proposed to read the Scriptures to them, which she did from time to time. The result was, that they became convinced that they were in error, and resolved to gather their creed from the Bible. They obtained a copy of the New Testament in the Tamul language, and met together regularly to hear it read. After a while, there providentially fell in their way a copy of the Prayer Book, in the Tamul tongue, which had been published by bishop Heber. Having appointed one of their number as a reader, they now had worship regularly, according to the order of the Prayer Book, on Sundays."

Here was a little body of Christians in the midst of India, surrounded by Mohammedan and pagan darkness, conducted to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, not by the voice of a

living instructor, but by the silent and simple teaching of a single copy of God's word; and though deprived of all pastoral ministrations, they were enabled to keep up from week to week an edifying worship, by means of a single copy of the Book of Common Prayer. What a proof we have here of the power of God's word! With what confidence may we rely upon it, in sending it forth without note or comment, among the unevangelized nations of the earth! It will not return void, but accomplish what the Lord pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto it is sent.—*Glimpses of the Old World.*

"I COULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT IT."

We frequently hear this expression of surprise at occurrences which, if we gave ourselves a moment's consideration, we must perceive have fallen out exactly in the common course of things.

How amazingly one person, though he moves on but at a gentle pace, gets ahead of another, who but for a few moments lingers behind, sits down, or stands still! "What progress he has made in that short time! I could not have thought it." "Yes, you could," said my uncle, "if you had but considered the difference between steady perseverance and absolute inactivity, or if you had been really aware of the time consumed on 'more last words.' You thought it was but a minute or two; it happened that I cast my eyes on the hall clock, and observed that you were just a quarter of an hour later than Frank in starting; I did not expect that you would soon overtake him."

"A quarter of an hour, uncle! Well, no doubt you are right, but I'm sure I could not have thought it; it seemed to me less than five minutes; I thought I should catch him before he got out of the lane." "Perhaps you will learn in future to calculate both time and distance better: in the present instance, it was of no great consequence; you only lost the pleasure of a social walk; but I know people who are habitually too late for public worship, too late for a stage coach, too late for almost every appointment, and whose hackneyed excuse is, 'Surely it is not so late as that, I could not have thought it: the clocks must be wrong.' No, no: the clocks are right enough; but people who fritter time away without consideration, need never wonder at their failures in punctuality: the wonder would be, if they should happen for once to be punctual.

I have sometimes been surprised to observe the progress of vegetation; after only a few days' absence in the spring of the year, I can scarcely recognize my own garden: I left it a surface of black mould, merely divided into compartments; now, each of these compartments presents rich stripes of vivid green, or the black mould is completely hidden by a shade of overspreading green. Surrounding houses, which, when I left, formed prominent objects in the scene, are now nearly obscured by the intervening foliage. What a change in so short a time! Really, I could not have thought it! Why not? It is no more than takes place every spring. But we are too apt to overlook the silent but constant progress of nature; we are scarcely aware of the change that is taking place every day before our eyes: but when removed for a few days from the scene, we are astonished at the change that has taken place during our absence; yes, and we are often insensible to the incessant bounties of our God, whose blessings distil upon us, like the morning and evening dew, who daily loadeth us with his benefits. How apt are we to overlook the common blessings of air, light, water! But if for a time removed into a situation less favourable in respect of these common mercies, we are struck with a sense of their value, and 'could not have thought' how essential they were to our comfort. It is well if occasional privations lead to habitual thankfulness and improvement. Perhaps, too, we could not have thought, because we do not accustom ourselves to think, of the value of the spiritual privileges we constantly enjoy, until some interruption rouses us to consideration, and stimulates us to more diligent improvement in future.

Objects with which we were formerly familiar, but which we have not seen for a considerable length of time, appear very different to our imagination, from what they are in reality. 'Is that the lofty mansion in which I passed the days of my childhood? is that really the long long schoolroom, with its eight sash windows side by side? and are those the two majestic firs in front, which my childish imagination identified with those to which the poet compares the spear of Satan,—

> 'His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great admiral, were but a wand.'

Instead of finding them advanced in height by the growth of forty years, they seem shrunk to mere shrubs; and the house appears but a cottage. 'I could not have thought it.' Ah, the objects are the same, but the difference is in my perception. I thought as a child, I understood as a child; I saw things differently; judged of them, not by reality, but by comparison, and reasoned on them falsely. And oh when shall I attain that spiritual maturity that will reduce things to their proper standard, and that will preserve me from judging falsely, in matters of greater moment? When shall I see the world, and the things of the world, as they really are, vain, trifling, insignificant? When shall I acquire the habit of looking with stedfast eye, not on the things which are seen and temporal, but on those which are unseen and eternal? Then, and not till then, shall I realize the consciousness that these trials and afflictions, which seem so heavy and so long continued, and so wearisome, are 'light,' and 'but for a moment,' and are employed in working out for me a 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?' 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

"'I could not have thought it!' (or rather, I did not think it,) 'how small expenses mount up to a serious sum.' It is recorded of a certain eminent physician, that he daily visited an intimate friend during a lingering illness, and was daily presented with a fee, which he stedfastly declined. His friend at length recovered; and when the physician's daily visits became no longer necessary, the patient once more offered him a purse, in which the rejected fee had been regularly deposited: the doctor looked hesitatingly, and after a momentary struggle accepted the purse, saying, 'Singly, I could have gone on declining them for twenty years; but all together—they are irresistible.' Many persons have gone on, year after year, insensibly ruining themselves, by daily indulgence in needless expenses, singly so small as to be almost imperceptible; but in time amounting to a fearful aggregate. Should the gross lovers of snuff, tobacco, and stimulating drinks, or the more refined votaries of perfumes, lace, trinkets, etc., be reminded, by some particular circumstance, of the total sum expended by them on these articles in any given period, a year, or three years, or seven years, it is probable they would start with astonishment, if not with incredulity, and say, 'I could not have thought it!' And yet the application of a very little simple arithmetic would soon convince them that it must be so. On the other hand, a person not accustomed to go into the detail of the income and expenditure of religious societies, if told for the first time what proportion is borne by the accumulated pence of the poor to the more splendid contributions of the rich, would at least exclaim, 'I could not have thought it!' It would be well to accustom ourselves to think, and think with practical self application, how soon money put together in small sums mounts up to large ones. How much inconvenience and distress result from the continued indulgence of small, but needless expenses; and how much good might be done by a little steady self-denial, in matters so small as hardly to bear the name of a sacrifice!

"'I am very glad to see you,' said an old and intimate friend, 'it is a long time since we met,—four or five years, I should think: but your memory is better than mine. No doubt you can tell.'

"'Nine years last March we met at ——.' 'Nine years! is that nine years ago? I am sure, I could not have thought it.' My friend, have we each spent nine years of usefulness on earth, and are we nine years nearer heaven?'"

Such appeals tend to give a profitable turn to conversation; and every individual may possess himself of a pretty faithful chronometer, by habitually keeping in view the account hereafter to be given of every year, and day, and hour.

"What an alteration has taken place in Maria F——! I could not have thought it possible. Do you not remember her, uncle, a pretty merry girl, quite the life of her circle? It seems almost incredible, that a few years should have wrought such a difference. She now appears quite a listless slattern; and there is an expression of discontent and ill humour, of which I should never have thought her smiling face could have been susceptible. Has she been the subject of severe illness, or has she met with any peculiar trials, to occasion so great a change?"

"No," replied my uncle, "I believe she has not more than the common share of fatigues and troubles in the married

life: but you must have been ignorant of the young lady's real character, and caught by a showy exterior, or you would not imagine that you saw in her so surprizing a change. Maria F——'s gaiety, at the time you saw her, was not that of cheerful contentment and benevolence, but that of gratified vanity. It was when her pretty face and sprightly sallies had turned the heads of half the young men in the neighbourhood, (I am glad, Samuel, they did not quite succeed with you;) when she just had what she wished; that she kept up an appearance of good humour. And when, in order to obtain what she chiefly coveted, admiration, it was necessary that her appearance should be attractive, then she could condescend to pay the requisite attention to personal neatness. But these incentives will not always last; and if the habits of good humour and neatness have been sustained on no higher principle than the love of admiration, they will soon disappear, when the excitement that produced them is over. I have seen a few instances of an entrance on the cares and duties of domestic life proving the occasion of rousing young women to the exercise of better dispositions, and the cultivation of better habits than those by which they were characterized in early life, and this to a degree beyond all previous calculation: it has indeed surprized me. But to see a vain selfish girl settle down into a slatternly peevish wife, is so exceedingly common, and so perfectly natural a thing, that I am never tempted to say, 'I could not have thought it.'"

I bowed in deference to my uncle's remarks, though I confess I thought them rather harsh; but I was a young man then. I have now nearly attained the age at which my uncle uttered these sentiments, and have seen a little of life; but I cannot call to mind one instance that, in this particular, controverts my uncle's judgment. Much of the surprize expressed in "I could not have thought it," results from ignorance of human nature, which more extensive observation and longer experience will correct.

I remember a lady who always in company assumed airs of softness and gentleness; I had only met her in general society, and had formed no particular opinion of her character. Certainly it had never occurred to me, that she could speak in a tone above a whisper, much less that she was capable of angry scolding; but the fact was, I had never thought about it. It happened that her husband, who was a great horticulturist, begged some cuttings from a plant in my garden; in return, he invited me to walk in his, and select any varieties that might be new to me. In passing to the garden, most unfortunately the kitchen door stood open, and discovered the delicate lady pouring forth upon her servant maid a torrent of the most vulgar and violent abuse, for some trifling misdemeanor. Verily, I could not have thought it! But that, like the former example, was many years ago; and I have since had frequent occasions to observe that softness of manners in company is not always the companion of true gentleness and kindness of heart.

"Poor Mr. and Mrs. Selby! I am exceedingly grieved for them; they must be overwhelmed, at meeting such unkindness and neglect under their present affliction, from one who was under such obligations to them, and had professed so much friendship for them. I really could not have thought it of him."

"Ah, Samuel," said my uncle, "if you live long in the world, you will cease to wonder at the instability of worldly friendships; you will most likely not only grieve for others smarting from the fickleness of professed friends, but will yourself experience something of the same. I am not greatly surprized at the conduct of Harris, for I always looked upon him as a selfish sycophant; and though our dear friends are in very trying and afflictive circumstances, to which his defection may inflict an additional pang, I do not at all fear their being overwhelmed. Their principles are firm, and affliction will only endear to them those consolations which no storm can disturb. 'David,' observes Matthew Henry, 'had in his time waded through a great deal of difficulty, which gave him great experience of God's goodness.'"

I have, in some former paper, referred to a relation of our family, a widow lady, who was very highly respected by my uncle, not so much on account of his intimacy with herself and her husband, when they were living in opulence, as on account of the Christian magnanimity with which she bore a reverse of circumstances, and her indefatigable exertions on behalf of her family. The daughter of this lady was a most amiable and interesting girl; and from her education, and family connexion, as well as from her

personal merits, was justly entitled to a place in the best society. She was indeed regarded as one of its distinguished ornaments. The society of this lovely girl was particularly courted by a highly respectable and pious family, who frequently (more frequently than her mother could spare her) invited her to spend a few weeks with their daughters, and expressed, and no doubt felt, a fervent desire that their daughters might copy her example. But there were sons as well as daughters, and one of the sons discovered a strong partiality for the friend of his sisters. This partiality could not be overlooked in the family, and it was not discouraged, but spoken of in terms of high satisfaction. The family being in comfortable circumstances, it is probable that the absence of wealth on the part of the young lady would not have been considered a counterpoise to her many excellent qualifications. But those who most value themselves on their independence, are often in reality most dependent. The family had expectations from rich and proud relatives, who spurned the idea of family connexion where wealth was wanting, and especially where at least one of the family was engaged in trade. Intimations sufficiently intelligible were given to the young man of the sentiments of the grandees, and, without assigning any reason, he discontinued his attentions.

During the intimacy, my kind uncle had more than once said, "I hope the feelings of that amiable girl will not be trifled with; but with all their excellences, I know the loftiness and coldheartedness of the parties too well, for a moment to admit the thought of that connexion being tolerated. I hope a better lot is in reserve for my young friend than to become one of a family as far inferior to her in mind as they are above her in property and pride."

My uncle was right; but for my part, when I saw my fair cousin wan and dejected, from the neglect and coolness she had experienced, I foolishly said, "Well, I could not have thought it. He seemed so very fond of her; and I should have thought him a young man of honour."

I have since learned never to be surprised at the rapid progress of deterioration of character. Where selfishness and pride have the ascendency, with whatever seeming or real good qualities they may be combined, it is no matter of surprize if they lead to caprice, instability, unkindness, and even perfidy. I rejoice to add, that my uncle's good wish was accomplished on behalf of our young relative, as well as his judicious prognostication. She became the wife of a man who appreciated her worth, and who made her happy, though in a humbler style than that to which a connexion with the ——s would have introduced her.

"I could not have thought it! a man that made such a profession of religion. I could not have believed him guilty of such conduct."

Such was the exclamation of more than one of our party on hearing of the misconduct of a zealous professor of religion.

"Perhaps," said my uncle, "you are not required to believe it. The case may not be as bad as is represented. It is very possible that if we hear another side of the story, the good man may be acquitted of the charges brought against him; but even if it should be true, it should neither shake our faith nor weaken our charity. Religion is true, and valuable, and excellent, though there are false professors of it; and there are many sincere and consistent Christians, though there are some who give the lie to their profession, and cause the way of truth to be evil spoken of. Such sad examples as that which now excites your surprise and grief, teach us much of the depravity of human nature, and the deceitfulness and depravity of the human heart, and they should lead us, not uncandidly to mistrust others, but most carefully to scrutinize ourselves. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," 1 Cor. x. 12. "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting," Psa. cxxxix. 23, 24.

"I could not have thought it."—There is nothing so frivolous, so empty, so vain, so vexatious, that we may not think it of the world. There is nothing so unkind, so unjust, so fickle, so foolish, that we may not think it of others or of ourselves; for it belongs to fallen man. There is nothing so good, and holy, and noble, that we may not think of it as the product of renewing grace. There is nothing so great, and gracious, and glorious, but we may think of it and realize it in our covenant God.

"But who can speak his glorious deeds?
His greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable his ways,
Vast and immortal be his praise!"

ENGLISH HOSPITALS IN CANTON AND MACAO.

The late Dr. Morrison had a large heart and a comprehensive mind; we are not surprised, therefore, that among other great designs, for the good of China, that he should have reflected upon the establishment of such institutions as hospitals, for the reception of diseased natives. And it pleased God to spare his life long enough to see the experiment tried with the highest success by Dr. Colledge, of her Majesty's establishment in China, who, in the year 1827, opened a hospital at Macao, and conducted it with the most praiseworthy skill and patience till 1832, when the return of his coadjutor, Dr. Pearson, to England, compelled him to close the doors.

In mentioning the name of Pearson, we should be deficient in justice, did we not remind the reader, that the credit of first introducing vaccination into China, is due to him. The native practitioners took up the suggestion with a zeal which did them great honour. The operation is still performed, on certain days, at Canton, in one of the public halls. Here the people assemble in crowds with their children, to avail themselves of this precautionary measure against the small pox, which commits great havoc among the little ones of China. The name of each person, with their place of residence, is entered into a book, and a dollar deposited as a guarantee for their reappearance. If the operation succeeds, the money is returned, and the name entered into another book, which is therefore a proper record of the number of persons who have been successfully vaccinated. Before the important business is commenced, some of the attendants go round, and by passing a piece of string through the loose sleeves of the garment that covers the child, and tying the ends together, upon the outside, lay bare both the arms at once. After this preliminary is settled, the operator dips his lancet in the virus, or vaccine matter, and sets to work with the zeal and assiduity of a man, who has a given task to perform, within the shortest period. The little sufferers complain of this harsh treatment with loud and mournful cries, till all have joined in the chorus. Such a symphony of wailings is not often heard; and were a person to overhear it, without knowing the cause, his imagination might be filled with terrible ideas of the torture that was inflicted upon poor babes in China.

But to return from this digression, which will not, perhaps, be unacceptable, as the writer is describing from personal observation. "In the year 1827, I determined," observed Dr. Colledge, "to devote a large portion of my time, and such medical skill, as education and much attention to the duties of my profession had made my own, to the cure of so many poor Chinese sufferers of Macao and its vicinity, as came in my way. My intention was to receive patients labouring under every species of sickness; but principally those afflicted with diseases of the eyes: diseases most distressing to the labouring classes, among whom they are very prevalent; and from which all other hope is denied to them, through the utter incapacity of native practitioners. During that year, my own funds supplied the necessary outlay. In 1828, many friends, who had witnessed the success of my exertions in the preceding year, and had become aware of the expenses I had incurred, came forward and put me in possession of means to provide for the maintenance of such patients, as I found it necessary to keep, for some time, under my care. Thus the hospital grew upon my hands; confidence established among a people, who had been accustomed to consider foreigners as barbarians; and the number of my inmates was regulated only by the limits of my accommodations. Since the commencement of this undertaking in 1827, to the present time, about four thousand indigent Chinese have been relieved from various maladies: many have been restored to sight; more, saved from impending blindness, have resumed their usual occupations, and supported, in lieu of remaining a burden on their families."

Encouraged by the success of the excellent individual whose words we have been quoting, in 1834, Dr. Parker, from the United States, set out for China, and by the support of British merchants, and the advice of Colledge, opened an ophthalmic hospital at Canton. This institution has flourished in a wonderful manner, and has presented such pledges of what the exercise of philanthropy can do in removing the prejudices of the people, that one is led to draw the most cheering omens as to what may be done, when some of the present hinderances shall have been taken out of the way. Since the

opening, up to the end of 1839, six thousand three hundred patients had been entered upon the books of the hospital. And notwithstanding the present untoward state of things, a letter, dated April 4, 1840, states, that the doctor is still at his work, in the Danish Hong, "and has a great proportion of official and rich men to wait on him."

The advantages which arise from such enterprises in China, may be summed up under the following heads :

1. They give the native an opportunity of ascertaining, by actual experiment, what sort of men Christian foreigners are. He has a practical proof of the superiority of their skill in an art, upon which the medical part of his countrymen have always very greatly valued themselves, and is compelled to award the palm of scientific merit to the man from the west. The Chinese have many men of renown in the recollection, and upon the pages of their history, whom they look up to as exemplars and models of benevolence. But as these, according to their own account, were, with Confucius at their head, always in search of places and preferment, roaming from state to state, to see who would give them some piece of patronage, they have nothing that will compare with the conduct of a man, who leaves his native land, traverses many thousands of miles, on purpose to do good, without looking for a recompense. Hence, when they attempt to eulogize Colledge, or Parker, the usual terms of hyperbole are deemed inadequate, and phrases that savour strongly of idolatry, are used in their stead. "He is like a god," said an intelligent native to the writer, when speaking of Dr. Parker; "for he is always at work." The skill and benevolence of the Christian foreigner, are in some sort written upon the bodies of many Chinese, who have been restored to sight, or rescued from the effects of some fatal disease; they tell their own story, while they indirectly put in a plea for Christianity, of which they are pledges and specimens.

2. They unfold the real character of the native, and give us an intimate view of those feelings and maxims by which he is influenced. Many peculiarities have been detected, and their bearings ascertained; for hope and fear, working alternately upon a patient, for several weeks, will generally lead to a developement of qualities, which might, under ordinary circumstances, have been entirely concealed. But if singularities have often surprised us within the walls of an hospital, our wonder has been still more frequently excited, by seeing how universal the laws of human nature are in their influence, and how frequently the image of one's own mind is reflected in the character of the seemingly eccentric Chinese. This fact is encouraging; for it tells us that, in close quarters, the missionary will not have to shoot at a venture; but may so frame his remarks as to act upon the understanding and the heart, though God alone can bestow a saving efficacy upon them.

3. These enterprises afford ample scope to the medical man, for investigating the history and nature of diseases which prevail in China. And though there be common points of resemblance in the principal maladies which afflict mankind, each country has some that are peculiar to itself. These, taken in connexion with the nature of the climate, shape and elevation of the soil, qualities of the water, and mode of living, throw great light upon the exciting causes of disease, and consequently upon the methods of treatment. Each country has also its peculiar remedies; an acquaintance with these, tends to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. And thus the medical philanthropist, while busy in serving the cause of humanity, is, at the same time, promoting the ends of science.

In 1837, a society was organized by the writer of these remarks, in conjunction with Dr. Parker, under the title of the Medical Missionary Society in China. Besides the Ophthalmic Hospital at Canton, it has under its patronage a large hospital at Macao. This was opened by Dr. Parker, in 1838, and subsequently conducted by two gentlemen from the London Missionary Society. Should it please God to allow our intercourse with the Chinese to be placed upon a proper footing, these hospitals will present, hereafter, pictures of the most interesting kind. Crowds of Chinese, rich and poor, mingling together, with very little regard to distinctions of rank and circumstances, and waiting the judgment and advice of the barbarian, as if he were a prophet sent on purpose to do them good, will be a sight, only second in interest to another, and that is, as great a number clustering round the feet of the missionary, and listening to the words of eternal life, with as deep an anxiety.

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MUSSULMANS AND THE BIBLE.

Even now, the Bible is by no means a stranger in the hands of Mussulmans; for though those possessed by Christians are supposed to be corrupt, they are, on the whole, respected as the word of God. Their connexion with Mohammedanism, and the frequent allusions to them in the koran, render them an object of curiosity, especially to the learned Mussulmans. They are frequently sought after from no other motive than to learn the nature of the doctrines which they teach. Several instances have come to my knowledge in which men in authority have sent requests for copies to Christians whom they knew to possess them. The parts which they choose and read with the greatest pleasure, are the narrative portions, in which they often become intensely interested.

About nine miles distant from Broussa, the first capital of the Turkish empire, is a village inhabited by a mixed population of Greeks and Turks. On a certain occasion, the latter requested the priest of the village to read the gospel to them. He consented, and sat down with most of the Mussulmans in the village around him, and a copy of the New Testament, procured from an American missionary in Broussa, in his hand. He began and read on amidst almost breathless silence, until the hour of meals had come. His hearers, however, had become so deeply interested in the narrative, that they would not permit him to suspend the reading. He continued, therefore, uninterrupted, until he came to the closing scenes of the life of Christ. Here they stopped, for it is a doctrine of the Mohammedans that it was not Jesus who was crucified, but some one in his appearance and likeness.

The lives of the patriarchs and prophets are also a favourite portion of the Scriptures to the Mussulmans. Their own books are full of stories concerning them. They speak of them with the deepest reverence. They regard them all as veritable Mussulmans, as, in the literal sense of the word, they indeed were. They adopt their names. They respect the places of their birth, and perform pilgrimages to their sepulchres.

The other portions of the sacred writings which Mussulmans read with the highest admiration, are those which abound in moral sentiments and precepts. Such are the Psalms of David and the Proverbs of Solomon. The former are replete with those expressions of adoration and trust in God which are most congenial to a devout Mussulman, and with allusions and resemblances most familiar to the mind of an oriental. The latter is, throughout, an eastern book. Its apothegmatical and sententious style is that to which the minds of Mussulmans are most accustomed in their own books on moral truth and duty.

Not to particularize farther, I may mention the sermon on the mount as another portion of Scripture which I have heard Mussulmans read and expatiate upon with evident delight. The only parts of the sacred volume which Mohammed expressly recognized as canonical, were the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels. The other parts, however, were not rejected, but rather, under the general appellation of the Scriptures, acknowledged. They are sometimes read, and are even used to prove the Divine authority of the apostleship of Mohammed; for, corrupt as our Scriptures are alleged to be, Mussulman controversialists pretend to find in them predictions concerning their own prophet. It is curious, indeed, to observe how much attention has been given to them by Mohammedan divines. They have been searched, not only for the purpose just mentioned, but to detect the corruptions which are supposed to exist in them; and it is not a little singular that the very passages which infidels have adduced as instances of contradictions and inconsistencies, the followers of Mohammed have preferred in proof of a less presumptuous position. Books have also been written to show that it is prohibited to Mussulmans to translate or cite from the Bible, as it now exists; and, in accordance with its supposed character, as being neither entirely pure nor wholly spurious, tradition reports a saying of Mohammed which forbids his followers either to believe it or reject it.

Such prohibitions, however, do not prevent it from being received and read. It is preserved with great care, and is called, in common with the koran, *Kitabi Scherif*, or noble book. It is impossible to say how far it has gone into circulation among the Mohammedans. Is is certain that, at different times, a multitude of copies have been distributed in

Turkey. I have sufficient reason to believe that in private it is attentively perused by many individuals, and that it is sometimes read and commented upon in companies of friends. It has been sent into different parts of the kingdom, where, besides those intended for Mussulmans, numerous copies have been distributed among those Christians to whom the Turkish is the vernacular tongue. It has been openly offered for sale, and read to Mussulmans at fairs, and presents of copies have been made to governors of towns and other men in authority. In Constantinople, from ten to fifteen copies are annually sold to Mussulmans from the depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On one occasion, a copy of the New Testament in each of the three great languages of the Mussulmans—Arabic, Turkish, and Persian—was purchased by officers from the mehkemeh, for the purpose of examining whether the duties required of witnesses were enjoined in the Scriptures of Christians.—*Southgate.*

THE APOCRYPHA.

Apocrypha is the denomination of certain books appended to some of our Bibles, a term derived from the Greek word αποκρυπτο, (*apokrupto,*) to hide, either because they are of doubtful or hidden authority; or because in the first ages of Christianity, they were not read publicly in the churches, but only permitted to be read privately at home. Theodotian is supposed to have been the first person who collected them together; but they have never been admitted into the sacred canon, or collection of authentic and inspired writings, except by the Romish Church. Some of them are, indeed, highly absurd, and but little superior to the fables of the Talmudists: among these are the stories of Bel and the Dragon, Susannah and the Elders. Others of them wear more the appearance of authenticity, as the books, particularly the first, of the Maccabees. One of the earliest notices of the Apocryphal writings being read in the churches, is about the end of the fourth century, in Jerome's preface to the books written by Solomon. He observes, "that as Judith, Tobit, and the books of Maccabees, were read in some churches, though not received as canonical, so the books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus might be read for the edification of the people; but not as authority in the doctrines of the church." This judgment of Jerome has been adopted by the Church of England, in her sixth article of religion. The popish Council of Trent, on the contrary, decreed in 1546, that several of the apocryphal books should be received as canonical by the Romish Church. The apocryphal books were rejected by the Jews, whose particular glory it was, that "unto them were committed the oracles of God," Rom. iii. 2; and although they frequently made the word of God of no effect by the traditions of the elders, they never placed the writings of their doctors in the canon of Scripture.

WISDOM OF THE CREATOR EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS WORKS.

The various orders of vegetables provided in every part of the globe, for the countless forms of animated existence, are eminently illustrative of the provident care of the Creator, and show us how good and how great is the Father of the families of the whole earth. The following passage from St. Pierre's Studies of Nature, is so well calculated to impress this truth, that it is unnecessary to apologize for its introduction: "The sluggish cow pastures in the cavity of the valley; the bounding sheep on the declivity of the hill; the scrambling goat browses among the shrubs of the rock; the duck feeds on the water-plants of the river; the hen, with attention, picks up every grain that is scattered and lost in the field; the pigeon, of rapid wing, collects a similar tribute from the refuse of the grove; and the frugal bee turns to account even the small dust on the flower. There is no corner of the earth where the whole vegetable crop may not be reaped. Those plants which are rejected by one are a delicacy to another, and, even among the finny tribes, contribute to their fatness. The hog devours the horse-tail and henbane; the goat, the thistle and the hemlock. All return in the evening to the habitation of man, with murmurs, with bleatings, with cries of joy, bringing back to him the delicious tributes of innumerable plants, transformed by a process the most inconceivable, into honey, milk, butter, eggs, and cream."

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.—No. VI.

JONAS HARDING.

Refreshing scenes occurred to memory, as I stood with my foot upon the lowly daisy-decked grave of Jonas Harding. I thought of those days when, animated with holy zeal, I conceived I had nothing to do but to walk forth, and take each fellow sinner by the hand, and lead him on to heaven. Alas! I had yet to learn, that the god of this world leads man captive at his will; and that mine was but a feeble arm opposed to his who, like a "strong man armed," keeps vigilant watch over his prey.

It was under these circumstances that I first became acquainted with Jonas Harding. Our worthy old rector, doubtless feeling his inequality to the conflict, mighty champion though he was in God's cause, used, as often as any of his parishioners enlisted under the banner of Christ, to send them out into his field to battle. For this purpose he engaged outposts, if I may so express it, in various parts, where his fellow soldiers might take their stations, on certain days of the week, in order to wield the sword of the Spirit. Among these outposts was the house of Jonas Harding—happy Jonas Harding.

Yes, reader, Jonas Harding was happy, and yet he was neither rich, gay, powerful, nor even known to the busy world in which he sojourned. Living in the midst of a cold, bleak heath, the smoke of his chimney mingled with no other smoke; and yet, in the midst of this solitude, he was happy. The secret of his happiness is well told by the poet:—

> "He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
> Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
> Who, doomed to an obscure and tranquil state,
> Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
> Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
> Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
> Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
> Content indeed to sojourn while he must
> Below the skies, but having there his home.
> The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
> Of objects more illustrious in her view;
> And occupied, as earnestly as she,
> Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world."
>
> Cowper.

With the early history of Jonas Harding, I am unacquainted: there could have been, however, very little incident in it, and therefore this need not be deplored. The life of one poor man, and such has a friend in every feeling heart, naturally reflects that of another, as face answereth to face in a glass. It is according to the curse pronounced upon the posterity of our great forefather:—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground," Gen. iii. 19. Still there are some shades of difference both in the circumstances and characters of the poor; and in both these Jonas Harding shone conspicuously over most of the labourers in our parish.

This may be gathered from the following circumstance, which may be noted down as the greatest event in the life of Jonas. About forty years ago, some, whose possessions were already great, and which, judging from their extent,

> Forbad the thought of asking more,

looked upon a wide desolate heath, and coveted it. It fell into their possession, and they hedged it round about, that the poor might never set foot any more thereon. The hedges grew and prospered, but the ploughman never ventured to turn up the sod, lest the possessors should be ruined: and so their enclosed possessions remain to this day; reminding the passer-by of the familiar fable of "The dog in the manger."

But in the midst of this barrenness, there is a little spot, in such a flourishing condition that one might almost fancy it was laughing at the surrounding scenery. On it, in one part, fruit trees and vegetables, and choice cottage flowers, grow in abundance; and in another part, green grass for the cow shoots up with vigour. It was on this spot that Jonas Harding lived. It appears that when the common herd of labourers lost their interest in this waste scenery, Jonas for his good conduct, (and good conduct will always bring respect, and produce a reward,) found favour in the sight of those whose lot it was to divide the prize. This spot was given to him and his heirs for ever!

Perhaps another man, less industrious than Jonas, would have declined the favour, or at least would have endeavoured to have sold the boon; but not so did he: he knew that it was a waste spot, and that if he had worked the ground as it was, he would have spent his strength for nought. He saw, however, that he had space, and a good strong foundation whereon he might, in time, spread a good layer of manure and mould, that would insure him the fruits of the earth. This was his aim, and this he accomplished. So completely successful was he, that I must assure the reader I never tasted sweeter fruit, or received a fairer nosegay, as a token of regard, than those that were gathered

from the garden of Jonas Harding. Behold, therefore, the effects of industry! The success of Jonas is a striking comment upon this wise lesson of Dr. Franklin:—"Lose no time, be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions."

But this was not all that Jonas achieved. The cottage in which he lived was the work of his own hands; and so also were all the other appurtenances, necessary for the comforts of a cottage. The walls of it were, it is true, in the oriental mode of building, namely, of mud; but a fairer whitewashed dwelling would not have been met with for many a mile round. And then it was so adorned with roses and sweet eglantine, that to a lover of nature, (and

> "The love of nature's works,
> Is an ingredient in the compound man,
> Infused at the creation of the kind,"
> COWPER,)

it carried an attraction with it, that disposed the mind to take up its abode beneath the lowly roof, and forego ambition. For myself, I can say, that I never spent happier moments than when thus sheltered from the winds of heaven. And the air of comfort which prevailed within answered to that without. Pendant from the roof, there hung a rack loaded with the good things of this life, while the walls were decked with crockery and brazen utensils; and especially a small library, pictures of various kinds, all innocent, and some instructive; while the floor, which for cleanliness might have served as a table, was well stocked with household furniture, which labour had made as bright as the polish produced by French art.

The library of Jonas Harding demands particular notice, because while poring over it, his character as a Christian may be elicited. Observing me scanning its contents one day, Jonas joined me in the inspection, and entered into conversation upon some of the treasures there deposited. Taking up a "well-thumbed" Bible first, he said, "This book, sir, is able to convey the richest blessings to mankind. I never sit down to read it but I get up wiser and happier than I was before. It is only surprizing to me, how the world can neglect it as it does. And it is not only those, who professedly despise this blessed book that so neglect it, but many of those who profess to live upon its contents, scarcely ever look into it. Why, now, there's Joseph Rundell; he had his Bible the same day as I had mine. Our rector visited both our cottages on New Year's day, 1815, and left us both this blessing behind. Now Joseph is always boasting to me what care he takes of his treasure. 'Jonas,' says he, very frequently, as he visits our cottage, 'you don't prize our rector's gift; see how sadly your Bible is thumbed. I should like you to see mine. From that day to this I have carefully preserved it in my clothes chest, and there is not a spot of dirt, nor a bit of dust upon it: it looks as bran new as when I first received it.' I told him once, by way of reproving him for his negligence, that if our rector was called upon to decide which of us prized his gift most, I thought he would say, Jonas Harding. But I will not boast, for that is not the duty of a Christian. Nor will I look at the mote that is in my brother's eye; rather I would endeavour to pull out that which is in my own. I often think that if Christians would always act up to the spirit of the eleventh commandment, how happy we should all be."

At this point of his discourse, Jonas seeing me give a look of surprise, paused as though he waited some reply. The fact is, the idea of an eleventh commandment was new to me, and I wanted information on that point.

Jonas smiled and continued, "The eleventh commandment, sir," said he, "is this: our Saviour says, 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another,' John xiii. 34, 35. Now as this is said to be a *new* commandment, and there were only ten before, this surely makes the eleventh."

"Truly," I replied, "it is worthy of being ranked with the Ten Commandments."

"It is," rejoined Jonas; "and as I was saying before, if Christians would always act up to the spirit of this commandment, how happy we should all be! for in the words of one of our hymns,

> 'Love is the golden chain that binds
> The happy souls above,
> And he's an heir of heaven who finds
> His bosom glow with love.'

There would then be no strife among brethren; or if there was any, it would be which should act the most kindly towards his brother. Oh, sir," continued Jonas, "if this blessed book

contained only this one passage, it would be a prize to mankind, and ought to be highly valued; but when I consider that it is filled with the words of wisdom, from Genesis to the Revelation, of how much more value must it be! It is worth untold gold. Surely it was written by more than man, surely it must be the word of God."

"Why do you deem it such?" I asked.

"Because," answered Jonas, with a countenance lit up with joy and love, "I feel, when I read it, that 'it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," Rom. i. 16.

"Jonas," I rejoined, "you are a happy man, and I wish from my heart, that every one in our widely extended parish, nay in the whole wide world, were partakers of your joy."

"Amen, amen," added Jonas, with deep fervour of heart.

"But," I continued, "I see you have more books on your shelf besides the Bible. I should like to know your opinion of some of them; you must be able to give it, for I perceive that they also have been well read."

"They have been read," answered Jonas, "whether they have been well read or no, it is not mine to say. I hope they have; for if they have not, it is a sin that will be laid to my charge. Good books are put into our hands that we may profit thereby: if we neglect our privilege, we shall be called to an account for it. I recollect, when I was a boy, good books were as rare as fruit trees on our heath, but now they seem as abundant as blackberries in Blackberry-lane. For this we have to thank the Religious Tract Society. Most of my books, which were chiefly supplied by our Rector, came from them. Here is one," continued Jonas, taking up the Pilgrim's Progress, "that I prize next to the Bible. There is in it something so deep, and yet so clear, that I can fancy when I am reading it, I am travelling with Christian and Faithful, and the company under the protection of the valiant Great-heart, through all the stages of Christian experience here below, to the city, over the gate of which, it is said, there was written, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city,' Rev. xxii. 14. Nay, I can fancy that I enter in there with them, and that I hear the bells ring again for joy, and the heavenly inhabitants exclaim, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' That John Bunyan was a wonderful clever man, and yet I have heard that he was only a tinker by trade."

"I believe you have heard correctly," I replied; "but we need not wonder at that, Jonas. You know it is written, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him,' James i. 5. And again, 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence,' 1 Cor. i. 27—29. The pride of learning, Jonas, has often received a check in this way, and I could point out a long line of illustrious characters, both in literature and art, who have arisen from the humbler walks of life. Wisdom emanates from God, and it is as free as the air we breathe, to all ranks of society. Thus it is written, 'I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship," Exod. xxxi. 2—5. Among my own acquaintance there is a man who for twenty-one long years filled various stations in humble life; but who, after that period, became famous in the art of chemistry, by which he not only made a large fortune, but benefited the world at large. Who was it furnished him with these endowments? It was He who taught Bezaleel to work in all manner of workmanship; He from whom all gifts and graces are derived. What shall we say to these things, Jonas?"

"That the Almighty works as he pleases," replied Jonas, "and none can say unto him, What doest thou? And now we are speaking of John Bunyan," he added, "here is an old book done by him, which is as rare a book as the Pilgrim's Progress. It was left me by poor Old Richard, who, you know, is gone the way of all flesh. It is called the Holy

War. Sir, no true Christian can read that book without reading his own experience therein. Too often have I listened to the suggestions of carnal security, while my ears have been deaf to the exhortations of those that fear God. Too often have I looked with pleasure upon the vanity of this world, while I have turned away mine eyes from the beauty of holiness. Diabolus did, indeed, take possession of my soul, but now I trust I am fighting under the banners of the good king Shaddai. The Holy War, I say again, is a rare book. I dare say, though, that the world would not understand it; for you know that 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,' 1 Cor. ii. 14. That book is founded upon the Bible, and true Christian experience."

"These three books," continued Jonas, "I am never tired of reading." Then taking down a packet of well-preserved tracts, he added, "And here, sir, what shall I say in favour of these little messengers of mercy? I can say, I have found them precious to my soul. You know we poor folks have not convenient pockets for large books, so every morning, when I go out to my daily labour, I take one of these paper books, and wrapping it up as gentlefolks do their bank notes, I put it in my mole-skin purse, and when I have a spare minute, I take it out and read it. By this means I am reminded of my duty as a Christian, and am constantly directed to Christ, whom, in the midst of the labours of the day, we are too prone to forget. It was a good thought to have pieces of paper cut to these various sizes whereon the words of life might be printed. The man who first shaped them deserves the thanks of every labourer in the kingdom. They are as good—they are better to me than bank notes!"

From this the reader will perceive the truly Christian spirit with which Jonas Harding was endowed. He was, indeed, a rare character.

Happy Jonas Harding! Methinks I see him now, as was his usual wont in summer and winter, waiting my approach in the road that leads to his house, with his own peculiar placid smile playing upon his countenance, and with some choice flower in his hand wherewith to decorate my coat! Turning my fancy to the Saxon edifice standing before my study window, methinks I see him also with the same placid countenance worshipping within its venerable walls! But this is illusion. With many that I have known, and not a few over whose graves I have wept, brief though my life hath been, he also is gone to his rest.

"All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth."
COWPER.

Ay! there it is. Though the form of Jonas Harding has passed away as a shadow, his Christian virtues still live, and shall be had in remembrance before God for ever. They live also in my page, where they are recorded that the reader may copy them, and again exhibit them to the world!

THE RECORDER.

THOUGHTS ON CONTENTMENT.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain," 1 Tim. vi. 6.

HINTS and reflections, which are calculated to render our minds happy under the circumstances in which we are placed, are always valuable. The wise man who teaches us not always to tempt the dangerous deep, nor always timorously to creep along the shore, not to be elated with prosperity, nor cast down by adversity; but in the days of plenty to remember, and in times of want to hope; to steer contentedly between the little and the great; to hold the golden mean, gives to the mind of man that which the philosopher's stone would give to his estate, an incessant source of wealth. The peasant who is contented with his lot is rich; the prince who pines for something more is poor.

One great source of discontent, is the belief that our own lot is burdened with unusually trying circumstances, from which our neighbours are free; and that our own means are incapable of affording the amount of happiness which theirs insure. This mistaken view of things arises partly from our ignorance and vain ideas of the real condition of others, which naturally causes us to form an exaggerated estimate of their state, and partly from well knowing, and therefore undervaluing our

own means. Imagination magnifies the object which our senses cannot fully appreciate.

How desirable, then, it is for us to endeavour to form a just estimate of ourselves and our condition; and while the sickly and morbid mind of one leads him to fancy that all are great and happy but himself; and the heated and perverted imagination of another represents his own character and capabilities as superior to all around him; while the boaster lives on his vain conceit, and the grumbler on his complaints, let those who search for happiness cherish that healthy state of mind which will enable them to maintain their true rank; to witness superiority without envy; to excel without pride; to appreciate and bring into action their five or ten talents; and, in the industrious application of their best abilities, and the discharge of their duty, to enjoy that most desirable of all blessings—contentment.

The agony of mind which disaster causes, can continue but a limited time: affliction at last benumbs the most tenderly sensitive heart. The pleasure which intoxicates us on the accomplishment of some favourite wish subsides with the novelty of the enjoyment. But contentment is that calm and satisfied state of feeling which may be experienced continually without producing satiety. It is the standard by which our measure of happiness is adjusted; all things when brought to this test lose their artificial value; fame, riches, power, stripped of their deceptive guise, appear valuable only in proportion to the ratio of approximation or departure which they bear to this mark. Contentment is the privilege of no rank or person. The king cannot command it; to the beggar it is not denied: the independent crust may yield it, while it is sought for in vain at the feast; it may shed its sweet influences round the cottager's hearth; it may solace the sufferer on his bed of pain; it may even find its way to the bosom of the captive; while the banquet, and the cheek of health, and the free air of the mountain top cry, "It is not in me;" and from him who seemeth to carry it in his breast, it is too often far away.

It would appear to some, from this description, that contentment scatters her gifts at random, and takes up her abode, vagrant like, as chance may direct; but it is not thus: she is swayed by an unerring principle.

Since then, no false pretensions, no outward circumstances, can insure contentment; and since her presence is a prize so earnestly coveted by all, and from the contest for which none are excluded, let us consider how we may best secure to ourselves this valuable treasure.

None can enjoy contentment but the virtuous: vice and remorse are inseparable; remorse and contentment are incompatible. Judge those actions in which guilt and pleasure most closely mingle, are they not such as yield unmixed regret afterwards? And unless our bosoms are seared by the repetition of vice, and our characters abandoned to immorality, do we not cry out, Oh that my sins were sunk as a mill stone in the depths of the ocean! On the contrary, let us call to mind some one act in which we have been enabled by the grace of God to repel an evil suggestion, and, binding truth to our bosoms, have stedfastly embraced the law of virtue, and we shall find satisfaction in the review.

Man, as he passes through life, is continually toiling after some proposed object. Few, perhaps, could say with truth, that the present time was not marked by some flattering scheme, the design of which was to secure their own gratification, or, in other words, to render them contented; while as to these some are plausible, some reasonable, and a few sure to effect what they propose, let us never be tempted for a moment to believe that vicious actions, though they may appear to accelerate our wishes, can ever yield more than a transient and false pleasure, terminating in bitter disappointment.

Is there some obstacle in our way, some Mordecai sitting at our gate, some thorn in the flesh, of which we are continually saying, Were it not for this, I could be happy? Shall we attempt, by sly and underhanded means, by some unlawful or ungenerous conduct, to be rid of our annoyance? Such efforts, however successful, will only remove that cross which Providence has laid in our way, bidding us take it up and bear it with humility and meekness, to inflict upon ourselves the lash of a guilty conscience under which we have neither alleviation nor support.

Simple pleasures are far more likely to ensure contentment than those of a riotous or artificial nature: the excitement produced by the latter is usually followed by a collapse, and the mind is left in a state far from content; while the gentle stimulus produced by the enjoyment of nature, or the performance of duty, yields tranquillity and delight. Nothing tends more to discontent than idleness. The man of business is often contented till he retires from active duty, to enjoy, as he hopes, his ease and leisure. Alas! no sooner is the transition effected, than he begins to pine for employment; the force of early habit is not easily broken; he sighs for his old place behind the counter, and envies his youthful successor the pleasure he must experience from active efforts to arrive at the independence which he himself has already obtained, but which, by depriving him of employment, has failed to yield the expected satisfaction.

Happy they who, having the valuable trust of time at their disposal, while some flee to the gaming table, some to the vortex of dissipation, and some sink into despicable triflers, who kill that time for which they must account, attain contentment by the judicious arrangement and discharge of the various binding duties which belong to the man of leisure!

W—— is a fine example of a Christian, who has fortune and time at his command; he is never seen in a discontented humour. The cultivation of his mind, (for he is a man of taste and letters,) the welfare of all around him, and the important concerns of the world to come, leave little vacant time to be spent in those complainings, so common from the lips of the rich idler.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by fancying that apathy is contentment: if we feel no lively desire to emulate the great and good, if we feel no self-condemnation for lost time and opportunity, we are indolent, not contented.

If a just estimate of ourselves and those around us, which will lead us to "think soberly;" if correct conduct, simple pleasures, and active employment, promote a contented state of mind, how much more does the cheering faith of the Christian enable him to say, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." The blessings of the gospel cheer the toilsome hours of the labouring man, and make him contented with his humble lot. They cause the Christian, who moves in the middle ranks of society, to say with Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me," Prov. xxx. 8. While to the rich man who trusts not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, they open stores of wealth, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and into which thieves cannot break and steal. Reader, let these hints, while they point to some of the minor sources of content, lead you to the fountain head of happiness.

GENTLE REPROOFS.—No. IV.
THE RIDE TO GREENWICH.

As the greater part of the unkind acts done by young people, proceed more from thoughtlessness than from ill nature, there is the greater reason why they should become the subject of remark. An upright mind may repeat a fault again and again, which if once pointed out with kindness it would instantly renounce.

It was on a rainy day that I entered a Greenwich omnibus. The streets of London were very dirty, and the people that were hastening along on foot over London Bridge, some for the Borough and some for the City, were sadly splashed and bespotted. Glad was I to get under cover, and at the same time to proceed onwards in my journey.

At the upper end of the omnibus sat two young men very fashionably dressed: that they had walked some distance, their boots and trowsers bore evident testimony. Influenced, no doubt, by that love of ease and manifestation of independence which many young men have pleasure in assuming, they reclined at their ease, with folded arms, and with their feet tossed up on the opposite seats.

If I know myself, I am not given to look with an eye of severity on the failings of young people; but I did think, to say the least of it, that the act of flinging up their dirty boots on the cushions appropriated for the seats of their fellow passengers was thoughtless in the extreme. At one moment, I felt inclined to speak to them on the subject, and in the next, being unwilling to render myself unpleasant to any one, abandoned my design. While

the omnibus rumbled on, I reasoned the matter over with myself.

"Why should I take upon myself," thought I, "to do that for which no one will thank me; and for which, most likely, I shall draw down on myself the ill-will, and perhaps the resentment of my fellow travellers? The dirty cushion will do me no injury." "But then again," thought I, "is it not mean and cowardly in one of my years to refrain from doing an act of duty and kindness to others, through the fear of giving umbrage to two young men? If faults are not pointed out, is it likely that they will be amended? And, if one who has grey hairs on his head cannot meekly rebuke an error, who is likely to take on himself the unwelcome office of a reprover?" In a word, I resolved to address my companions.

The omnibus stopped, and some of the passengers, nearest the door, alighted; but when the two young men were about to pass me, with as pleasant and lively a manner as I could assume, I asked the first if he were blessed with a good temper. "Sir!" said he, in a manner somewhat hasty, and making a pause. "I asked you," said I, "if you were blessed with a good temper; for I want to make a short remark, and would not willingly offend you. Most likely you have a mother and sisters too, and will therefore understand me. Should a well-dressed lady enter this omnibus, and seat herself on that dirty cushion, where your boots have been so long placed, you will unintentionally have done her an injury, which, I am quite inclined to believe, you would regret."

An expression of displeasure rose in his face, and an apparent inclination to reply proudly, was visible; but this I hastened to prevent, laying my hand gently on his arm. "Sir," said I, "bear with me, I am older than you; I felt that I had a right to point out an inadvertent error, and I hope that I have not done it unkindly."

SUNDAY AMONG THE HILLS.

In a retired part of the country, one Sunday morning, in my way to church, I entered a quiet secluded valley. There were high bold hills rising on one side, in some places covered from the base to the summit with thick woods; in others, lovely spots of green meadow broke out from among trees. The other side of the valley was flanked with a ledge of sharp rugged rocks that sprang up almost perpendicularly, and to a considerable height from the very margin of a river, which was chafing and foaming in the rugged and very narrow channel that the hills and the rocks had left for it.

I had left home on troublesome and perplexing business. Already I had been some days away, and it had sped slowly, and by no means to my satisfaction. The prosecution of it also was attended with difficulties, and its whole nature was very uncongenial to the ordinary bent of my mind and pursuits; so that when I arose in the morning, I sighed after my own home, and my own dear family. I could not disengage my mind from the dreary subject that had occupied me during the past week, and must occupy me again in the coming week, and the thoughts of my heart troubled me. I set out in a gloomy state of mind to church, down a little path that led along the side of the river. It was a lovely morning, the bright sunshine was glancing through the thick foliage of the fine old trees that overshadowed my path, and the summer breeze whispered softly in the branches, and harmonized pleasantly with the gentle murmuring of the river; but my heart was out of tune, and I tried in vain to enjoy the beauties which the Lord of heaven and earth had so abundantly spread around me. I felt them not, or

> "If ought I felt, 'twas only pain
> To find I could not feel."

But the path became steep and rugged as I proceeded; for the hills that flank the valley approach each other so closely at this point, that it becomes a mere gorge, and the river pent up by huge masses of rock, a perfect torrent. It dashes and writhes in fearful agony from rock to rock, now precipitating its waters on one side, and now on the other of the intricate channel, through which it has to toil on its painful course, so that when it arrives at the brink of the precipice, it plunges at one sheer leap into a gloomy pool, where its waters are boiling and maddening with a roar which re-bellows from the high beetling cliffs that overshadow it. I stood for a moment clinging to the slippery rock, down which the path descended, to gaze upon this wild scene. "Ah!" thought I, "it is thus with me. I have been struggling from difficulty to difficulty, all my mental powers stretched to the utmost; but as one is with much

pain and trouble surmounted, another arises; I have sorrow upon sorrow, and all will end with a plunge into the dreary chasm of disappointment." I was overwhelmed with these melancholy thoughts, and strove in vain to cast my care upon Him that careth for me; for I was suffering that destitution of spiritual peace and comfort, which is often permitted to accompany our earthly troubles. I writhed and tossed beneath the inflictions wherewith my heavenly Father was chastening me, like the stream that was foaming and maddening in the chasm at my feet. I could not turn to him that smote me; for he had hidden his face from me, and I knew not whither to turn me. I went on my slippery way, possessed with this deep feeling of despondency.

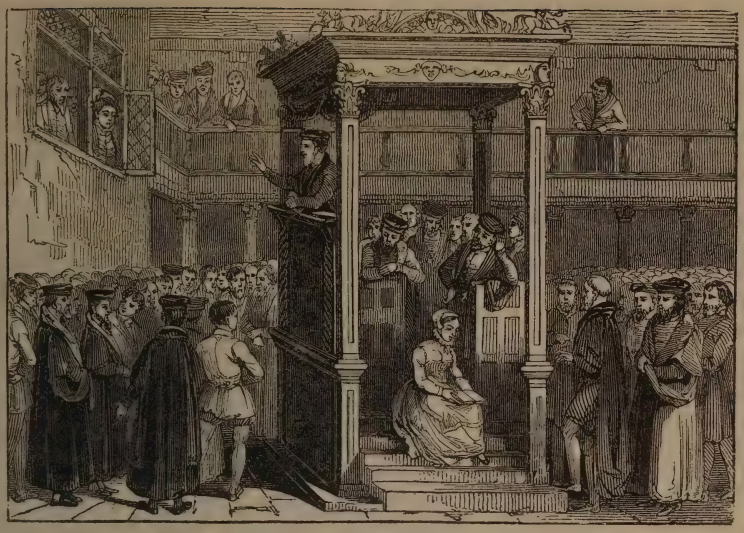
At the foot of the fall, the valley turns abruptly round the hill. I followed the path to this point, where a scene of surpassing loveliness burst upon me. The rocks and the hills, still preserving the same character, recede further from each other for the distance of about a mile, when they again close in so as to give the effect of a complete amphitheatre. The river winds tranquilly through green pastures, decked here and there with knots of trees, beneath the shade of which the cattle were sheltering from the fast increasing heat of the day. The church to which I was going stands close under the rock surrounded by yew trees; its well-tuned peal of bells were already flinging their soft music on the summer gale, and the rocks caught the glad tidings of the sabbath morning, and sent them to the hills, and their sweet sounds were reverberating from rock to rock, and from hill to hill, until the whole valley seemed to be filled with melody. The green fields, the blue sky, the bright sunshine, the rocks and hills that shouted for joy, "they also sang," and the lovely river that now expanded its clear bright waters in glassy pools, with scarcely a ripple upon their surface; to me it was impossible to resist the tranquillizing and gladdening effect of this blessed combination of sights and sounds. I endeavoured by reflection on the events of my past life, and on those portions of the Bible that occurred to me, "to acquaint myself with God, and be at peace;" and many a joyful deliverance in times long past, and many a blessed promise in God's word, arose to my recollection, and brightened upon my soul, until my complaints became mingled with thanksgivings, and my prayer with praise. It was in this frame of mind that I entered the house of God, and there I heard the only glad tidings which can afford consolation under every trouble. It was the pure gospel, the sinfulness of man, the exceeding love of God, the compassion of Christ. This last was the theme upon which the preacher especially dwelt, "He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities;" he is able to save his people at any moment; he sympathizes with their sorrows; in all their afflictions he is afflicted; they shall not endure one pang except for their own good; their sorrows shall not last one moment longer than they are needful and beneficial for them. Our joys and sorrows are all in his hands, who hath so loved us that he hath died for us: surely we may confide to him the adjustment of the proper measure of each.

I returned by the same path; but God had given me "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." My thoughts naturally reverted to the same subject, and it suddenly occurred to me as I stood once more at the foot of the fall. Who that only saw the river fretting and fuming in this dreary chasm, would suppose that it would so soon burst forth into light and loveliness again? May it not be so also with the business that now troubles me? I am in the midst of troubles; all my efforts hitherto seem to have been unavailing; but, notwithstanding, my deliverance may be nearer than I imagine.

So the event proved. I was enabled with much earnestness and sincerity to commit my way unto the Lord in prayer, and that frame of mind was mercifully continued to me through the following day. I prosecuted the matter prudently, perseveringly, and prayerfully: the blessing of God brought mighty things to pass, and I was delivered out of my trouble.

God's high purposes regarding us are administered both by his works and his grace; while he sees fit to afflict us, all things are against us; when he wills our deliverance, all things shall aid in its accomplishment. It is indeed blessed, when the grace of his Holy Spirit condescends thus to employ the highest earthly pleasure of which we are capable, the enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

O.



Latimer preaching before Edward VI.

BISHOP LATIMER.

The conversion of bishop Latimer is thus described by himself, in his first sermon on the Lord's Prayer: "Master Bilney, (or rather Saint Bilney, that suffered death for God's word sake,) the same Bilney was the instrument whereby God called me to knowledge, for I may thank him, next to God, for that knowledge that I have in the word of God. For I was as obstinate a Papist as any was in England; insomuch, that when I should be made Bachelor of Divinity, my whole oration went against Philip Melancthon, and against his opinions. Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge; and he came to me afterwards in my study, and desired me, for God's sake, to hear his confession. I did so: and to say the very truth, by his confession I learned more than before in many years. So, from that time forward, I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school doctors, and such fooleries."

The fruit of this conversion was soon apparent. The conduct of Bilney and Latimer was not to be misinterpreted by envy, or scandalized by malice. They fed the hungry, relieved the poor, and visited the prisoners. Cambridge, it is said, was full of their kind acts, which were constant topics of conversation. They showed their faith by their works, and brought forth "much fruit" to the glory of their heavenly Father.

On the fall of his patron, lord Cromwell, the king's vicar general, Latimer was sent to the Tower, and, under one pretence or another, was imprisoned for six years. On the change of government, under Edward VI., he was released, with many others, and was sent forth to preach through the kingdom. At Whitehall, there was a pulpit or preaching place, where he and others regularly "opened God's word," on Sundays and holidays, to the king and the protector, while many of all ranks resorted thither. The following is an extract from his sermon already quoted: "'Forgive us our trespasses,' etc. Here we sue for our pardon, and so we acknowledge ourselves to be offenders: for the unguilty needeth no pardon. This pardon, or remission of sins, is so necessary, that no man can be saved without it. Therefore of remission standeth the Christian man's life; for, so saith David, They are blessed of God whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. He saith not, Blessed be they which have never sinned, for where dwelleth such fellow which never sinned? Marry, no where; they are not to be gotten. Here the prophet signifieth, that all we be sinners; so he saith, Whose sins are pardoned. And here we be painted out into our colours, else we

should be proud, and so he saith in the gospel, 'Forasmuch as ye be evil.' There he giveth us our own title and name, calling us wicked and ill. There is neither man nor woman that can say they have no sin; for we be all sinners. But how can we hide our sins? Certainly the blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ hideth our sins, and washeth them away. And though one man had done all the world's sin since Adam's time, yet he may be redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ; if he believe in him, he shall be cleansed from all his sins. Therefore, all our comfort is in him, in his love and kindness. For St. Peter saith, 'Charity shall cover the multitude of sins,' so doth indeed the love of our Saviour Jesus Christ. His love towards us, covereth and taketh away all our sin, insomuch that the Almighty God shall not condemn us, nor the devil shall not prevail against us. Our nature is ever to hide sin, and to cloak sin; but this is a wicked hiding, and this hiding will not serve. He seeth our wickedness, and he will punish it, and therefore our hiding cannot serve us. But if you be disposed to hide your sins, I will tell you how you shall hide them. First, acknowledge them, and then believe on your Saviour Christ. Put him in trust withal, and he will pacify his Father, for to that end he came into the world to save sinners; not to go and excuse them, or to make them no sin; no, no, the prophet saith, He is blessed, whose sin is covered. He saith not, Blessed is that man that did never sin; but, Blessed is he to whom sin is not imputed." W.

VISIT TO THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

No. I.

Christian Reader,—Having lately in a dream seen one, who was called to tread the road which our old friend, Christian, the pilgrim, trod so long ago; and having seen, when he was shown at the house of the interpreter, things worthy of notice, I shall lay some of them before thee; praying that a gracious God would open the eyes of the understanding, Eph. i. 18, of thee who readest, and of me who write, that we, receiving the Spirit which is of God, may know those things that are spiritually discerned, 1 Cor. ii. 12—14.

And, first of all, the pilgrim of whom I speak, whose name is called Teachable, was had into a room, where were windows opening different ways. And the interpreter, taking him by the hand, led him to one of the windows, and bade him look out.

Then said the interpreter to one of his servants, Bring hither the three pieces of gold which were set by. So they were brought. Now, on all of them was the image superscription of Cesar, Matt. xxii. 20; but one of them was much rubbed and very dim, so that indeed the face of Cesar could not be clearly recognised, nor the superscription easily read. Then said Teachable, "Is that piece sterling?" "There is a counterfeit among them," answered the interpreter; weigh them, and thou shalt know it." Then the servants brought the scales, and the pieces were weighed, and behold, one of those two was found wanting, which were bright and unworn. Then Teachable wondered, and said, But how then shall the king's coin be known? The master of the mint, said the interpreter, hath his own marks, whereby he knoweth the coin which is sterling and that which is counterfeit. And had thy senses by reason of use been exercised to discern both good and evil, Heb. v. 14; and hadst thou now attentively considered the two, thou hadst not so wrongly decided the matter. Now when Teachable diligently examined the two, and compared them together, he found that the imitation was by no means perfect. The letters of the superscription on the counterfeit were not well formed, and some of the words were ill spelled; moreover, the head had more ornament about it, but wanted the majesty and beauty of the true one. I observed also, that there was, by no means, the same comparative prominence of the parts in the two pieces. It is a hypocrite, said the interpreter; yet such will often pass current in the world. But, said Teachable, is it not a scandal to the king, that his coin should be defaced, as the other piece is? It is, indeed, answered the interpreter, yet is it genuine gold; and if you look at it more closely, you will find the work upon it very different from that upon the counterfeit. How came it thus worn and dimmed? asked Teachable. It has come into contact, answered the interpreter, with many fingers in the world, and those not clean ones. But the master of the mint hath means, and sharp tools, to restore the image and superscription to

its original fairness. Then understood I, that this worn piece represented a true believer, in whom, through much conformity to the world, the life of God had lost some of its lustre, but which should be restored by salutary trials and afflictions.

Then I looked, and behold a field; and in the field were many props stuck in the ground, of different shapes and heights. And as I looked, a great multitude were in the field carrying planks in their hands; and they seemed weary and willing to rest themselves. And I saw that every man took his plank, and endeavoured to rest it on the props that were in the field, that he might sit thereon. And some set their plank upon one prop, and some upon two, and some upon more. But lo, when each man went to sit down upon the seat which he had thus made, the props on which he had placed his plank, broke, and he fell to the ground. And I looked, and saw that the props were utterly rotten and worm eaten. Then I waited to see what they, who had thus fallen, would do. And no sooner had they risen, but they took up each man his plank; and began to place them again, some upon the props which had already given way under them, and some upon others which they sought out for themselves: and again they sat down, and again they fell to the ground. And thus they did continually.

And one man I especially noted, who, having oft fallen, was bruised and sore weary. And while he was looking to see if there might be any resting place for him, behold a winged one came unto him, and took him to a part of the field where was one sound prop, and, behold, it was very broad and strong. And he bid the man place his plank thereon, and rest himself securely. Then I saw that the man, having examined the prop, and perceived that it was sound, looked out for another prop also; and resting the two ends of his plank upon the two props, he sat upon the seat which he had made. Now the prop which he had looked out for himself was, like all the rest, very rotten; and it broke, and because the plank rested with one end upon it, it gave way, and the man fell again to the ground. Now, when he rose again, he examined the broken prop, and put together the broken pieces thereof, and fastened them with nails and bands: and again he placed his plank upon the two props, and sat down, and fell as before. And this he did several times; and he became more weary and vexed than before. Then I saw that the winged one came again to the man, and chode with him, for that he had sought out another prop, besides that sound and strong and broad one; and left not the man till he had placed his plank firmly upon that one prop. Then the man sat down, and fell not; and he rested himself, and was comforted.

Then said I, What meaneth this?

And the interpreter answered, The field that thou seest is the world, and the men therein are the men of the world, seeking rest and happiness in it. The props are those things whereon they lean for happiness, as money, or worldly pleasure, or sensual enjoyment, or carnal learning, or human greatness, or the applause of men, or domestic comfort. And whereas thou seest that whoso resteth his plank on these props, and sitteth thereon, presently falleth to the ground; thus shall it be with every one who seeketh his happiness from this world; that whereon he leaneth shall soon fail from under him, and he shall fall, and weary and bruise himself.

Then I would know the meaning of the man who had bound up the broken prop so often, and had endeavoured to sit securely thereon.

Then said the interpreter, The sound prop which thou sawest, is, the merits of Jesus Christ: blessed is he who resteth thereon; it is the only dependence that shall never fail the sinner. But the man, whom thou sawest, was not willing for a while to rest on it alone: but would fain lean on the rotten prop of human righteousness. And whereas thou sawest that he endeavoured to piece the broken prop, and to fasten the broken splinters thereof with nails and bands; so is it with the sinner who would rest on his own righteousness for acceptance with God, and peace in his own conscience. When he hath mended his life, and cleansed his heart by his own endeavours, his dependence is as vain as it was at first. Blessed is the man who is taught this, and who "maketh the Lord his trust;"

for "whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe," Psa. xl. 4; Prov. xxix. 25; Isa. xlv. 24, 25.—*Rev. C. Neale.*

THE ELECTRIC EEL.—No. I.

Gymnotus Electricus.

The possession of a natural electrical or galvanic apparatus, and the power of inflicting shocks, such as those given by a common electrifying machine, or charged Leyden jar, may be accounted among the most wonderful of the organic endowments which it has pleased the Creator to bestow upon living beings. It must not, however, be supposed that all animals are thus gifted; the number is indeed very limited, and, what is remarkable, restricted, as far as we know, to certain fishes, of which one is a native of our seas. That this power is intended as a defence against enemies, which are either stunned or killed by the shock received, cannot be doubted; but why a few species only, out of the thousands with which we are acquainted, should possess these means of self-protection, like many other facts in the history of animated nature, is a problem beyond our solution.

The fishes provided with an electrical apparatus, are, First, the torpedo, (*Raja torpedo; torpedo narke. Riss,*) found in the European seas, and a few allied species of the warmer latitudes, one of which, closely resembling the common torpedo, and supposed by Humboldt to be identical with it, occurs on the coast of Cumana, South America. Secondly, the *Trichurus Indicus.* Thirdly, the *Tetrodon electricus.* Fourthly, the *Silurus electricus* (*Malapterurus*, Lacép. and Cuvier,) of Senegal. Fifthly, the *Gymnotus electricus.* And, sixthly, the *Rhinobatus electricus* of the coasts of Brazil, a species of Ray, respecting which some doubt exists as to its really possessing the power in question. Of these, two only are the inhabitants of fresh waters, namely, the *Silurus electricus*, which is found in the Nile and the river Senegal, being very abundant in the latter; and the *Gymnotus electricus*, or electric eel, a native of the fresh waters of certain districts of South America, and surpassing all the rest in size, no less than in the power of its electrical apparatus. It is to this animal that we shall here devote a few remarks.

From the equator to the northern shores of South America, extend vast plains, or savannahs, termed *llanos*, intersected by rivers, and diversified with large pools, or natural reservoirs of water, and in these the electric eel exists in the greatest numbers; it is, in fact, one of the most abundant of the fresh water fishes of the great region divided into Spanish, Dutch, French, and Portuguese Guiana. South of the line, it is found in the river Amazon and its tributaries. Wherever it is known, it is dreaded not only by the natives, but by the colonists; and hence the scientific traveller experiences some difficulty in obtaining living specimens. "These electric fishes," says baron Humboldt, "are extremely common in the small rivers and pools over the immense and generally arid plains which separate the northern bank of the Orinoco from the Cordillera of the coast of Venezuela. The shallower these pools or meers are, the more easy is the capture of these animals; for in the large rivers of America, in the Meta, the Apure, and the Orinoco, the force of the current, and the volume and depth of the water prevent the Indians from catching them. The inhabitants of Guiana are well aware of the danger they encounter in swimming over the places where the *gymnotus* is abundant; but they do not see them so often as they experience their pernicious effects. While traversing the extensive llanos of the province of Caraccas, in order to embark at San Fernando de Apure, for the purpose of commencing our expedition on the Orinoco, we stayed for five days at a little town called Calabozo, for the sake of making observations on the *gymnotus*, of which immense numbers are found in the neighbourhood; for example, in the Rio Guarico, in the Canos del Rastro, du Berito, and de la Paloma, and also in about fifty small lakes scattered between Calabozo and the two missions of Ariba and of Aboxo, and the farm districts of Morichal and of Caiman. We were here assured that a road, near Uritucu, formerly much traversed, had been utterly abandoned in consequence of these electric eels; for the road led to a ford in a river, which it was necessary to cross, and in which many mules were annually drowned, stunned by the shocks received from these fishes."

Here, by rewards and every kind of encouragement, Humboldt endeavoured to persuade the Indians to procure for him living specimens; but all in vain, dead ones in abundance were brought, but the puerile fears of the natives were not to be overcome, though they themselves pretended that while holding tobacco in the mouth, they were unaffected by the creature's electric shock. But it was evident, that while affirming this, they knew it to be a falsity; and Humboldt, by way of comment, observes, that the love of the marvellous is so great among the indigenes, that they often maintain and spread abroad as facts what they themselves do not in the least believe. "Thus does vain man think to add to the wonders of nature, as if nature were not sufficiently mysterious, sufficiently vast, sufficiently overwhelming to our intellects."

Foiled in his endeavours to obtain living electric eels, Humboldt determined to repair himself to the places where they abounded, and to make his experiments on the spot. Accordingly, he was conducted by the Indians to a basin or large pool of muddy stagnant water, called Cano de Beza, which was encircled by an enchanting belt of vegetation, and flowers of the richest colours and most fragrant scents. The water teemed with the eels; but the difficulty was, not to kill them, but to take them alive; and great was his surprise, when he was told that the Indians were going for that purpose, to collect thirty of the half wild horses, from the adjacent savannah. The idea of fishing by means of horses struck him as being almost ridiculous; but it was soon explained. The mode of fishing with horses and mules is termed *embarbascar con caballos*, to make drunk by means of horses. The word *barbasco* signifies the root of the plants of the jacquinia and of the piscidia, and other poisonous vegetables, which when thrown into water diffuse their property to a considerable distance, stupifying all the fishes within its influence, and causing them to float in a dying or intoxicated condition. Now, as the horses, driven up and down in a pool, produce the same effect on the terrified fishes, the natives confounding the cause and the effect, give to both these modes of procuring fish, the same denomination. Here follows, in Humboldt's account, so graphic a sketch of the scene which ensued, that we do not hesitate to give it entire.

"While our host was explaining this strange mode of fishing in this part of the country, the troop of horses and mules arrived. The Indians had made a sort of battue in collecting them, and surrounding them on all sides forced them to enter the pool. Imperfectly can I point the interesting spectacle which the battle of the eels and the horses presented. The Indians furnished with long canes and harpoons placed themselves round the pool; some mounted the trees, the branches of which stretched over the surface of the water; and all by their long canes, and by uttering loud cries prevented the horses from gaining the bank. The eels, terrified by the noise of the horses, defended themselves by the reiterated discharge of their electric batteries, and for a long time had every appearance of gaining a complete victory. In every direction were seen horses or mules, which stunned by the force and repetition of the electric shocks disappeared beneath the water, some of the horses floundered up, and in spite of the vigilance and activity of the Indians gained the bank; and then, exhausted with fatigue, and with their limbs benumbed through the violence of the shocks, they stretched themselves at full length on the ground.

"I could have wished that a skilful painter had been present to depict this scene when at the highest point of the exciting commotion; there, groups of Indians surrounding the pool; there, the horses, with bristling manes, and eyes gleaming with terror and pain, struggling to escape the storm which had overtaken them; there, yellow and livid eels, swimming like great aquatic serpents on the surface of the water, and pursuing their enemies: all these objects combined, would no doubt compose a most picturesque assemblage. I remember a fine painting representing a horse entering a cave, and starting back in affright at the sight of a lion: such was the expression of terror which we saw in these horses, during this unequal combat.

"In less than five minutes, two horses were already drowned. The eel, which is more than five feet long, glides under the belly of the horse or mule, and there makes a discharge of electricity from the whole of the apparatus; thus

benumbing at the same time, the heart, the viscera, and the great plexus of gastric nerves. It is not surprising, then, that the effect which the fish produces on a large quadruped surpasses that which a man touching it only with his limbs experiences: but it is not clear that the horse is immediately killed; it is most probably only stunned by the shocks, and falls powerless or lethargic. Thus, in a state of insensibility, the animal disappears beneath the water, other horses and mules pass over its body, and in a few minutes it perishes.

"After this début, I feared the chase would have a tragic close, and doubted not to see the greater number of the mules one by one sink and die; but the Indians assured us that the fishing would soon terminate, and that it was only the first assault of the eels that was formidable. In fact, whether the electro-galvanic principle accumulates by repose, or whether the electric organ ceases to perform its function, when exhausted by too long an action, it is certain, that after some time the eels may be compared to discharged electric batteries; their muscular movements are indeed still vigorous, but they are incapable of inflicting strong electric shocks.

"When the combat had lasted a quarter of an hour, the mules and the horses appeared to be less terrified; they no longer bristled up their manes, and the eye expressed less pain and affright. They were no longer seen to fall; and the eels, swimming half out of the water, and avoiding the horses, instead of attacking them, made for the bank. The Indians assured us, that when for two successive days horses are forced into a pool full of these eels, no horse is killed on the second day. These fishes require repose and plenty of food, in order to the production or accumulation of a great quantity of the electro-galvanic fluid.

"When the eels came towards the bank, they were very easily taken; little harpoons attached to long cords were thrown at them, and two were sometimes caught at once, and that without a shock being felt, the cord being very dry, and of considerable length.

"In a few minutes, five large eels were landed, and twenty more might have been taken if we had needed them for our experiments. Most were only wounded slightly in the tail.

"When one has seen that these eels are capable of overthrowing a horse, and of depriving it of all sensibility, it may well alarm a person to touch the creature, when it is first drawn out of the water. So great indeed is this fear among the natives, that none of them would venture to disengage those which we captured from the cord of the harpoon, or carry them into little pits filled with fresh water, which we had made on the bank to receive them. We were therefore ourselves obliged to receive the first shocks, which were by no means slight; the strongest far exceeded in intensity the most severe electric strokes which I have accidentally received from a large Leyden jar completely charged; and we easily believed from that circumstance, that the statement of the Indians is not exaggerated, when they assert, that persons if struck while swimming, either on the arms or legs, by one of these eels, are drowned; for so violent a shock may well deprive a man for many minutes of the use of his limbs. But if the *gymnotus* were to glide over the chest and bowels, death would instantaneously result from the electric shock itself; for the heart, the visceral system, and the great cœliac plexus of nerves, and its ramifications, would be at once paralyzed." M.

DAILY EXERCISES FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

SWARTZ, the devoted missionary, thus wrote to a friend, in words well deserving remembrance.

One day, that greatest and most solemn of all days, will bring us all together. How shall we then rejoice, when we find that our course and warfare are come to a blessed end! In the mean time, let us fight the good fight of faith, laying hold (in hope) on eternal life.

May we be daily girt with the girdle of truth, of the whole truth, as it has been revealed to us by God, and particularly that cheering truth, that in Jesus Christ, and in a close union with him, consists eternal life.

Let us daily put on the breastplate of righteousness. For the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, his meritorious sufferings, his death and blood, whereby he has delivered us from the wrath of God, having taken upon him the sentence of death, which we had deserved. That his righteousness will cover our breast,

so that no accusation can be brought against us.

Daily let our feet be shod with a readiness to confess the gospel of peace; for we have the greatest reason to glory in Christ.

Daily let us take up the shield of faith, which God has shown us. By faith we lay hold on the promises of God. He has promised to uphold, strengthen, comfort, and deliver us in all circumstances. These precious promises are our shield, by which we quench all the fiery darts of the devil.

Daily let us put on our head the helmet of salvation; that is, the hope of a blessed eternity. This hope will support us under all gloomy and terrifying circumstances. Daily let us use the word of God, not only as a seed, or milk, or food, but as a sword likewise, by which we may cut asunder all knots which the enemy ties.

Being armed with these Divine weapons, let us rejoice; but let us never be proud, but pray daily to Him from whom comes all our health and comfort. May God strengthen us all to live, to suffer, to die like real Christians.

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. VIII.

CLASS FIFTEEN. TETRADYNAMIA.

As the summer months roll round, the Christian botanist still holds his festival of rejoicing, his unbroken jubilee of pleasure. While he gazes with delight and thankfulness on the flowery gifts of creation, profusely bestowed and enjoyed without expense, well may he value lightly earthly splendour, and exclaim,

"Seek he who will in grandeur to be blest,
Place in proud halls, and splendid courts his joy;
For pleasure or for gold his arts employ,
While all his hours unnumbered cares molest:
A little field in native flowerets drest,
A rivulet in soft murmurs gliding by,
A bird whose plaintive note salutes the sky,
With sweeter magic lulls my cares to rest."

As he walks the garden, dahlias and stately hollyhocks mingle with unnumbered beauties. As he roams the fields, the toad flax, chiccory, and the spotted foxglove, attract his admiring eye; the golden harvest is waving to and fro in the sun, and the copses are laden with nut-brown clusters; while beetles, ladybirds, and grasshoppers animate the meads, wasps, bees, and moths wing through the air; and carp, minnow, and trout, seek the sun in the shallow waters.

In the fifteenth class, are arranged such plants as have flowers with "six stamens," two of them shorter, and four of them longer than the rest, the term *Tetradynamia*, meaning four powers, being derived from the latter circumstance. There are two orders designated from the length of the seed pods. 1. *Siliculosa*, with short seed pods, as shepherd's purse and horseradish. 2. *Siliquosa*, with long seed pods, as wallflower and watercress.

One of the most common and troublesome weeds in gardens and cornfields, is the shepherd's purse, (*Capsella bursa pastoris*, or *Thlaspi bursa pastoris*,) which is also to be found by waysides and in waste places. It assumes very different appearances, according as it grows in barren or in rich soil, varying in height from two inches to nearly two feet high, and blowing nearly the whole year, from February till the setting in of the winter frosts. The blossom is small and white; the seed pods are somewhat triangular and heart shaped, with two cells and numerous seeds, which accounts for the commonness of the plant.

Horseradish (*Cochlearia armoracia*) is another well-known plant of this order, growing wild in many places, and very commonly cultivated for domestic or medicinal purposes. It grows about three feet high, blowing in May and June, but rarely ripening seeds. The blossom is white, and grows in clusters; the calyx has egg oblong concave spreading leaves; the corolla has four petals, twice the length of the calyx; the seed pods are in form of an ellipsis; the leaves are oblong, notched, and those on the stem are spear shaped, dentated, and cut. The root is large and fleshy, and possesses the peculiarity, that almost every part of it that is not denuded of its bark, will grow when planted. It is this which renders it so great a nuisance as a weed, when it gets in gardens; for if the least bit be broken off and left in the ground, it will spring up and multiply the plant.

'Tis thus with sin; leave but a part,
Though small, within the human heart,
And fostered by the genial ground,
It finds new life, and spreads around.
Oh root it out in earnest prayer,
And let it never flourish there.

In cultivation, it is considered best to plant the crowns cut off from the roots, in trenches, about two feet deep, as they will readily rise from that depth to the surface; but in no case will they strike

downwards, like a carrot or a parsnip. In two or three years, when planted in this way, they are fit to take up for use, and may be employed, fresh, in making horseradish vinegar, or for the table.

Scraped horseradish is an agreeable ally to a sirloin of beef, be it hot or cold. In thus associating it with the table, it may conjure up the remembrance of many a domestic gathering, where the father of the family has lifted up his hands and heart in supplication to God in grace before meat, that the bodies and souls of the assembled group might be strengthened to live to his glory. The admonition of the apostle is an important one, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," 1 Cor. x. 31.

Another kitchen-garden plant, growing fast into reputation, is the sea kale, (*Crambe maritima,*) a native of our sea shore, and a few years ago quite neglected; but now cultivated and sold, when blanched, at a considerable price. It grows about eighteen inches high, blowing in May and June, with a white long blossom; the filaments of the stamens are forked; the seed pod is blunt; the leaves are of a sea-green colour, roundish, and many toothed; the stem is quite smooth.

A very common garden flower, of this order, is the umbelled candy tuft, (*Iberis umbellata,*) a hardy annual from the south of Europe, one foot high, and blowing from June till July. The blossom is in form of an umbelled bouquet, the two outer petals being the largest; the seed pods have two pointed lobes; the leaves are spear shaped and taper pointed, the lower being saw toothed, and the upper entire. It varies like most cultivated plants in the colour of the flowers, from dark purple to light rose colour. In the summer of 1839, the writer saw a plant of candy tuft, in a garden near Croydon, with flowers of a very dark crimson purple, similar to that of port wine; but this might be considered rare.

One of the smallest of our British plants, which comes into flower almost as early as the snowdrop, belongs to this order, and is called spring wort, (*Erophila vulgaris, or Draba verna.*) It is very common on the tops of old walls, and on barren heaths and commons, rising from half an inch to two or three inches high. The blossom is very small and white, the petals being two parted, and the calyx equal. The stem from the root is covered with flowers from five to fifteen in number; the seed pods are shorter than the stalk, with flat valves and few seeds, without edges. The leaves spread over the ground in form of a star.

> It spreads and hides with flowerets free,
> The crevice in the wall; and we,
> With such a lesson full in view,
> Should hide each other's failings too.

This lesson will be in agreement with that Christian charity which "suffereth long, and is kind," which "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 7.

Dyers' wood, (*Isatis tinctoria,*) which belongs to this order, has been supposed to be a native of this country, because it is always found with us in and about cultivated fields, and, according to Linnæus, it is a maritime plant. But we learn from Pliny, that the ancient Britons painted their bodies with it. It is now used by dyers for dyeing blue, and as the basis of black and several other colours. It is said that queen Elizabeth took offence at the scent of this herb, and on that account issued an edict prohibiting its cultivation. Hakluyt says, we were dependent upon France for a supply of wood in 1576; but he adds, that in 1582, "thus was wood brought in and came to good perfection, to the great loss of the French." It is still occasionally cultivated, the seed being sown on well-prepared land, in good heart; fresh broken, old pasture land being preferred, and the great object is to have large leaves; consequently, the culture given to spinach would succeed best on the Norfolk turnip culture, thinning the plants out, so that they might not touch each other, and keeping them clear from weeds. The seeds are sown in July, the plants, when they come up, are weeded and thinned; and next July, or earlier, the first crop of leaves may be gathered, and two or three other gatherings in the course of the season, ploughing down the whole in autumn. The leaves are pressed and treated much in the same way as the indigo plants, in the preparation of indigo.

The herb honesty (*Lunaria viennis*) is another plant of this order, cultivated for curiosity. It is a native of corn fields in Germany, and the writer has seen it frequently along the banks of the Rhine. It blows with us from May till June, with a light purple or

lilac blossom, the calyx almost in form of two pouches; the petals nearly entire; the stamens not toothed; the seed pods are broad, flat, and moon like. The seeds should be sown in spring or autumn.

In the second order, we find the universal favourite in gardens, the common wall flower, (*Cheiranthus cheiri,*) or hand flower, as the Linnæan term for it means in Latinized Greek, taken from its being so commonly gathered for nosegays. It is a native of the south of Europe, and is not hardy enough to stand our severest winters, though, in sheltered situations, it does not suffer much from frost. It blows with us from March, or earlier, during the earlier summer months, and, in particular instances, throughout the year. The calyx is double pouched at the base; the summits of the pistils have their lobes bent back; the seed pods are line like and roundish, opening from the base. The leaves are spear shaped and entire. The fine double varieties, particularly the large yellow one, introduced a few years ago from Belgium, must be propagated by cuttings, as they do not produce seed. The single ones vary in colour, from bright yellow to deep iron brown, popularly called blood colour. It is a very singular circumstance, that though this plant will grow on the tops of the driest walls, no plant sooner flags and withers for want of water, when it is grown in flower pots.

The ten weeks' stock (*Mathiala annua*) is very similar to the wall flower in habit, and is no less generally esteemed as a border flower or for the greenhouse or window. Like the wallflower, it is a native of the south of Europe, and according to the time of sowing, may be seen in blossom at most seasons of the year. The summit of the pistil is approaching and thickest; the seed pods rather cylindrical, and without glands; the stem is erect, branched, but not shrubby like the wallflower; the leaves are spear shaped, blunt, and hoary, giving the plant a whitish appearance. The sorts with double flowers are most esteemed, though these cannot be insured when the plants are raised, as they usually are, from seed; and cuttings do not furnish good plants. The colours vary considerably, from white to scarlet and dark purple. Varieties from Germany and Russia have been recently introduced, with much finer flowers than those heretofore raised in this country; and seed of these may be procured at most of the shops and nurseries, though it is rather expensive. The queen stock, or Brompton stock, or giant stock, is a biennial, differing from the annual ten weeks' stock, chiefly in its biennial time of flowering, and larger size of the plants, though they are derived from another species, and said to be a native of Britain.

The cuckoo flowers (*Cardamine pratensis*) is a plant belonging to this order. It is one of our commonest meadow flowers, blowing from April till May, when the cuckoo is first heard, whence, most probably, the name. The blossom is whitish purple, or rather white, with purplish lines, similar to the blossom of the wood sorrel. The summit of the pistil is furnished with a head, the style very short; the stem leaves numerous and divided, the divisions being line like, or spear shaped and entire; the root leaves are winged, with the leafits roundish, tasting like cresses, and may be eaten as such when young and tender. They have frequently the purple like green of one variety of water cresses.

The water cress (*Nasturtium officinale*) is a very common native plant in ditches and slow-running streams, with a gravelly bottom, thriving best in water within the influence of the sea tide. On the sea shore at St. Adresse, in Normandy, the writer noticed a remarkably luxuriant patch of water cresses, just within reach of the highest spring tides. In stagnant ditches, again, the plant will grow, but not with any great luxuriance, and then produces small leaves, tough and dry, instead of the succulent leaves grown in running water, with a gravelly bottom. It blows from May till July, with a white blossom, the calyx equal at the base, and spreading; the summit of the pistil is two lobed; the seed pod is roundish, short, and declining; the leaves are many cleft, with oblong and rather heart-shaped divisions, unequally diluted. Several varieties are grown by market gardeners, such as the pale green, which is the hardiest, and has the least flavour; and the brown or purple, which is most esteemed, but is less hardy than the green.

A singular and not unaffecting sight is occasionally seen in the suburbs of London, when a hard winter takes place. Women and girls go about, in the frost and snow, with tufts of water cresses

tied to the end of long sticks, calling at every house, and singing in a dolorous tone, the words

> "Poor watercressers!
> Remember the poor watercressers!
> We're all frozed out!
> We're all frozed out! Poor watercressers!"

He must have a hard heart, who can witness this sight on a snowy morning, with the thermometer below zero, without being moved by it.

SIXTEENTH CLASS. MONADELPHIA.

In this class are arranged plants, whose flowers have from three to many stamens, with their filaments united into a tube around the pistil, and thus forming "one brotherhood," as the term *Monadelphia* implies. There are seven orders. 1. *Triandria*, with three stamens, as tiger flowers. 2. *Pentandria*, with five stamens, as passion flower. 3. *Octandria*, with eight stamens. 4. *Decandria*, with seven stamens. 5. *Endecandria*, with eight stamens. 6. *Dodecandria*, with ten stamens. 7. *Polyandria*, with many stamens.

As an illustration of the second order, the common field stork's bill (*Erodimus*) may be taken. It is not uncommon on hilly pastures, by waysides, and on the sea coast, and is easily distinguished by its reddish flowers, and the long beak-like seed.

The common garden pot geraniums illustrate the fourth order, and consist of very numerous species; but owing to improvements in botanical arrangement, these are no longer called geraniums by botanists, but *Pelargonium*. Among the old favourites are the horseshoe, (*P. zonale*,) known from the brown circle on the leaves in form of a horseshoe, and the parent of many of the finest hybrid scarlet flowered varieties introduced by crossing. The flowers of the old original plant are small, and not now esteemed. The oak leaved, (*P. quercifolium*,) and the gooseberry leaved, (*P. grossularisides*,) are now rapidly disappearing.

In the sixth order are placed the plants now called geraniums, or crow's bill, many of them natives of this country, and very common as weeds by waysides, and in cornfields, such as the cut leaved, (*Geranium dissectum*,) dove's foot, (*G. molle*,) and the shining leaved, (*G. lucidum*;) but the finest of our native geraniums is the scarlet, (*G. sanguineum*,) very common in gardens, with a large pink flower, and trailing branches spreading on the ground. The writer once saw a very large wild patch of this fine plant on the hills about Port Patrick, in Wigtonshire. The blue (*G. pratense*) is also a very fine flower, larger still than the preceding, and very common in some localities, but rare in others.

As illustrative of the last order, we find the hollyhock, (*Althea rosea*,) a native of China, very commonly cultivated as a flower in our gardens; and the wild mallow, (*Malva sylvestris*,) one of the showiest flowers which grows by our waysides.

Oh! the hollyhock! A writer has pithily said, "No garden should be without a hollyhock, whether it belong to a prince or a peasant. Stately and aspiring, and requiring space, it yet wisely accommodateth itself to its circumstances, adorning alike the gay parterre and the cottage door. Whether puce, crimson, scarlet, yellow, or white, it is always elegant; never forgets that it is a hollyhock." Oh that we were all Christian hollyhocks! never forgetting ourselves, but continually blooming and blossoming in every Christian grace.

GLAD TIDINGS.

THE purport of the Christian ministry is joyful; it is the glad tidings of the kingdom of God. Though God from the beginning of time had maintained his authority as a great King over all the earth, the Jewish prophecies announced a period when his kingdom, or, according to an apter version, his reign, should emphatically approach. That period was now arrived. Now the Lord was making bare his arm; now was the Divine authority displayed more widely; now the framer of the Mosaic economy dissolved it, and a dispensation more spiritual, more comprehensive, and durable was established. These were the grand facts Jesus taught, these the glad tidings proclaimed by the gospel. The gospel! it is the reign of grace; grace! it is the source of salvation. What are glad tidings—pardon to the guilty? Then the gospel is glad tidings, for it declares God to be reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses. What are glad tidings—to be informed of deliverance from sin? Then the gospel is glad tidings; for therein be-

lievers are assured, sin shall not have dominion over them. Christ was manifested to take away sin; he gave himself for his church, see Eph. v. 25—27. What are glad tidings—the proclamation of protection and friendship? Then the gospel is glad tidings; for in it God invites us to come out from sinners, and to be separate, for then he will receive us as his sons and daughters. What are glad tidings—life from the dead? Then the gospel is glad tidings; for it informs us that Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light; that whoso believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. What, I demand finally, are glad tidings—the arrival of a blessing in which multitudes are interested? Then the gospel is glad tidings, for it is addressed to every nation; it comprehends bond and free, the refined and the rude, male and female, Jew, Mohammedan, Pagan; aged, young, rich, poor, moral, profligate. Hence sinners, though oft rejected, we renew our addresses, in the hope that you will one day be convinced: 'tis your privilege to listen. Hence, believers, we exhort you to be stedfast, immoveable, etc., and having received such a ministry, we faint not, but go on our way rejoicing.—*Joseph Hughes.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE PARKS.

Had I a park of a thousand acres, well wooded with spreading oaks and towering elms, well watered with crystal lakes, and well stocked with fleet red deer, how gladly would I open my gates, and widen my pathways, that others might share in my gratifications! And had I a goodly mansion in the midst, with noble halls and suites of apartments, and ten thousand a year to spend, how hospitably would I entertain those who are less abundantly provided for than myself! My dainty morsels should not be eaten alone, I would open my doors to the traveller!

By this time the reader will be quite satisfied that I neither have an extended park, a goodly mansion, and ten thousand a year, nor any very clear prospect of suddenly coming into possession of the same. Such a burst of disinterestedness and generosity, as that in which I have just indulged, is perfectly natural in my present sphere, and very likely (such is man!) the readiest way to cure me of such impulsive openheartedness, would be to give me the means of embodying my imaginary benevolence. There is a something in the very nature of riches that prompts the owner of them to increase, rather than to diminish his possessions; so that, often in the same degree in which we have power to assist others, we have only the inclination to serve ourselves. Instances, many instances, occur to the contrary; but they are the exceptions to the general rule.

While thus indulging my reflections, I am seated on one of the benches in St. James's park, opposite the lake; the proud palace of Buckingham is on my right; the goodly towers of the abbey of Westminster on my left; with a promenade, in the fore ground, of well dressed people, and beyond it, the clear sun-lit, wind-ruffled water, on which aquatic fowls of different kinds are sporting joyously. I have, before now, when seated here, under favourable circumstances, thought that few scenes in the world, of a limited extent, could be finer than this; and feelings of a similar kind are exercising an influence over me now.

The parks, as breathing places to the inhabitants, are, indeed, important appendages to the metropolis. Here the sovereign and her subjects find healthy exercise and agreeable recreation. St. James's Park is used more for promenading than for riding or driving, though the carriage communication, between Buckingham palace and that of St. James's, is very frequent.

In the reign of Henry viii., the park was nothing more than a desolate marsh. It was enlarged and planted with lime trees by Charles ii., who contracted the water into a canal, and formed, likewise, a decoy and other ponds for water fowl. In one part of the park, there once was a hollow smooth walk, enclosed with a border of wood on each side, and ended at one extremity by a hoop of iron. Here a certain game at ball was much played, and it was from this that the place afterwards took the name of "mall."

Between a hundred and fifty and two hundred years ago king Charles ii. might have been seen in that part of the park called Bird-cage walk, playing with his spaniels, and other dogs, feeding his ducks, and talking in a familiar manner

with his subjects. He had an aviary near the place. The more swampy part of the park was then called Duck Island.

Never, perhaps, did St. James's park present so splendid an appearance as on the coronation of queen Victoria. The queen with her attendants, the royal carriages, the ambassadors vying with each other in the magnificence of their carriages and equipages. The field marshals and general officers in full uniform with their troops; the military bands, the flags, and streamers; and the innumerable multitudes assembled, formed a spectacle inconceivably imposing.

Just before the queen made her appearance in her state carriage, a heron rose up from the lake, winged its way far above the assembled throng, and sailed majestically round and round over the palace walls. As I gazed on the noble bird, which had attracted the attention of tens of thousands, I thought to myself, "In olden times great importance was attached, on particular occasions, to the flight of birds. Now, if that heron should alight for a moment on the pediment of the palace, or on the flagstaff bearing the standard, it would be regarded as an omen for good, and the event would be handed down to posterity."

The green park is, perhaps, less frequented than any other. A walk along the carriage road, by the side of it, has brought me to the triumphal arches, for such they are frequently called, at Hyde-park-corner. Apsley house, the mansion of the duke of Wellington, with its iron gates and barred windows, stands like a fortress at the entrance of Hyde park; but I must relate an anecdote of Apsley house, that some time ago appeared in the London journals.

It is said that as George II. was riding on horseback, one day, in Hyde park, he met an old soldier, who had fought with him in the battle of Dettingen: with this soldier he entered into free discourse.

After talking together for some time, the king asked the veteran what he could do for him? "Why, please your majesty," said the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the park, and if your majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed, and improve our trade."

The request, a very moderate one, was at once granted. In a little time the old apple woman prospered greatly; for the shed was built, and her business surprisingly increased. The situation was a good one for the purpose, and she carried on a very profitable trade.

In the course of years, the old soldier died, and the lord chancellor, who was looking around him, at the time, for a suitable piece of ground where he might build himself a mansion, fixed his mind on this very spot. The old woman was sadly alarmed when she saw her poor shed pulled down, and preparations made to build up a great house where it stood; and away she went to a son, an attorney's clerk, to consult with him as to what course she ought to take. The son was shrewd enough to see, at once, the advantage that might be gained by remaining quiet in the matter; so he advised his mother to say nothing until the great mansion should be completed. No sooner was the house finished, than the son waited on the lord chancellor to complain of the trespass committed on his mother's property, and to claim a recompence for the injury that had been sustained.

When the chancellor saw that the claim was undeniable, he directly offered a few hundred pounds by way of compensation; but this was altogether refused; the old woman, advised by her son, would by no means settle the affair on such easy terms. After some deliberation, a ground rent of four hundred pounds a year was demanded, and his lordship, at last, agreed to the terms. It is added, that to this very day Apsley House yields a ground rent of four hundred pounds yearly to the descendants of the old apple woman.

The bronze figure of Achilles on the granite pedestal, which meets the eye on entering the archway into the park, was erected in honour of the duke of Wellington. It is considered as a fine specimen of art, and is very generally admired.

Of all the royal parks, no one is so extensive as Hyde Park, nor can such an assemblage of carriages and fine horses be seen in any other place in the whole world, as are here daily witnessed during the summer months: to a stranger they appear absolutely numberless, and the wonder rises in the mind, that there should be rich people enough to keep so many costly equipages.

Two hundred years back, Hyde Park contained as many as eighteen hundred

acres; but now it has not quite four hundred, Kensington Gardens being separated from it. The Serpentine River, as it is called, which adorns the place, is as straight as if drawn with a rule and compasses: great is the number of persons who have therein met with a watery grave. There will always be found, among bathers and skaters, many of a daring, and others of an inconsiderate disposition, so that accidents are sure to take place. The Humane Society has a receiving house on the bank of the river, with every convenience for the restoration, if life be not extinct, of such sufferers as are taken there; and men provided with life preservers, may always be seen walking by the sides of the river to prevent, as far as possible, the loss of life. How few of the names of those who are in the habit of driving round Hyde Park in carriages, or promenading there daily, are to be found among the supporters of the Humane Society!

The cloistered abbots and canons of Westminster Abbey, who owned the park in the time of Henry VIII. would hardly be able, could they revisit the place, to identify their old property. In the reign of Charles I., Hyde Park, with its then capital stock of timber trees and deer, was sold by the Parliament for little more than seventeen thousand pounds. In the reign of Charles II., it was again resumed by the crown.

I have walked westward, and here is quite another scene! I have spread my handkerchief on the summit of the low wall of Kensington Gardens, and am sitting thereon at my ease. The band, from the neighbouring barrack, is playing most admirably, while a goodly group of two or three thousand people are assembled around. Rank, fashion, and beauty in every direction meet the eye, and the "concord of sweet sounds" and the stormy clangour of martial music alternately regale the ear.

On the opposite side the wall in Hyde Park, with only a dry ditch between us, are ranged in rows, ladies on noble palfreys, and gentlemen mounted on fiery, yet tractable steeds, that snort and paw the ground. The trees are in their freshest verdure, the sun is in the sky, gay dresses, sparkling eyes, smiling faces, and happy hearts abound. And yet happy as they now may be, perhaps—perhaps what! Will it become me, in a moment like this, to encourage shadowy thoughts! to cast a gloom, where all around is sunshine? No! There is a time to be merry, as well as to be sad. Happiness is a costly thing, and where it is not purchased at the expense of others, when it is not indulged in by leaving duties unperformed, why, let it be enjoyed. Had I, at this moment, a sunnier glow at my disposal, than that which is now beaming in the bosoms around me, I would fling it at once into their hearts. Oh that all could be abidingly happy, and animated with the desire of making others happy also!

I have left the gardens of Kensington, and am again in Hyde Park, sitting on a bench under the spreading branches of an elm. Yesterday I was in Regent's Park. At present, the trees there are but young, but every year they are adding to the beauty of the walks and drives. The noble ranges of buildings around, the commodious drives, together with the neighbouring attractions of the Diorama, the Colosseum, and the Zoological Gardens, cannot fail to make the park popular. This noble elm, under which I am seated, reminds me of some of the glorious biblical descriptions that are given of trees. How striking is the description of that prophetic tree, given in the fourth chapter of Daniel. "I saw, and behold a tree in the midst of the earth, and the height thereof was great. The tree grew, and was strong, and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth: the leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all: the beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof, and all flesh was fed of it. I saw in the visions of my head upon my bed, and, behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven; he cried aloud, and said thus, Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit."

The parks, as I have already observed, as breathing places to the inhabitants, are indeed important appendages to the metropolis; but it must be admitted, that in a city park, even under the most favourable circumstances, there is a want of that privacy and seclusion, which constitutes one of the great charms of rural scenery. Here, in Hyde Park, you have ample space, goodly trees, resting places, pure air, and an unbroken view of the glorious

canopy of the skies; but you are either in a throng, or within the view of others continually, and solitude and abstraction cannot be enjoyed, as it may be in country places.

Give me the mountain and the wide-spread moor,
Where freely blows the breath of heaven around;
The hill, the vale, where singing birds allure,
And meadows sweet where buttercups abound.

A buoyant spirit and a grateful heart, however, will make even the desert to blossom as the rose, so that the parks of London are not likely to be undervalued.

DRAWING AMONG THE CHINESE.

When any allusion is made to the art of drawing as understood and practised by the Chinese, it is at once met by the remark, that they "know nothing of perspective." Screens and lacquered boxes might be easily cited to show that this remark is well founded; but as the men who are occupied in drawing the outlines of the landscapes, which glitter upon such performances, never consult nature, but servilely copy some hackneyed design, their handy works are not fair specimens of what the natives can do now, or have done, in times when their minds were less shackled by the ascendency of old custom. The writer has seen landscapes wherein the artist evinced that he was not a stranger to some general notions of linear perspective, though in all likelihood he might be utterly unable to develope his ideas with any regard to axioms and first principles. Nature herself, or to speak more practically, necessity teaches a man perspective. If he sits down, indeed, in his museum or study, and etches out a view from memory or imagination, it will not be difficult to make the cottage as high as the spire of the country church, or to draw a man taller than either of them. It will be easy to render an object as visible behind the house as if it stood in front of it. But if one takes his station, and stedfastly beholds a piece of natural scenery, till he has determined with himself the breadth of his picture, and then commences by sketching the nearest objects for a foreground, after any size he pleases; he will find himself compelled to diminish the magnitude of the remoter objects in order to get room for them upon his paper. A draught from nature, destitute of perspective truth, is almost an impossibility in practice, as any one may prove to himself by experiment.

A quarto volume on agriculture, in the possession of the writer, contains a variety of views, which not only give a very excellent idea of the country with its rural inhabitants, but shows very clearly, that the artist was no stranger to the general laws of linear perspective. Necessity, the inventrix of many useful arts, was his tutoress. These views were taken from designs, which were executed before the Tartar invasion, about two hundred years ago, since the characters wear their hair in a knot upon the crown of the head, as the Chinese did before that period, and the people of Lewchew do to the present day. But these views, and those examined by the writer, when at Canton, are all deficient in what is called aërial perspective, or the art of rendering distant objects less distinct in outline and effect as they recede from the point of view. In the Chinese landscape, the objects in the distance are small; but the touches are as hard and as emphatic as any in the foreground. The writer has about fourteen views of gentlemen's seats, or villas, and landscapes, which were done in colours upon rice paper by an artist at Canton. These are beautiful performances, and afford an admirable hint as to the style of architecture, gardening, pleasure grounds, etc., in China. There is little doubt, that with a few hints from Europeans, and a study of their models, the Chinese would excel in landscapes, not because they have more genius than the people from the west, but because they have a stock of patient assiduity, which is rarely equalled. In virtue of this habit, they would finish single parts with a truth and fidelity, which would render their productions invaluable for the purposes of instruction.

Several of the Chinese, especially Lamqua, succeed very well in portraits, and as the natives manifest great acuteness in detecting the peculiar lineaments of a face, and the conjectural inferences they afford as to the character of the individual, there is reason for believing that they will excel in this department of the art. A Chinese, in his intercourse with his friends, is very apt to load them with praises and compliments; but when he addresses himself to the labour of taking a likeness,

he seems to be very much disposed to tell the truth. China abounds with works that treat upon the art of drawing. A volume of the *san tsae hwuy too*, or Chinese Encyclopedia, is devoted to this subject, and presents some curious specimens as models for imitating the lighter passions, and the more pleasing scenes of life. Wrath, envy, fright, and other unsightly passions, which deform the countenance and destroy the heart of man, are passed by as subjects unfit for a picture. It is in fact much easier to delineate the strong features which characterize such passions, than it is to portray the feelings that play upon the visages of half a dozen persons as they are quietly seated by a fire side. A work, in several parts, contains a variety of rules and examples for executing, in a faithful and picturesque manner, the bamboo, the peach, and the chrysanthemum, with an assortment of orchideous, or parasitic plants. The bamboo, for its beauty as well as its usefulness, is the ornament and boast of China; it has been considered, therefore, as justly entitled to the best attention of the artist. It is, like all other plants in a state of cultivation, subject to many varieties; a circumstance which widens the field of the artist, and gives him ampler space for the display of ingenuity in imitating, and penetration in tracing the diagnostics and prime characteristics of nature. The stem, and its leaves with their peculiar sheaths, scars, natural marks, etc., are dissected, and the methods by which they may be executed in a summary manner, clearly pointed out. This word *summary* is intended to have a specific meaning here; for, from the unique excellence of the Chinese pencil, and the commanding attitude in which it is held, the artist, when he has attained a perfect mastery of his business, is able to execute any of these essential proprieties with a single stroke of the pencil. A certain freedom and wildness are the necessary results of this method, and for this reason it is very much admired by the natives, who, though they are unacquainted with the bearings of true liberty, seem to be greatly in love with one of its humbler modifications in drawing.

The flower of the peach, its stem, leaves, and leaf-buds, with all the varieties of inflorescence, are analyzed and treated one by one. The young aspirant after pictorial excellence is thus presented with all the elements with which he has to work, in a distinct, pleasing, and instructive manner. He becomes a botanist in some of the most recondite and delicate parts of the science. Those technical and learned descriptions, which are called the generic and specific characters, are highly useful in the way of arrangement and recognition, but they fail to convey oftentimes that impression which the plants make upon the eye of the beholder. Language was not capable of depicting certain nice and curious features, which the anatomical draughtsman would have hit with life and beauty. If the reader has a taste for drawing, and a desire to be deeply read in the laws by which nature's forms are regulated, he should not despise the hint suggested by the doings of a Chinese.

The leaves of orchideous, or parasitic plants, are often narrow and resemble a blade of grass. By means of the elastic brush, for which the natives of China deserve so much credit, one of these leaves may be drawn by a single sweep; the fine awl-like point and the broader base are quite within the powers of this instrument. The process is, therefore, very simple; yet, as these leaves point in several directions, are bent, misshapen, and modified in various ways, it is deemed necessary to afford the learner models and samples of all these variations. Some of these plants grow upon the ground in situations accessible to the wind; they are therefore liable to have their configuration altered by its breezes. The configuration assumed, in consequence of the action of the wind upon the leaves and flowers, will depend upon the stiffness or yielding pliancy of the several parts respectively, and upon the velocity of the wind that is sweeping over them. These points are discussed, and illustrated in detail by the Chinese drawing master.

In another volume, birds are dissected into nine or ten parts, commencing with the bill, and ending with the feet. The student is therefore made acquainted with the lines peculiar to each part, and at the same time is gaining an ornithological accuracy in the discrimination of forms and plumage. A variety of attitudes, corresponding to passions in man, are there

given, so that the artist not only secures the true shape of a bird, but gets a glimpse of its character. The carriage, mode of flight, position at rest, or in pursuit of its food and amusement, are different in different birds. If this circumstance be faithfully attended to, a picture is made to tell its own story in brief. A very elegant work, in four volumes, treats of the human figure, and gives many highly graphic and most charming illustrations, with a large assortment of various costumes. In this work, the head and face are regarded under ten different aspects, and the bearing and curvature of the lines defined for each aspect respectively. The principal modifications of the eyes, nose, and mouth, are specified with their proper designations. The lines are few, thick, and bold; but truth with its own commendatory charms seems to accompany every trace of the graving tool. The common painters employ much of their skill in the excogitation of various idolatrous devices. Surely we may indulge a hope, that the night is far spent, the day is at hand, when gospel truth shall enlighten the hearts and purify the understandings of the Chinese, so that the humble artist, as well as the man of poetic genius, may content himself with the imitation of nature in her rich and manifold displays of wisdom and goodness. G. T. L.

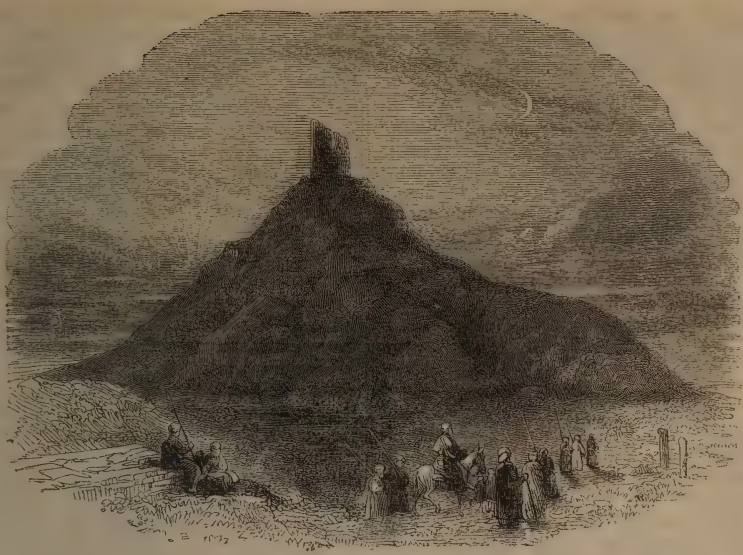
THE SAW.

The Greeks ascribe the invention of the saw to a person, who by some is called Talus, and by others Perdise. This Talus was the nephew of Dardalus, and first, it is said, took the hint of fabricating a saw by observing, that the jawbone of the snake answered the purpose of cutting through a piece of wood, when a smaller instrument was not at hand. If the story be true, we have another instance of the excellency of some lessons taught by that mistress of various wisdom, necessity. The saws used by the Grecian carpenters were like our modern frame saws. This appears from a painting preserved among the ruins of Herculaneum. Two genii are represented at the end of a bench, consisting of a long table resting upon two four-footed stools, or trestles; while the piece of wood to be sawn through is secured by cramps. It consists of a square frame, having a blade in the middle, which is perpendicular to the plane of the frame. The piece of wood to be sawn extends beyond the end of the bench, and one of the workmen appears standing, the other sitting upon the ground. The arms in which the blade is secured have the same form as with us. In the bench are seen holes, in which the cramps, holding the timber, are stuck.

In Isaiah x. 15, it is asked, Shall the saw magnify itself against him that moveth it backward and forward. Our translation has, shaketh it, which is a singular expression for the act of sawing. We know from this and other passages, where the word which is translated "shake," properly denotes the alternate motion produced by action and reaction, effort and remission, or waving anything (as the wave shoulder, for example) backward and forward in the air.

WHITE STONES.

In the vicinity of Pergamus, an unusual number of white stones cover the ground in every direction; and the traveller can hardly fail to be struck with the local applicability of the words in which the scriptural promise to this church is couched: "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." The metaphor doubtless refers to the well-known custom, prevalent among the early Christians, of presenting a piece of lead or stone, as a token of friendship to every brother disciple entertained in his travels: this was divided in half, and one piece was kept by the host, the other by the guest, in order that, if the latter repassed that way, he might show it as a guarantee for a kind reception by the family of his original host. Sometimes a name was written on the stone, known only to the giver and receiver. In an age when writing was so little in vogue, such pledges were useful substitutes; and the abundance of white stones, in this neighbourhood, makes it more than probable that, among the Christians of Pergamus, these were the significant pledges in common use. If so, the scriptural allusion is as appropriate as it is beautiful.—*Rev. C. B. Elliot.*



The Birs Nemroud.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria, has fallen. The predictions of its total ruin have been fulfilled. Its remains consist of mounds of earth, formed by the decomposition of buildings, channelled and furrowed by the weather. Their surface is strewed with pieces of brick, bitumen, and pottery.

Beyond the modern village of Tahmasia is the great ruin, supposed to be the tower of Belus; by far the most stupendous and surprising mass of all the remains of Babylon. It is situated about six miles to the south-west of Hillah, and is called, by the Arabs, Birs Nemroud, and by the Jews, Nebuchadnezzar's Prison. Mr. Rich describes it in the following terms: "The Birs Nemroud is a mound of an oblong form, the total circumference of which is seven hundred and sixty-two yards. At the eastern side, it is closed by a deep furrow, and is not more than fifty or sixty feet high; but at the western side, it rises, in a conical figure, to the elevation of one hundred and ninety-eight feet, and on its summit is a solid pile of bricks, thirty-seven feet high, by twenty-eight feet in breadth, diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular, and rent by a large fissure, extending through a third of its height. It is perforated by small square holes disposed in rhomboids. The fine burnt bricks of which it is built, have inscriptions on them; and so excellent is the cement, which appears to be lime mortar, that it is nearly impossible to extract one whole. The other parts of the summit of this hill are occupied by immense fragments of brickwork of no determinate figure, tumbled together, and converted into solid vitrified masses, the layers of bricks being perfectly discernible. These ruins stand on a prodigious mound, the whole of which is itself a ruin channelled by the weather, and strewed with fragments of black stone, sandstone, and marble. In the eastern part, layers of unburnt brick, but no reeds, are to be seen. In the north side, may be seen traces of building exactly similar to the brick pile. At the foot of the mound, a step may be traced scarcely elevated above the plain, exceeding in extent, by several feet each way, the true or measured base; and there is a quadrangular inclosure round the whole, as at the Mujelibe; but much more perfect and of greater dimensions. At a trifling distance, and parallel with its eastern face, is a mound not inferior to that of the Kasr in elevation, but much longer than broad; on the top of it are two koubbes, or oratories; round the Birs are traces of ruins to a considerable extent."

We wish our readers to be not merely

readers, but students of Divine revelation. As a few grains of gold may sometimes be gathered from the mountain rill, while to have it in the mass we must go beneath the surface of the earth, so we should not only seek for knowledge as silver, but search for it as for hidden treasures, Prov. ii. 4. The observations of travellers will aid us in so doing: they cast much light over statements that would otherwise be obscure; and their descriptions of the present condition of places to which the Bible refers, furnishes a strong argument for its Divine inspiration.

SABBATH EMPLOYMENT FOR CHILDREN.

I BELIEVE the great thing, with respect to children, is to pray much for them, that they may have that grace, which alone can make the sabbath a delight. We should also pray with them, and let them see that we are very anxious about their salvation; and that, though we attach much importance to their progress in other things, we look upon them all as nothing, in comparison with the knowledge of Christ. Children sometimes take much pleasure in answering a few simple questions on a chapter they have read; and in this way very little children may be made to comprehend a great deal. Many of the parables, types, and emblems in Scripture are particularly adapted to their capacities, and afford them great delight. I have seen a little child, who would have been very tired with a serious discourse, listen for a long time with unwearied attention, whilst being told in its own childish language, how Christ compared himself to a vine, and his people to living branches; or how Christ, as the good Shepherd, "gathers the lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom." While explaining these things, they should be taught the text or texts referred to, that so a portion of God's own word may be fixed on their hearts. I think, however, there is nothing more important than to stop as soon as the attention of our little hearers seems to tire. Sometimes, the eldest may be set to teach the youngest some verse or hymn. Scripture prints also form a very good resource for Sunday employment. Children are so artless, that we can soon perceive what pleases them most; and whatever kind of religious conversation or employment seems particularly to interest them, should be brought out on Sunday, to make it as pleasant a day as possible to them.—*Miss Graham.*

THE ALLOTMENT OF BLAME.

IT was a frequent argument with Arthur Longley, when he had set his mind on some pursuit which Frank or myself considered rather questionable, but in which he wished us to join him, "Oh come along: there is no harm in it; I'll bear the blame." On one occasion, Frank was absent. Frank often proved to me as a shield against temptation; but as he was not there, Arthur was the more bold with me, and had well nigh induced me to comply, when old Anthony, who happened, unperceived by us, to have heard the conversation, came forward and said, "Let me beg of you, young gentlemen, to give it up. It is not a right thing, I am sure master would not approve of it; and it is very likely to get you into mischief and danger. Master Frank would have nothing to do with it if he were here; and I hope, master Samuel, that you will not."

There is something very venerable in a faithful, conscientious old servant. A youth must have a great deal of hardihood who can stand against the affectionate remonstrance or warning of such an one. The imploring, anxious look of old Anthony succeeded in dissuading me from joining in the proposed frolic.

"No thank you, Arthur," I replied, my voice gathering firmness as I proceeded; "we had better not;—I had rather not." "Rather not!" retorted Arthur; "you have no will of your own; you are afraid of old Anthony making mischief about it. If you have but courage enough to join me, I tell you I'll bear the blame." "Ah, sir," said Anthony, "you may think me a foolish, impertinent old man, and that I have no right to speak; but I can't help speaking when I hear you advising the grandson of my old master and the son of one of my young masters, to do what is wrong. Master Samuel does not despise a warning from old Anthony, if you do; and I make bold to tell him, that true courage consists in a steady resolution against all sin and for all duty. And as to your bearing another person's blame, you can do

no such thing. If you do wrong, you will bear your own blame; and if you tempt another to join you, you will bear the blame of being his tempter. But you cannot ease him of the blame of consenting. Satan cannot do this if he would; but I believe, he often uses it as a temptation to sin, to make people believe that the sin of the sinner can, somehow or other, be lumped away with the sin of the tempter. But, dear young gentlemen, let no one deceive you with vain words. If you do wrong, you must bear the blame yourself; nobody can bear for you the stings of an accusing conscience, or the stain upon your reputation, or the suffering that results. Poor Ned Davis proved the truth of this, when he suffered himself to be persuaded by some vicious companions to join them in robbing his master's garden. In climbing over the wall, he fell, and broke his leg, which had nearly cost him his life; and though he recovered, he lost a good place by it, and has never since been able to get into a respectable family; and which of them that led him into sin could bear for him the suffering, the danger, the disgrace, or the uncomfortable reflections of his own conscience? No, no, every man must bear his own burden, both in this world and another."

I have often thought of old Anthony's remarks, when I have heard other young people, pressed by similar arguments to those of Arthur, to pursue a course which their consciences could not approve; and sometimes too, when I have heard persons attempt to justify themselves by throwing the blame on others. "It was your fault more than mine. It was not my fault—I could not help it: how was I to know that a china jar stood on the floor?" "And how was I to know that you would walk backwards and knock it over?" This altercation, together with the tremendous crash that gave rise to it, reached the housekeeper's room, and Mrs. Rogers came bustling to the spot to see what was the matter, when to her sore dismay, she beheld a splendid china jar strewed in fragments on the floor. So clamorous were the parties concerned in their attempts at self-exculpation and their charges and recriminations of one another, that it was hard to get at the truth of the matter. One had only set the jar on the floor a few minutes to dust the pedestal, and left it there while she went to fetch a duster. The other, in assisting to remove a table, had stepped backwards without observing the jar, and knocked it over on the marble floor of the hall. "Ah," said Mrs. Rogers, "you can neither of you clear yourselves, you are both to blame: you should have got all your brushes and dusters about you before you pretended to begin your work, and not have left sight of such a thing as this after you had once removed it; and you, before you walked backwards, should have made use of your eyes to look whether anything was in the way. I can tell you that in many places you would have been sent a away both together, and that would not have mended the jar, worth I do not know how many guineas; and a jar too that money could not pay for; for master's father brought it from India himself, and for that reason it was doubly valued. I do not suppose that our master will send you away, or even be in a passion with you, for it is not his way; but I know he will be very sorry to lose the jar, and you ought both to be very sorry for your carelessness, and so remember it as to exercise proper care in future. For though master is not likely to turn away his servants for breaking a china jar, he is not likely to keep servants who indulge habits of carelessness and negligence, and of these you have both been guilty, whether the jar was broken or not."

I thought there was truth and good sense in the old housekeeper's remarks, and such as would apply to greater matters than the breaking of a china jar. One inadvertent act may throw us in the way of temptation. It seems a trifle in itself; but it leads to serious, perhaps to fatal results. As we proceed from step to step in the career of sin, others may become sharers in the guilt and in the punishment; but nothing can ever do away the blame of the first dereliction, no, not even if the mischief proceed no farther.

I recollect when I was quite a little boy, my uncle one day started up in the midst of dinner, and went hastily to the library. He returned with a packet in his hand, and looking earnestly at Frank and myself, said, "My boys, have you been in the library this morning?" "Yes, uncle; we were there till the dinner bell rang." "I

hope neither of you has touched this packet, which was lying on the table?"

We each, unhesitatingly, replied that we had not. "I am thankful to hear you say so," replied my uncle, with unwonted agitation, "and thankful that your parents have taught you not to touch what you do not understand, or what does not belong to you; but that does not excuse my carelessness in leaving such a packet within your reach." It seems that my uncle, while engaged, or preparing to engage in some chemical experiment, had been unexpectedly and hastily called away to a gentleman on business, by which he was detained the whole morning; and, until he saw us at the dinner table, it had not occurred to him that any person was in the house, who might go into the room in his absence. My uncle had lost all relish for his dinner, and it was some time before he recovered his wonted tranquillity. I could not help being struck with the different manner in which different persons regard their actions. One of a noble and ingenuous spirit reproaches and takes blame to himself for the mischief that might have resulted from an inadvertent act. One of a little mind attempts to shift off the blame of mischief, that actually did result from an act of criminal negligence or indiscretion. It is really no small attainment to be able, with promptitude and candour, to say, "It was my fault." "Perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgment of imperfection." But (and the remark equally applies to shifting off deserved blame, and to assuming undeserved credit) "if a man takes to himself credit for more than he really performs, it is no honour to him. What he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loses in the conviction of his own heart. And a man must lose his consciousness, that is, his very self, before he can employ any falsehood without inward mortification."

The allusion just made to my uncle's concern at having left a packet of poison within reach, though no one was injured by it, recalls to my mind an affecting fact which was mentioned to me a few years ago. A young man, the son of respectable and pious parents, and who had been carefully trained in the principles of religion in a Sunday school, went to service in London. After some years, he returned to his friends in the country, in a very bad state of health, indeed sinking in decline. Every thing was done that the tenderest affection could suggest for his bodily comfort; but the chief solicitude of his pious parents was for his immortal interests. With great grief they observed in him a marked disinclination to religious conversation and religious exercises in general. Although still able to go out, he seemed disposed to go anywhere rather than to the house of God. The Bible he never opened, and almost uniformly absented himself from family prayer; nor could any persuasion induce him to receive the visits of the faithful minister, who had been the revered instructor and friend of his childhood. Thus he went on for several weeks maintaining the most inflexible silence on the state of his mind; but, at the same time, by his conduct giving too painful indications that it was not such as befitted a sinner on the confines of eternity. At length, a sudden and alarming change in his disease intimated the near approach of dissolution. At this, the unhappy man experienced the most agonizing distress and horror, the expression of which he was no longer able to suppress; and then the dreadful truth came out that he was become an infidel; that infidelity had led him into a course of vice with the flattering assurance that there was no future account, no day of retribution; but that now, when death stared him full in the face, infidelity could afford him no support or shelter. And how had he imbibed this infidel poison? His master, who had been engaged in writing a defence of Christianity, was in the habit of leaving on his desk the works of infidel writers, which he had procured for the purpose of answering their objections. The young man, whose business it was to put his master's room in order, was induced, by curiosity, to look into the books that lay about. Perhaps, at the same time, he had begun to be fascinated with the allurements of vice; for error and vice are often so intimately connected, and so produce and reproduce each other, that it is hard to say which is the cause and which the effect. However, so it was that evil books obtained for a good and lawful purpose, but very improperly left within reach of others, too successfully disseminated those evil prin-

ciples, which the person who owned them was endeavouring to uproot. He was not, nor could he consider himself, free from blame. And who can estimate the degree of blame, incurred even by an inadvertent action, the results of which may extend to eternity?

It was but an inadvertent word, no mischief was intended, no bad feeling was entertained; but in the course of conversation an expression of an absent person was repeated. "I hope such an arrangement is clearly understood by —," said one person. "Oh, yes," replied he to whom it was addressed, "it cannot possibly be misunderstood; I told him plainly that so and so was intended." "Ah, we know you can speak plainly; he told me that they had no knowledge or suspicion of such an affair, until you said —." "Oh, I wish you had not uttered that expression: it calls up a number of recollections and feelings, which I would wish for ever buried." "I am very sorry for that: I am sure I meant no harm; I wish I had not repeated it." "But you have; and now the mischief is done, and cannot be recalled."

Perhaps the reproach was scarcely kind, when the error was so promptly and fully acknowledged; but conscience testified that it was just, and that the blame of any ill feeling that might arise between the parties, rested on having unjustifiably, because unnecessarily, repeated an expression which might possibly give offence. Oh how great a fire a little matter sometimes kindles! and how desirable is the Christian attainment of the complete government of the tongue! Jas. iii. 5, 8.

Some people are so tenacious of their honour, that having once maintained an opinion, or pursued a line of conduct, they will defend it even contrary to their own convictions. To do otherwise, would be taking to themselves the blame of error in judgment or impropriety in practice, a degradation to which they can by no means submit. I recollect a person of this headstrong, pertinacious character, who being on a summer excursion in our neighbourhood, and having an introduction to my uncle, was invited to dinner. So tiny was the speck of intellect that constituted his stock, that one intimately acquainted with him, observed that "a nutshell was capacious enough to comprehend his entire modicum of knowledge;" and another replied, "A nutshell would be far too large; the skin of an apple pip was nearer the mark." Yet, strange to say, wealth and connexions gave this man great importance and influence in the circle in which he moved. These fostered his vanity. He was wiser in his own conceit than seven men than can render a reason. The airs of dogmatism and infallibility which he assumed, were most ridiculous and contemptible. It was impossible to hold a conversation with him, because he continually poured forth nonsense, and was utterly indignant at any one who ventured to express a different opinion. Two of his expressions, which made an impression on my mind that no length of time can obliterate, will, I think, justify the estimate I have formed of his intelligence and candour. No man was more free from the spirit of contradiction than my uncle. In indifferent matters, he wished every man to enjoy his own opinion, or if ever he attempted to convince, it was by calm and gentle reasoning. Besides, he understood the courtesies of life too well, to assume at his own table the position of dictator to his guests. But the above-mentioned gentleman having advanced some sentiment very much in opposition to truth and reason, and which my uncle conceived to have a bad practical tendency, he mildly stated his reasons for coming to a different conclusion. "I would not believe it," replied the sturdy disputant, "I would not believe it, if it were true." The other expression was called forth by the endeavour of a gentleman present to vindicate an injured character against whom Mr. G—— had been bringing a number of charges very much to the annoyance of my uncle and of the company in general, who were most of them strangers to the person in question. At length, one of the party, addressing Mr. G——, said, "I am happy, sir, in having it in my power to assure you that you have been misinformed; I can produce sufficient evidence to convince you that the facts are very different from the representations you have received; and I have no doubt you will rejoice in having any unfavourable impression removed from your mind." "No, sir, I shall not; I do not want to be convinced."

My uncle was not habitually severe; he had in his native composition much

of the milk of human kindness, and he had practically learned the Scripture precepts to be gentle, patient, courteous, easy to be intreated, and in meekness to instruct those that oppose themselves: but if any thing could rouse his indignation, it was ungenerous detraction of character, to which, in the present instance, was superadded a stubborn and malignant tenacity to wrong, and a rejection of evidence, which a benevolent mind could not but have rejoiced to receive. Had Mr. G—— been as stubborn in refusing to receive an evil report against his neighbour, I can answer for it, my uncle would have forgiven him, and I do not think the Bible would have censured him. But, as it was, my uncle was evidently under the constraint naturally produced by the presence of a spirit, which had no affinity or congeniality with his own. After the company left, my uncle sat awhile with his elbow on his knee, and supporting his head on his forefinger and thumb. When he had thus mused a few minutes, he slowly walked to the bookcase, reached down two or three books, and read aloud the following sentences: "Obstinacy is a habit of the mind: it interferes with a man's private conduct, and makes him blind to right reason." "The stubborn and the headstrong are two species of the obstinate; the former lies altogether in the perversion of the will, the latter in the perversion of the judgment. The stubborn person wills what he wills; the headstrong person thinks what he thinks." "The obstinate keep the opinions they have once embraced in spite of all proof; the headstrong seize the first opinions that offer, and act upon them in spite of all remonstrance; the stubborn follow the ruling will, or bent of the mind, without regard to any opinion."

"Stubborn and headstrong children are troublesome subjects of education, who will baffle the utmost skill and patience. The former is insensible to all reason; the latter has blinded the little reason he possesses. The former is unconscious of every thing but the simple will and determination to do what he does; the latter is so pre-occupied with his own favourite idea as to set every other at nought." As my uncle closed that book and replaced it on the shelf, he said, "What must be the character of that mind and heart that combine these several qualities!" He took up another volume, and read, "It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in the wrong in anything." "But it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great spirits on worthy occasions, by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails to such a degree that they make it extend to a defence of faults," or condemning of excellency "in others." In disputes, it frequently occurs that "one party, and sometimes both, is conscious of being on the faulty side, and have not spirit enough to acknowledge it. Very few seem fully aware that it is to maintain a true and high spirit to throw away from it all that itself disapproves; and to scorn so pitiful a shame as that which disables the heart from acting out its affections and sentiments."

There was no occasion to write the name under the portraiture; nor need I add that Mr. G—— was not a frequent visitor at my uncle's.

"Well, it was no fault of mine," said a visitor, "I am not to blame about it; I knew very well how it would turn out, and the step was not taken by my advice."

"Pray," said my uncle, "was it taken against your advice?"

"No, I do not say that it was; I was never consulted about it."

"What! did you know that it would turn out unfavourably, and yet neglect to make your friend the wiser for your knowledge? If that be the case, I cannot understand how you can be free from blame. If the person, who extinguishes the lighthouse beacon is chargeable with the shipwreck that ensues, can he be guiltless who had an opportunity of lighting it, and neglected to do so?"

"True; but one is never thanked for giving advice: people will follow their own way."

"We are not to speculate about success, and make the discharge of our duty contingent upon it; and certainly, those who have neglected the duty of giving timely warning, have no right to reproach on account of failure, or to take credit to themselves for sagacious foresight of which they made no proper use. Many people most illnaturedly pride themselves in saying, they knew how it would be; but never say it, till the developement of facts was given them to know how it is."

"I am sorry to hear of poor Mr.

Gregory's affliction: he is a worthy man." "Ah, poor fellow! I am sorry for him; but he has nobody to blame but himself." "As to that," said my uncle, "I believe he is not disposed to blame any other person, and I have equally good reason to believe that no blame rests with himself. The trials of some good men appear to arise entirely out of circumstances over which they have no control, and to be sent expressly for the trial of their faith, patience, and submission. I suspect if you had been one of Job's friends, you would have been disposed to argue as they did. They thought he was to blame for those calamities which were the distressing but wise discipline of his heavenly Father, to confirm and illustrate his graces. 'The end of the Lord' towards Job corrected their mistake; and I am not without hope of seeing yours corrected concerning our worthy friend Gregory. I can assure you that the whole of his conduct reflects on him the highest honour."

My uncle, when he said this, was planning the means of assisting the person of whom he spoke. The objector, perhaps, feared that he also might be called upon to assist, (for there were circumstances which might have warranted such an appeal;) and to justify himself to his conscience and the world, in not doing what might be expected of him, he affected to think that the man was to blame for having fallen into distress, and therefore was not to be helped out of it. It may be, that the priest and the Levite speculated upon the imprudence of the traveller in going alone on a road infested with thieves: but they passed on, and rendered no assistance. The good Samaritan's heart at once prompted his hand and excited his charity, and He who was as good a judge of prudence as he was of benevolence, said, "Go, and do thou likewise," Luke x. 37.

"It was not my fault; I could not help it: if it had not been for the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, I should never have been guilty of such a fault."

"Stop," said my uncle, "do not lay the blame of your misconduct on circumstances, for that is in effect laying it upon God. No man is placed in such circumstances as to compel him to do wrong. But the circumstances by which we are surrounded are arranged on purpose to try our obedience, fidelity, and firmness." Translate the guilty reasonings of our first mother. Mark the train of thought suggested by the tempter. "I should be obedient to the will of my Creator, if it were not that he has restrained me from partaking of a desirable indulgence. I should not have disobeyed; but that the forbidden fruit was in my reach, and the serpent beguiled me to eat of it." "Yes," said her guilty partner, "and the woman whom God gave to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." We can discern and despise their guilty subterfuges; but we overlook our own whenever we fancy that, circumstanced as we are, we are excusable in breaking the known commands of God, or any one of them.

A family, with whom my uncle was acquainted, was plunged into deep distress by the misconduct of a beloved son. They heard, with bitter grief, the report of his evil actions, and discovered, with horror and surprise, that his principles were corrupted, that he had imbibed infidel sentiments. The parents were highly respected, and a general and lively sympathy was excited towards them under this heavy disappointment of their fond parental hopes. My kind uncle was one who endeavoured to console them, by suggesting that no blame could attach to themselves, as they had been careful and diligent in instructing their child, and had set before him good and holy examples. But conscience spoke out, and rejected the undeserved solace. "No, we have not satisfaction in our own reflections. We did, indeed, teach him in childhood, and endeavour to lead him in the way in which we were sincerely desirous that he should go; but we were influenced by worldly motives in choosing for him a situation, when we knew or might have known that both his principles and his morals would be in danger. We were dazzled with the prospect of wealth and high connexions; and we overlooked the one thing needful. We are to blame: that it is which adds bitterness to the affliction. We are to blame: and would that we alone were to blame; but we can neither do away the blame from ourselves, or our poor unhappy child. We both alike stand before God in our trespass."

My uncle wept with the heart-broken parents, and prayed fervently that both they and their guilty child might be sharers in the rich forgiveness and tender mercies which belong to the Lord our God, though we have rebelled against him, Dan. ix. 9.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that it is a sad sign of self-ignorance, and self-delusion, when we are disposed to extenuate our faults, and to imagine that we are not to blame, or to satisfy ourselves with being less to blame than others, or with thinking that we can shift a part of the blame from ourselves to others.

It were wise and safe to look upon ourselves and our actions as God regards them. When we have sincerely scrutinized them by the rule and standard prescribed—the word of God—we shall still be far from discerning all the criminality in them which his omniscient eye discerns. We shall find that we have been guilty, very guilty, deeply guilty, and in deep prostration of spirit, exclaim, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified," Psa. cxliii. 2.

"To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!"

C.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

This sea is called in Scripture the Great Sea, and the Sea of the Philistines. It is not much noticed in the Old Testament, except as the western boundary of the Holy Land, and the cedars used in the building of the temple were floated upon it from the foot of Lebanon to the port of Joppa. It was upon this sea that Paul was shipwrecked; and several of the other apostles sailed upon it in their voyages of mercy. It extends from the coast of Syria to the straits of Gibraltar, a distance of more than two thousand miles. It is one of the most celebrated collections of water in the world. It has been looked upon by nearly all the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and by Jesus Christ. It has carried upon its breast almost every warrior, philosopher, and poet, both of ancient and modern times; and could the spirit of its winds collect together at one place all the characters they have wafted along its surface, there is scarcely a single name of note written upon the pages of history that would not be included in the assemblage. Upon its waters were fought the battles of Salamis, Actium, Lepanto, and the Nile. Upon its shores, or at a little distance from them, stood the cities of Jerusalem, Tyre, Troy, Athens, Alexandria, Rome, and Carthage; and among the mighty empires of the ancient world, whose wings were dipped in its waters, were Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. It includes within its limits several minor seas, and many islands of celebrity both in sacred history and profane.—*Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.*

THE TELEGRAPH.—No. II.

During the last few years, the modes of telegraphic communication have been very carefully studied, and many new inventions have been proposed. None of these have yet been adopted by the government; but several of them are allowed to be exceedingly ingenious, and it is by no means improbable that the present imperfect system will be ultimately superseded. A brief account of the most important of these inventions will be interesting to the inquisitive reader.

THE PNEUMATIC TELEGRAPH.

In the pneumatic telegraph, air is, as the name implies, the communicating agent. This instrument was invented by Mr. S. Crosley, and a working model was exhibited in the Polytechnic Institution. It consists of a tube which extends from one station to another, and provided at each extremity with a vessel containing, like the tube itself, and in direct communication, a small quantity of air. These vessels are made so as to admit of enlargement or contraction like a pair of bellows, or a gas holder; for in this way any change of bulk in the air of the tube is compensated.

Now if any degree of pressure be given to the reservoir at one station, the equilibrium will be soon restored, (for this is the property of all fluids,) and the same degree of pressure will be observed at the other extremity, and may be read off by means of a pressure

index. Thus "with ten weights producing ten degrees of compression, distinguished from each other numerically, and having a pressure index at the opposite station, marked by corresponding figures, any telegraphic numbers may be transmitted, referring in the usual way to a code of signals, which may be adapted to various purposes and to any language. The only manipulation is that of placing a weight of the required figure upon the collapsing vessel at either station, and the same figure will be represented by the index at the opposite station. Previously to making a signal, the attention of the person, whose duty it is to observe it, is arrested by means of a preparatory signal."

A trial was made with a tube, one inch in diameter and about two miles in length, but so fixed that the extremities were brought together, and could be observed at the same time. For the communication of a pressure from one end to the other, a period of fifteen seconds was required. This invention is one of great importance; but how far it will be found adapted for the purposes of government, cannot be determined until it has been tried on a larger scale, and submitted to the test of experiment under all the varying circumstances of constant use and public service.

THE ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPH.

Many attempts have been made to construct telegraphs to be set in motion by electricity. This wonderful agent has been employed in so many unexpected ways, that there is every reason to think, considering its extreme velocity of motion, which may be called instantaneous, it may be useful in telegraphic communications. Such has been the opinion generally entertained by scientific men, and many persons have consequently devoted their attention to the subject. The principal experiments, and those which have been most successful, were made by Professor Wheatstone; but before a description is given of that gentleman's inventions, it will be desirable to mention those of American origin which are the only ones that at all deserve a comparison.

An electrical telegraph was invented in America by Professor Morse; but the descriptions of it, which have reached this country, are not sufficiently precise to enable us to give a full description of its construction. Its object is to communicate, and if we understand the reports given of its operations, to write down at a considerable distance, a series of numbers, which are, as in other telegraphic codes, the representatives of certain fore-arranged letters, words, or sentences. A complete vocabulary of all the words in the English language are regularly numbered, and according to the sentence to be telegraphed, the numbers must be chosen. These numbers are selected in types, which are placed in an instrument, called the rule, which serves the same purpose as a printer's stick; and they are so connected with the opposite extremity that the numbers are there registered and may be read off at leisure. The whole arrangement is connected with a voltaic battery of sixty pairs of plates, and by passing the type beneath a lever the circuit is closed and broken.

An American journalist gives the following account of an experiment he had seen performed with this instrument:—"The communication which we saw made through a distance of two miles, was the following sentence, 'Railway cars just arrived, three hundred and forty-five passengers.' These words were put into numbers from a dictionary; the numbers were set up in the telegraphic type in about the same time ordinarily occupied in setting up the same in a printing office. They were then all passed complete by the portrule in about half a minute, each stroke of the lever of the portrule at one extremity, marking on the register at the other, a distance of two miles instantaneously. We watched the spark at one end, and the mark of the pencil at the other, and they were as simultaneous, as if the lever itself had struck the mark. The marks or numbers were easily legible, and by means of the dictionary were resolved again into words." The first stroke of the lever causes a small alarum bell to ring, giving notice to the observer at the station to which the information is to be conveyed.

At another time, we are informed, this telegraph acted through a wire, ten miles in length.

The electrical telegraph, of which so much has been said in the public papers, and which is likely at no very distant period to come into general use upon railway lines, if not for government

proposes, is the invention of Professor Wheatstone. Its mode of action is by the transmission of electricity through wires, which are connected with a machinery that exhibits the letters required in the necessary order to complete the sentences to be communicated. An instrument of this kind has been constructed on the Great Western Railway, from London to Drayton, and the following is a description of it:—

"The space occupied by the case, containing the machinery, (which simply stands on a table and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room,) is little more than that required for a gentleman's hat box. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys, (similar to those of a keyed bugle,) which acting by means of galvanic power upon various bands placed upon a dial plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet, (as each key may be struck or pressed,) but the numerals are indicated by the same means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interrogation. There is likewise a cross upon the dial, which indicates that where this key is struck, a mistake has been committed in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an erasure is intended. To a question, such, for instance, as the following, 'How many passengers started from Drayton by the ten o'clock train?' The question and answer could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as West Drayton station, which is about thirteen and a half miles from Paddington. There are wires communicating with each end thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground parallel with the railway, and about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as the completion of the rails take place, and ultimately throughout the whole distance to Bristol. The machinery and the mode of working it are so exceedingly simple, that a child who could read would, after an hour or two's instruction, be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information."

Since the above paragraph was written, Professor Wheatstone has succeeded in simplifying still more the apparatus, and a few remarks, in addition to the description already given, may be desirable for the information of the reader. The wires, which are four in number, are severally wrapped round with a well resined thread, and they are then bound together with a cord prepared in the same manner, so that they form, in appearance, a strong rope. But even in this state they are not exposed to the atmosphere, for they are enclosed in tubes, or protected above the ground by wooden cases. These wires remain in the situations where they are placed, and are quite free from any mechanical violence, being merely the conducting media between the two stations. Still with all the care that can be exercised, accidents may occur and the wires be rendered incapable of conducting the voltaic current. Should this happen, it would not be difficult to ascertain the place where the injury had been done, and by having two lines of wires no impediment would occur in the telegraphic communication.

At both extremities of the line, the observers are furnished with a small galvanic battery, so that the communication may be made to or from the stations. The electricity from the batteries is conducted by the wires. Besides the wires and the batteries, there are two other parts of the apparatus upon which, in fact, the action of the telegraph depends. One of these resembles a capstan; for it consists of an upright brass pedestal, with a circular top marked round the circumference with the letters of the alphabet, from each of which a spike projects. The other parts of the apparatus consist of a beautiful combination of delicate machinery, but that part which is seen, is a disc or dial plate with a small opening sufficient to exhibit a single letter.

To communicate any letter, the capstan is turned until the point projecting from it is brought into communication, and the same letter then instantly appears on the dial, whatever may be the distance of the stations.

The chief advantages of this mode of telegraphic communication, are its rapidity and ease, and its trifling cost.

In the common telegraph, a dic-

tionary or code of signals is required, but with the electrical telegraph words may be communicated, and that in less time than is required by the ordinary system to convey signs if the distance be considerable. Electricity travels with a velocity not less than that of light, which is one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second, so that it would pass round the globe, the mean circumference of which is twenty-four thousand, eight hundred and sixty-nine miles, in an almost inappreciable period of time. A sentence is therefore communicated to any distance in the time required to turn the wheel, so as to bring all the letters, which form it successively to a certain point. All mistakes also are prevented by employing words instead of signs, and it may be used by night as well as by day. Supposing a telegraphic establishment to be formed between London and Liverpool, a question might be asked concerning the funds or any mercantile transaction, and an answer be returned in less than five minutes. And the same result could be obtained if the distance were twice as great; for the time required for the passage of the electricity is too small to be measured; but as the power of the electricity is weakened by passing over a long surface, the size of the batteries must be increased.

The expense of the establishment is evidently confined to laying down the necessary wires; for the questions may be asked and the answers returned by children after an hour's instruction. There are few of the results of modern science more wonderful than that of the electrical telegraph; but the value it may be to society, cannot yet be even conjectured. H.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The church itself requires conversion. We pray for the conversion of the world; but the church itself, though in another, yet in a sober and substantial sense, needs a similar blessing. The object of conversion is twofold: personal and relative; to bless us, and to make us blessings. Individual conversion accomplishes the first object, by placing us in a personal and evangelical relation to Christ. The second can only be scripturally effected by the collection and organization of those who are so related to Christ into a church, and by that church advancing forwards, and placing itself in an evangelical relation to the Holy Spirit. Now, the prevailing sin of Christians is, that they are inclined to stop short at the first of these stages. They are, perhaps, sufficiently alive to the importance of preaching Christ as the author of redemption; for they have their own personal experience in evidence of its necessity: but they are not proportionally alive to the necessity of Divine influence as the means of usefulness; for of that they have not the same evidence. Their conversion to Christ, as individuals, was scarcely more necessary to answer the first aim of the gospel, in their own salvation, than their conversion to the Spirit, in their collective capacity, is necessary to answer the second, in the salvation of others. I say, their conversion to the Spirit; for the change necessary has all the characteristics of conversion: conviction of guilt in neglecting his agency, a perception of his necessity and suitableness, and earnest applications for his heavenly influence.

That the doctrine of Divine influence has a place in the creed of the faithful, we admit; but it is one thing to assent to its truth and importance, and a very different thing to have a deep and practical persuasion of it. That the Holy Spirit is at present imparted to the church to a certain degree, is evident from its existence. For every believer is the production of the Spirit; carries about, in his own person, signatures and proofs of Divine operations; and thus forms an epitome and pledge of the eventual conversion of the world. But, as to the measure in which his Divine influence is afforded, who has not deplored its scantiness? From the earliest dawn of the Reformation to the present hour, this has been the great burden of the church. What writer, of even ordinary piety, has not bewailed and recorded it, as the standing reproach and grief of his day? Look back, and what do you behold? A procession of mourners, nearly all the living and eminent piety of the time, dressed in penitential sackcloth, moving through the cemetery of the church, as through a Golgotha, and exclaiming in tears, "Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." What do you behold? The priests, the ministers of the Lord, sanctifying a fast, calling a solemn assembly, lamenting that so few attend the

solemn call; and then advancing, a mournful train, casting themselves down, and lying prostrate at the foot of the throne of grace, and, as the representatives of the church, exclaiming, "Behold, O Lord, a poor company of creatures gasping for life! thy Spirit is vital breath; we are ready to die, if thy Spirit breathe not. Pity thine own offspring, thou Father of mercies. Take from us, keep from us, what thou wilt, but oh! withhold not thine own Spirit." Such were the actual terms in which the great and pious Howe led the supplications of a solemn assembly in his day, convened to cry for the Spirit. And has it not been on the lips of the mourners in Zion, an unbroken procession, ever since? And does it not express the sense of the church in the present day? As we have fallen into the train, and brought up the rear of the moving suppliants, have we not deplored the absence of the Spirit as the great affliction of the church, and implored his impartation as our great want, our only remedy?

But the Spirit will be poured out from on high. Would that the importunity and loud cries of the church, warranted the expectation that the event were near! And when He does descend, among the many blessed effects which will accrue, this, doubtless, will be one—that the teaching of Christ concerning him, will be hailed and studied, as if it were a new revelation; will be traversed and explored like a newly-discovered continent. The reasons of Christ for amplifying the subject, and for laying so much stress on it, will then be felt in the inmost soul; each of his declarations concerning it will seem to expand into a page, and be consulted as a charter fresh from heaven; promises which we now repeat with freezing accents will then burn on our lips, and be pleaded with an earnestness not to be denied; but which will open the windows of heaven for the emission of still larger outpourings of the Spirit.—*Harris.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"Command the children of Israel, that they give unto the Levites of the inheritance of their possession cities to dwell in; and ye shall give also unto the Levites suburbs for the cities round about them," Numb. xxxv. 2.

In Deut. xviii. 1, it is said, "The priests, the Levites, and all the tribe of Levi, shall have no part nor inheritance with Israel." They were to have no portion of the land allotted to them, as the other tribes had; but out of the portions of all the rest, they were to have forty-eight cities, six of which were to be cities of refuge, that the refugees might, during the period of their exile, be within reach of religious institutions. The forty-eight cities were also scattered over the land, that so the Levites might preserve and teach knowledge throughout the whole.

Learned men are not exactly agreed about the dimensions of the spots allotted to the Levites; some supposing that the width of the outer suburb was double that of the inner one, and others that it was only of the same dimensions. We have adopted the former opinion, which appears to us to be the most natural; for as the inner suburbs are generally considered to have been used for gardens of herbs and flowers and outhouses, barns, stables, etc., and the outer suburbs for vineyards and fields, in which the flocks were reared, they seem to have demanded a larger portion of ground.

This allotment of the priests and the Levites was intended to afford them sustenance when they were not in waiting in the sanctuary; for then they were supported from the dues arising from the sacrifices, the first fruits, and the money paid for the redemption of the first born. They were not, however, left wholly dependent upon their glebes, perhaps from the uncertainty of crops in the ordinary course of things, as well as to maintain a spirit of universal benevolence towards the ministers of the altar: "Behold," saith God, "I have given the children of Levi all the tenth in Israel for an inheritance, for their service which they serve," Numb. xviii. 21. This tithe was paid both from the animal and vegetable produce of the lands, and was received immediately by the Levites in their several cities, a tenth of these being again devoted by them to the service of the priests.

DON'T BOTHER ME.

This is an odd title; but the individual to whom it refers was an oddity. That person was my aunt Catharine, under whose care I passed the interval between my ninth and thirteenth years. My aunt's most remarkable oddity consisted in the

extreme unwillingness with which she answered questions of any kind, although she was ready enough to ask them.

She might indeed have been very fairly called an inquisitive woman, as far as the affairs of her neighbours were concerned, and in all matters of a trifling nature.

Those relating to real knowledge were not within the span of her comprehension; nor had she, I regret to add, any of that benevolence of disposition, which leads its possessor to satisfy the demands of one disposed to draw upon its store.

My aunt has been dead more than forty years, and even if she were alive, I doubt much if she would bother herself by reading the compositions of her nephew, for whose capacity she felt great contempt. I have, therefore, no grounds, on the score of delicacy, for suppressing any circumstances with which she was concerned.

My aunt was never married; probably because she had never been asked to wed, as far as I could learn.

Why she never was asked to do so, is a point of little interest to the world, nor could I myself answer the question very satisfactorily.

Perhaps—but this is mere conjecture—the dread of receiving in reply, "Don't bother me," may have terrified the timid from popping the question to her; though, to the best of my opinion, she never would have turned the bothered ear to that tender inquiry.

Be that as it may, my aunt had neither personal beauty to attract admirers, nor wealth enough to tempt the avaricious; and her mental qualities were not such as to captivate the intellectual.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the animation with which I presented to her, when I was about seven years old, from an early hotbed, in which I had sown some seeds, a plant which had just appeared above ground, and I yet feel the timorous anxiety with which I asked her, how the little seed which I had sown had become a growing plant.

If my own glimmering intellect had received a ray of light, the "Don't bother me" of my aunt, on this and every such occasion, would have been a sufficient extinguisher; and as far as her agency was concerned, would have totally put out the feeble spark that the God of nature had kindled within me.

Oh aunty, aunty! though the world is pleased to give me credit for some knowledge of agriculture and gardening, I surely am not indebted to you for it. Had this matter depended upon you, I should not, at this day, be able to distinguish the difference between a sheep's head and a carrot.

What an opportunity had I afforded to my aunt, of unfolding to me, at least, one leaf of the pages of revelation, illustrated by the grain of mustard seed! Here was an opening for exemplifying to me the death of the body and the immortality of the soul, in the dying and quickening of a bare grain to which God giveth a body, as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. But my aunt thought not of such things at all, or if she did, she had no heartfelt interest, and therefore took no trouble in discussing them.

Now, does not our heavenly Father point out, in the very nature of inquiring childhood, that the acquisition of new ideas and knowledge is the object to which curiosity irresistibly leads? And ought not the mental power to be exercised and employed accordingly? But my aunt, who had no notion of the philosophy of the mind, cut short my investigations, with her favourite phrases, "Don't bother me," and, "I have something to do besides answering nonsensical questions." Yet she detained me, at the same time, with a five minutes' lecture on the naughtiness of dirtying my fingers with nasty clay, and soiling my pinafore. "Look at this, Martin," said she, as she held up the dirty dimity to my weeping eyes, "see what muddling in the garden comes to: go, sir, this moment, and get that washed!" I was thus sent off with a flea in my ear, as the saying is, and a smart box on my cheek besides, which bothered me considerably, in return for any little botheration which I might have occasioned to my very affectionate relative.

Now, in all this, my aunt was very ill judging, as any one who considers the case will readily perceive.

Here was a fine intelligent boy, such I can easily imagine myself to have been, asking information on a subject extremely interesting to the opening mind, offering to his instructor a good opportunity for leading from the creature to the Creator, from the mysteries of nature to the source of light and power.

But my aunt Catharine, like too many others, was too indolent, or too unreflecting, to give me any elucidation of

what was dark to my comprehension. She did not perceive that those faculties of the mind which God gives us, should be exercised in proportion to their growing force; that they are not intended to lie dormant; that they will exert themselves with more or less activity; and according as the objects are to which they are directed, so will the future character in all probability be.

What watchfulness, what judgment, then, does it not require in parent and instructors to fix the ripening mind on those objects upon which it may rest securely, as regards both the present state of existence, and that which is to come!

And how selfish or stupid is it to withhold that information which the natural curiosity of the child solicits, and which has been implanted for the very purpose of leading unto knowledge! God says that he is to be inquired of, and we are desired to seek the kingdom of God: can it be sought too early?

But to return to my aunt, and her system of instruction. In the course of my education I was sent every Sunday to repeat the church catechism in the village schoolhouse adjoining my aunt's residence. I found it difficult to learn its meaning, and would have been much obliged to my aunt if she would have explained it a little to me; but though she was exact and rigid in making me get it by rote, and hearing me repeat it word for word, I never could get any explanation of it out of her mouth. One day I overheard her saying to a visitor, "Ma'am, I'm tormented by that boy; he bothers me so with his questions."

If there is any human composition, which more than another requires to be familiarly explained, it is the catechism, which being a very condensed summary, should be unfolded and measured out according to the capacity of the learner.

My aunt's reply to me, whenever I ventured to catechize her upon any of its points, was "Don't bother me, it is quite enough for me to have the plague of hearing you repeat what is in the book: the clergyman will, I suppose, teach you all about it; but even to him you must not be too inquisitive, for little boys should only listen, and ask no questions."

Thus, by the ignorant, or the indolent, is the door of knowledge closed against those who would enter in.

It is not every grown-up person, who, under God, has the talent to form the character and disposition of a child; and my aunt was very far indeed from having the requisite qualifications for this office; but though no scholar, she was by no means absolutely ignorant, and she might have helped me a little in my progress.

Though her tongue could not be compared to choice silver that enriches, she might have given me a little small change now and then, if it was only a halfpenny worth at a time; but she kept all her knowledge to herself, and did not deal out to me any common nourishment for the mind, far less any portion of "the children's bread," which is the best food of the soul. She seemed to have no perception of the force of the exhortation, "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," Deut. vi. 7.

The task by rote concluded, and the saying of it occupied but a few minutes, though it cost me many hours to commit it to memory, the subject was entirely dismissed by my instructress.

And now I may dismiss my poor aunt, and reason a little upon the whole matter.

Knowledge is said to be power: so it is, and worthy of being sought for. Nor would I confine the search altogether to the knowledge of heavenly things, for the affairs of the world require wisdom suited to them; but this, which holds the first place in general, ought to be in the second: the wisdom which God gives freely, and without being wearied by our importunities in asking, is more easily attained than any other wisdom, if the disposition be teachable, even though the capacity be feeble.

What says the wise man? "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding," Prov. ii. 1—6.

The Divine Teacher is ever ready to instruct us, and loves to be inquired of;

he never refuses to answer an inquiry, nor turns a deaf ear to him who applies for instruction, and is willing to learn of the Father! who gives "the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him," Eph. i. 17.

It was the saying of an ancient satirist, "My son, get money—if you can, honestly; if not, get it by any means!" Solomon gives better advice, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding," Prov. iv. 7. Get wealth, says the world; Get heavenly wisdom, the principal thing, the true riches, says the word of God. Therefore get it, even if you should have an aunt Catharine ungraciously and repulsively saying to you, "Don't bother me." M. D.

SKETCH OF OSTEND.

The desire of visiting other lands is peculiarly strong in some minds, and with these each of our party must be classed. And now the feeling was about to be gratified. Happily, one obstacle was removed from the outset. Only a few years ago, we must have committed ourselves to a sailing packet, unsettled as to its time of starting, liable to long detention on its voyage, from the want of wind, or unfavourable breezes, and without the possibility of calculating, with certainty, on the period of reaching land. But art, of recent date, has rendered steam subservient to travelling; and with different emotions to those which in former days we must have experienced, we entered a vessel on a fine summer's evening.

Some of our party shortened the voyage by slumber; one remained all night on deck; and I arose at an early hour. It was indeed a delightful morning: the sun shone forth in unclouded brightness; the atmosphere was calm and mild; and so steadily did the packet glide on the bosom of the ocean, that its passage seemed to be over "a sea of glass," distinctly reflecting the ever-varying objects above. The countenance of the helmsman, sometimes marked with anxiety, was devoid of care; the sailors seemed to enjoy an easy idleness; while the company looked as if they had left their solicitudes at home, or forgotten them in sleep. And yet a feeling of solemnity is appropriate to every voyage, and to every journey. Though the intended absence be short, yet, during it, many important events may occur. Poverty, sickness, death, may visit some of those who were left in far different circumstances; and he who bade them adieu, may not live to return!

The golden light of the declining sun was pouring forth, on the low coast of Holland, when we approached the flat shore of Ostend. Almost as soon as any land can be discovered, the steeple of Dunkirk church may be seen. This, with the lighthouse, and the town hall, showed that we had traversed the mighty waters, which have been one means of Britain's security, and that they rose from a foreign shore. The harbour is so narrow, as to render dangerous a landing in rough weather. The town is surrounded by a noble wall, and a fine walk may be enjoyed on the top of the ramparts, open to the sea. Its strong fortifications recall to mind the wars of former days. Ah! had they the power of consciousness and of speech, of what horrors could they tell! In one memorable siege, during the seventeenth century, eighty thousand Spaniards perished in its trenches, and fifty thousand of its inhabitants and of the garrison were the prey of famine, pestilence, and the sword.

Surely war furnishes one strong proof that we live in an "insane world." Degrade man to the rank of a mere animal, conceive of death as an eternal sleep, and such strife is madness; what is it then, where is a term of sufficient force and emphasis to characterize it, when the body is considered as the tabernacle of the soul; when this world is considered as a merely temporary state of being, and the porch of immortality, not only to one, to a few, but to all, without exception, of human kind?

Popery is now of ancient date. Its history may be made truly instructive, as well as deeply painful. It is, in fact, a corrupted, a paganized Christianity. It holds a modicum of truth in a mountain of error. It accepted of whatever was favourable to its purposes, and increased the mass of evil by successive accumulations. Could those identified with it in early days, behold its present state, they would be confounded at its magnitude. The fetters, forged for a few, have been riveted on millions not to be counted, and by millions they are still borne. The subtle poison, which at first brought on an inconsiderable number "the sleep of death," has worked to the ruin of souls, only to be told at

the judgment day. How vigilantly and devoutly then should we guard against the beginning of evil! How firmly should we adhere to the true sayings of God! How fervently should we desire the diffusion of the gospel, accompanied by the energy of that Holy Spirit, to whom its success in regenerating and sanctifying man is, and must be ever attributable!

Belgium has long been almost proverbial for superstition and bigotry. The church of St. Peter, at Ostend, has a showy exterior; for Popery is a system for the senses. At the altar of the virgin, were many small waxen models of arms, legs, teeth, and other parts of the human body; the memorials of some benefits or cures supposed to be received through her agency. We also noticed various praying stations, marked out by pictures representing portions of the life of Christ. As the churches are without pews, persons may be seen, each taking a chair, that they may go in succession to these stations, and there repeat their form of devotion.

On the outside, and between the buttresses of the building, is a place railed off, called "a Calvary," having a large crucifix, and beneath, a painted representation of purgatory. At one of the doors, there is an image of the virgin, the size of life, with a flowing white muslin veil, and a long taper at each side. An inscription says, that she is the help of man, particularly in death! Another case contains an image of the Saviour; but that of the virgin appears far more attractive. Such is the course of superstition: however it may begin, and however specious are its pretensions, it issues in idolatry. The antidote for a thousand evils is for Christ to have the preeminence. May this be proved in the experience of the reader and the writer.

AMICUS.

STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

WE must never devise more spiritual meaning for Scripture passages than the Holy Spirit intended; but, considering God to be virtually addressing us in his word, we should concern ourselves, first, to understand Him, and then how to communicate it to others. He is great, and past finding out; no wonder, then, that he does not teach us every thing in this life, which is but a pilgrimage; though he discloses enough for our direction and progress. More than this would not be useful just now; it is reserved for home.—*Bengel.*

A BLIND MECHANIC.

IN February, 1798, died at Carlisle, aged sixty-six, Mr. J. Strong, who, though blind from his infancy, distinguished himself by a wonderful proficiency in mechanics. At an early age, he constructed an organ: his only knowledge of such an instrument was by once secreting himself in the cathedral after the evening service, and thereby getting an opportunity of examining the instrument. Having disposed of his first organ, he made another, upon which he was accustomed to play during his life. At twenty years of age, he could make himself almost every article of dress, and was often heard to say, that the first pair of shoes that he made, were for the purpose of walking to London, to visit the celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of the Temple church. This visit he actually paid, and was much gratified with the journey. He indulged his fancy in making a great variety of miniature figures and machines, besides almost every article of furniture.

ADVICE TO A SON.

IN a letter to his son John, when quite a youth, dated September 18, 1812, the Rev. John Griffin, thus expresses the great anxiety of his mind respecting the future character of his children: "I hope my dear son is the stay and the comfort of the family. Remember, my dear son, you are the eldest: as are your sentiments, tempers, and actions, such will those of your brothers and sisters be, most likely. It is therefore of vast importance to them, to us, and to yourself, that your character should be well formed. Our anxieties for your best interests are very great, and I am very sanguine in my hopes. Remember the following maxim: Intelligence, diligence, economy, punctuality, civility, integrity, generosity, and piety, are essentially necessary to form a good character, a happy man, and a useful member of society."

THE LAW OF GOD.

GOD'S putting his law in our hearts, and writing it in our inward parts, is the surest evidence of our reconciliation to God, and the best earnest of our happiness in him.—*Henry.*

THE LIME.

(*Tilia Europea.*)

EXPLANATION OF CUT.—*a*, perfect flower. *b*, stamina. *c*, petal, stamen, pistil. *d*, transverse section of the capsule. *e*, seed. *f*, winged petiole of the flowers.

"The stately lime, smooth, gentle, straight, and fair,
(With which no other Dryad can compare,)
With verdant locks and fragrant blossoms deck'd,
Does a large, even, odorate shade project."

NATURAL ORDER. Tiliaceæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Polyandria Monogynia.

Calyx inferior, deeply divided into five equal deciduous segments. Petals five, inversely egg-shaped, obtuse, spreading, with usually a small scale on the inner surface at the base. Filaments numerous, threadlike, attached to the receptacle. Anthers two lobed. Germen, globular, hairy; style, thread-shaped and erect, nearly as long as the stamens; stigma with five obtuse angles. Capsule woolly, roundish, five celled, with one or two seeds in each cell. A large and handsome tree with smooth spreading branches. Leaves heart-shaped at the base, smooth, serrated, acutely pointed. Flowers greenish white colour, in loose panicled cymes; flower stalks axillar, each united for half its length with an oblong pale smooth leaf-like bractea. Blossoms in June and July.

THE lime, or linden, "the most beautiful, graceful, and fragrant of our native trees," was well known to the ancient Romans, and is found in most parts of Europe. Several different species of this tree have been enumerated; but Mr. Loudon, one of the most recent and able authorities on the subject, is disposed to class them all as so many different varieties of the *Tilia Europea*, only differing in the size of the leaves. The botanical name some have derived from the Greek word *ptilon*, a feather; and others from *tilai*, light bodies floating in the air: in either case, the buoyant floral bracteas, so peculiar to this tree, would seem to have suggested the name. It seems now the fashion to doubt whether the lime has any title to rank as a native of Britain; and if we apply to it the test which Daines Barrington has laid down, by which to ascertain whether a tree is indigenous or not, we shall certainly be compelled to relinquish it. He states, that the trees indigenous to any country, grow in large and extended masses, and ripen their seeds kindly, which spontaneously spring up beneath them; and applying this test, positively rejects the lime, as well as the sweet chestnut, elm, and box. Yet sir J. E. Smith, as well as Ray, and many other writers, have stated the various places in which both the broad and small-leaved varieties have been found growing wild. It is particularly mentioned that, near Shawley, in the neighbourhood of Worcester, is a wood, five hundred acres in extent, remote from any old dwelling or public road, in which the principal undergrowth is the *T. E. microphylla.* It is undoubtedly a native of Germany, Russia, and Sweden, which lie yet further north than many parts of our island; yet, the summers in those countries, though shorter, are much warmer than our own, and the lime there ripens its seeds every year, which it rarely does in England. Evelyn considered the lime as a native tree, though he laments that, in his day, it was so little known and cultivated. "We send commonly for this tree into Flanders and Holland, which indeed grows not so naturally wild with us, to our excessive cost, while our woods do, in some places, spontaneously produce them; and though of a somewhat smaller leaf, yet, altogether, is good, and apt to be civilized and made more florid: from thence I have received many of their berries, so as it is a shameful negligence that we are not better provided with nurseries of a tree so choice and universally acceptable." Nor is this energetic lamentation less appropriate to the present day. Even now, it is much less cultivated among us, than in many parts of the continent; though its elegant form, and rich-spreading foliage, combined with the numerous purposes to which its products can be applied, seem to blend in it, the useful with the agreeable. Pliny speaks of

"Lime trees for a thousand uses sought."

And though the abundant and varied

products of our woods and forests, may have partly naturalized some of its properties, we shall have reason to observe, that it still deserves, and might with truth receive the same epithet.

In external appearance, however, it does and will always hold an unrivalled place in our ornamental plantations; and now, as in the days of Evelyn, "it is of all others the most proper and beautiful for walks, as producing an upright body, smooth and even bark, ample leaf, sweet blossom, the delight of bees, and a goodly shade at the distance of eighteen or twenty feet. Besides its unparalleled beauty for walks, its other perfections are, that it will grow in almost all grounds; that it lasts long; that it soon heals its scars; that it affects uprightness; that it stoutly resists a storm; that it seldom becomes hollow." And who will not assent to the truth of this spirited eulogium of the enthusiastic biographer of our Sylva? who that knows it does not love the linden tree? Whether we contemplate it overarching, with its magnificent and refreshing foliage, the lofty vista of the long-drawn avenue; or see it, when standing singly on a lawn, where its luxuriant, pendulous, yet recurved branches, supporting a mass of glossy foliage, it forms a leafy dome, is it not pre-eminent in beauty? In spring time, though comparatively late in leafing, how bright and lovely the tinge of its young buds as they emerge from the russet robes in which they have been closely folded, and casting down their rosy tinged sheaths, expand their delicate and tender leaves before the genial breath of April. In summer, like a verdant pavilion, it extends its grateful shade of "cool green light;" within which all is tranquil and refreshing to the languid frame and overpowered senses, being hung with a drapery fresh from nature's incomparable loom, of verdant glossy green, wreathed with the odorous masses of its thickly studded pale and sweet-scented flowers. Even the ruthless gales of winter do but display, more clearly, the elegant symmetry of its tall graceful trunk, regular and tapering branches, smooth glossy twigs, and russet buds prepared for another season of expansion and beauty.

The flowers of this tree are very abundant, and larger than those of most other timber trees. They are highly odoriferous; and in a fine calm summer's evening, the perfume they emit is fragrant beyond expression, almost to an overpowering degree.

> "The lime, at dewy eve diffusing odours."
> COWPER.

> "Clear was the song from Philomel's far bower;
> Grateful the incense of the lime-tree bower."
> KEATS.

These blossoms spring in a cluster from a large leaf-like *bractea*, of the same pale hue as their own, which contributes, in no slight degree, to the peculiar effect of the summer appearance of the tree.

These are rich in honey, and hence during the season, the lime tree is thronged by myriads of bees, whose buzzing murmurs, though low in the scale of nature's melody, yet soothe, refresh, and cheer the wanderer's ear, as they blend in sweet harmony with the never-ceasing choir of praise, which ascends from nature up to nature's God. The honey obtained from the flowers of the lime is said to be the finest in the world. The little town of Kowno, in Lithuania, is surrounded by forests of lime trees, and is famous for the honey exported thence, which fetches a price double that even of the Narbonne honey. So valuable is it considered from its extreme purity and delicacy, that it is solely used for medicinal purposes, and in the manufacture of some sorts of liqueurs, more especially that called rosoglia. It is said that the Jews of Poland obtain a somewhat similar flavour, by bleaching the common honey in the open air in frosty weather.

The fruit of the linden tree, when mixed with the flowers, produces a paste not unlike that of cocoa. This was discovered by Missa, a French physician, but it was little valued by his countrymen, who imported the real cocoa extensively from their colonies. Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, feeling a greater interest in the subject than the French could do, caused further experiments to be made, which established the excellence of the paste produced; but as it was found not to keep well, the manufacture was relinquished.

The wood of the lime tree being peculiarly smooth, close grained, and of a delicate light colour, yet soft, easily cut, very durable, and not liable to the attacks of insects, has been long appropriated to the purposes of carving.

"——— Smooth Linden best obeys
The carver's chisel; best his curious work
Displays, in all its nicest touches."

DODSLEY.

"One circumstance," observes Gilpin, "should recommend the lime to all lovers of the imitative arts. No wood is so easily formed under the carver's chisel. It is the wood which the ingenious Gibbons selected, after making trial of several kinds, as the most proper for that curious sculpture, which adorns some of the old houses of our nobility." Evelyn claims to himself the honour of being the first who recommended this ingenious artist to king Charles II. Some of the finest specimens of this style of ornament are to be seen at Chatsworth, the princely residence of the duke of Devonshire, though it is found in most of the noble buildings or churches erected at that period. Horace Walpole observed of Gibbons, that "he was the first artist who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species."

The elegant and ornamental art of carving has latterly fallen in disuse; but the qualities of the lime remain unchanged, and now, as in the days of Evelyn, "architects make with it models for their designed buildings." It is also used by carvers and gilders in their ornamented picture frames, and at iron foundries, the ornaments for the fronts of stoves, etc., are all first cut in lime wood. The wooden blocks used by Holbein in wood engravings, it is believed, were of lime. It is now principally used by the turner for various domestic articles; and being peculiarly free from any tendency to warp, it is used by musical instrument makers for the keys and sounding boards of pianofortes. Though very fine in the grain, it does not blunt the tool; and shoemakers and glovers prefer it to any other wood for their cutting boards.

The inner fibres of the Linden bark are peculiarly strong, and well adapted to be woven into matting, or twisted into cordage. The former manufacture is chiefly confined to some parts of Russia and Scandinavia, where the lime tree abounds in the forests. The trunk being remarkably straight, and free from knots, the bark is stripped from it in pieces from six to eight feet in length, at the beginning of the summer, when the sap is rising, and it is easily divided from the tree. These are steeped in water till the fibres are separated, they are designated as bast, and woven by the peasants into those coarse mats, which are so generally used by gardeners, upholsterers, etc. Large quantities of them are annually brought into England, as wrappers to the bales of hemp and flax which we import from the Baltic, to the amount of many thousand hundredweights. The ropes and cordage also manufactured from these fibres, are remarkably strong and elastic, and are said to improve by exposure to damp and wet, which swells and unites the particles of which they are composed. They are still made in Cornwall and the west of England, and also in Lincolnshire, where the tree is commonly known by the name of bast. In Sweden, the fishermen construct their fishing nets of these fibres.

To the Russian boor, the lime tree is as valuable and useful as the birch to the Laplander or Swede, supplying by its products almost all his few and simple wants. Hence he procures timber to build, or twigs to wattle his hut, tiles for its roof, the basket work that forms his sledges from the outer bark, and from the inner fibrous one, ropes and matting for various purposes. The timber, too, furnishes the material of all his domestic utensils, fishing boat, etc., or is burned into excellent potash, while beneath the shelter of the growing trees he suspends his hives, and thus increases the value of their luscious produce. But the principal and peculiar use made of the lime tree in Russia, and for the sake of which hundreds of young trees are annually sacrificed, is, that it is the sole material used in fabricating the sabots or wooden shoes of the peasantry. The outer bark forms the sole, the fibres of the rind platted, the upper leathers. Mr. Tooke, in his able work on the Russian empire, strongly censures the impolicy of this custom, as costing in fact more than the value of leathern shoes, and tending eventually to destroy the forests. From two to four young linden stems are required to every pair of shoes; and these rarely last longer than ten, and in the working season scarcely four days. In the whole year, therefore, at the

lowest computation, a single peasant wears out fifty pairs of shoes, to make which one hundred and fifty young stems have been destroyed. The tree undoubtedly grows faster for cutting; yet a fresh linden shoot is not fit for peeling previous to being made up, under at least three years.

The smooth interior side of the outer bark, supplied the ancient Romans with tablets for writing on. Evelyn mentions one, containing an unpublished work of Cicero, preserved in the library at Vienna, which the emperor had purchased from cardinal Mazarine for 8000 ducats. Within a few years, some ingenious experiments were made by M. Schäffer, to manufacture paper from various substances; that made from the bark of the lime was of a reddish brown colour, and so smooth as to be peculiarly adapted for drawing paper.

The leaves of the lime, as well as those of many other trees, were used by the Romans as winter fodder for their cattle; they are still collected for the same purpose in Sweden, Norway, Carniola, Switzerland, etc., though Linneus says they communicate an unpleasant flavour to the milk. The garlands of flowers with which the ancients were accustomed to crown themselves at their convivial entertainments, were in general artfully bound together with strips of the linden rind. Thus Horace says,

> "Ribands from the linden tree
> Give a wreath no charms for me."

The lime is well adapted for planting in public walks and avenues in cities, as it bears clipping remarkably well, and is little injured either by smoke or the violence of the winds. Those in St. James's Park are said to have been planted at the suggestion of Evelyn, with a view to the improvement of the air in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. It was about the same period adopted on the continent as a favourite tree for avenues and walks, in preference to the horse chestnut, which had been previously used for the purpose; and thus by the avenue before the chateau we may often ascertain the date of its erection. In Holland, these plantations by the sides of the canals are yet more abundant; and during the summer months, the whole country is perfumed by their blossoms, which are beneficial, as they overcome the effluvia that otherwise would naturally result in the neighbourhood of much stagnant water.

"The berries," says Evelyn, "reduced to powder, cure the dysentery, and stop bleeding at the nose. The distilled water is good against the epilepsy, apoplexy, vertigo, trembling of the heart, and gravel." Schroder commends a mucilage of the bark for wounds. "I am told," he adds, "that the juice of the leaves fixes colours."

The lime tree will grow in any light soil; but in a good, loamy, moist soil, the rapidity of its growth is scarcely credible. The finest specimen in England, is that at Moor Park, in Hertfordshire, of which Mr. Strutt gives a picture. It stands on a little eminence at the end of a stately row of lime trees, which bound one side of the park, extending more than three quarters of a mile. "They are all lofty, and some of larger girth than this, but none equal it in luxuriance of shade and redundancy of branches, nineteen of which almost rivalling the parent stem, have, at about nine feet from the ground, struck out in horizontal lines to the length of from sixty-seven to seventy-one feet, and from six to eight feet in circumference, bearing again in their turn three or four upright limbs, like so many young trees, and reminding the beholder of prosperous colonies, at once supported by, and adding to the importance of their mother country. The age of this tree is not exactly known; but at this period it is in the most vigorous state of luxurious growth, and has every promise of attaining a yet larger size. Its circumference at the ground is twenty-three feet, its branches extend one hundred and twenty-two in diameter, and cover three hundred and sixty feet in circumference. It is nearly one hundred feet, and contains by actual measurement, eight hundred and seventy-five feet of saleable timber. It must have been some such object," adds the author, "that suggested to the fervid imagination of Milton his beautiful description of the fig tree," or banyan of the Hindoos.

> "——— Such as at this day (to Indians known
> In Malabar or Deccan,) spreads her arms
> Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
> High, over arched, and echoing walks between."
> MILTON.

This peculiarity of growth, which not improbably suggested the idea of propagating plants by layers, is not uncommon to this tree. At Knowle, is another immense lime tree, which, twenty years ago, covered with its shade nearly a quarter of an acre of ground. The lower branches, which extended some distance from the trunk, having rested their extremities on the ground, had taken root and sent up a circle of young trees. These, in their turn, had also rested on the soil, taken root and thrown up a second circle of trees, at that time from twenty to thirty feet high. At Crompton, in Warwickshire, is a magnificent tree between sixty and seventy feet in height: the trunk measures fifteen feet in girth at four feet from the ground, and between nine and twelve feet divides into six upright branches.

Evelyn mentions a lime tree growing at Depeham, in Norfolk, which, if the account be credible, must have far exceeded any we now can boast. "The compass, in the least part of the body, about two yards from the ground, is at least eight yards and a half; about the root, near the earth, sixteen yards; about half a yard above that, near twelve yards in circuit; the height of the uppermost boughs about thirty yards."

He also describes "the linden of Schalouse, in Switzerland, under which is a bower composed of its branches, capable of containing three hundred persons sitting at ease: it has a fountain set about with many tables, formed only of the boughs, to which they ascend by steps, all kept so very accurately, and so very thick, that the sun never looks into it. But this is nothing to that prodigious Tilia of Neustadt, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, so famous for its monstrosity, that even the city itself received a denomination from it, being called by the Germans, *Neustadt under grossen linden*, or Neustadt by the great lime tree. The circumference of the trunk is twenty-seven feet, four fingers; the extent of the boughs about four hundred and three feet: set about with divers columns and monuments of stone, (eighty-two in number at present, and formerly above one hundred more,) which several princes and noble persons have adorned and celebrated with inscriptions, arms, and devices, and which, as so many pillars, serve likewise to support the umbrageous and venerable boughs; and that even the tree had been much ampler, the ruins and distances of the columns declare, which the rude soldiers have greatly impaired." Of several of these inscriptions he gives us copies, which prove that it must have been "a goodly tree," even in the year 1530, the date of the earliest recorded. He also mentions a linden tree, "at Cleves, in the Low Countries, a little without the entrance into the town, cut in eight faces, supported with pillars, and containing a room in the middle." The Neustadt lime tree is yet standing; the girth of the trunk is now fifty-four feet, and about one hundred in height. The branches, which do not divide till fifteen feet from the ground, extend nearly one hundred feet on each side of the trunk; they are supported by one hundred and eight pillars, some of wood and others of stone. The head of the tree has been formed into a place for public entertainment, and is reached by a flight of steps. Gooseberry trees are planted in the hollows, formed by decayed branches, and the fruit is sold to visitors.

Some most interesting lime trees, now standing, are in Switzerland, and are identified with the history of the hard, yet successful struggle for independence, which was maintained by those hardy patriots against the Austrian oppressors of their country. In the public square at Friburg is a lime, which was planted on the day that the victory gained in the defiles of Morgarten, over the duke of Burgundy's army in 1476, was publicly announced: this uncostly monument is a remarkable instance of the poverty of the republic, and the simplicity of their ancient manners. The branches are now carefully propped, though the circumference of the tree does not exceed fourteen feet. In the neighbouring village of Villers en Morig, is a yet more ancient tree, recorded as existing before the battle of Morat, and supposed to be little short of one thousand years. Yet it was, a few years ago, in good condition; seventy feet high, and the girth of the trunk, at four feet from the ground, thirty-six feet. The tree of Trons in the Grisons, beneath which the little band of patriots took the oath to free their country from the yoke of their oppressors, is celebrated in all their popular ballads as a linden tree, though, in fact, it is a sycamore. This

substitution may have, probably, been occasioned by the unpoetical sound of the German "a horn," for sycamore, compared with that of "linde" for lime tree. Other magnificent specimens are to be found in many towns of Switzerland, Germany, etc. These, like

"The hawthorn tree, with seats beneath its shade,"

immortalized by Goldsmith, formed the place of public rendezvous for business or recreation, and were generally in the market or central part of the town. Tradition relates, that in the many local conflicts and factious disturbances, so frequently occurring in the middle ages, the lime tree was the chief scene of contention, and its possession regarded as a decisive triumph. The party taking possession of the place, planted a lime tree; and if they were afterwards driven out, this was cut down, and another planted by the opposite party. Hence these trees were preserved with great care and reverence, being identified not only with the amusements or business of each generation, but as trophies of the victory and success of their ancestors. Mrs. Hemans has beautifully embodied, in "The Lament over a fallen Lime Tree," feelings which would naturally be excited over the downfal, either from age or ruthless destruction, of one of these hallowed trees.

"O joy of the peasant! O stately lime!
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey time.
Thou whose wavy shadows,
Long and long ago,
Screen'd our grey forefathers
From the noontide's glow;

Thou, beneath whose branches,
Touch'd with moonlight gleams,
Lay our early poets,
Wrapped in fairy dreams.
O tree of our fathers! O hallow'd tree!
A glory is gone from our homes with thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest through summer eves?
Or the bee find honey,
As on thy sweet leaves?
Where shall now the ring dove
Build again her nest?
She, so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast?
But the sons of the peasants have lost in thee,
Far more than the ring dove, far more than the bee.

These may yet find coverts
Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness,
Odour and soft sound:
But the gentle memories,
Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gather'd,
Round another tree?
O pride of our fathers! O hallow'd tree!
The crown of the hamlet is fallen on thee."

"Curses," exclaims an enthusiastic admirer of the lime tree, "on those inhuman and ambitious tyrants, who, not contented with their own dominions, invade their peaceful neighbours, and send their legions, without distinction, to destroy, and level to the ground such venerable and goodly plantations and noble avenues! Irreparable marks of their barbarity!" But sad though such senseless proofs of ruthless havock be, and deservedly as they must be lamented by all who admire these noble and interesting monuments of bygone centuries, would that the devastating effects of the demon spirit of war, were stayed upon these inanimate objects! "Whence come wars and fightings among you?" inquires the apostle James; and in the language of inspiration, he returns answer to himself, "Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" Jas. iv. 1. Alas! that man formed in the image of his Creator, should ever lend himself a willing slave to work the purpose of him who "was a murderer from the beginning!" What a proof of the depravity of the human heart, that such unhallowed deeds should ever find excuse, commendation, nay applause, among a self-styled enlightened population. Yet is it not so? Do not those who are often the first to respond to the cry of woe, to stretch out the hand of sympathy and aid to the individual sufferer, palliate, nay glory in successful warfare? Could we but follow the conqueror's chariot, and trace his progress over a devastated, depopulated scene, strewn with the dying and the dead, we could better estimate the worth of the pinnacle of glory which arises from such a foundation. We should see it based on the bodies of millions, whose immortal souls have been hurried in an instant to their final account; on the smoking ruins of their once happy homesteads of peace and contentment; on the ghastly looks of famished wretches bewailing the destruction of their wantonly destroyed crops; on the corpses of the grey-headed patriarch, and the smiling babe, driven forth, homeless and destitute, to the inclemencies of the season. Blessed are the words of inspiration, which assure us that it shall not be ever thus, which tell us of a day when the earth shall be so filled with the glory of the Lord, that they shall not hurt or destroy; when nation shall not lift up sword

against nation, nor kingdom against kingdom, nor war be learned any more; when Christ, the Prince of peace, who came to preach peace on earth, good-will towards men, and purchased that peace for man by the blood of his cross, shall dwell in every heart, removing those thoughts and feelings which actuated these scenes of strife and bloodshed. "Thy kingdom come," is the Christian's daily prayer; and will not his daily efforts be directed to assimilate himself, and all over whom he has influence, to the spirit of his Divine Redeemer, the spirit of patience, peace, and love?

AN ANECDOTE PICKED UP BY OLD HUMPHREY.

Among the unnumbered recreations which the Giver of all good has placed within the reach of the man of years, the pilgrim far advanced in this world's thorny path, few afford me more real enjoyment than the practice of moving unobtrusively among my fellow men; of seeing, without, as it were, being seen; observing, without being observed; and of picking up such fragments of character and information, as are not only curious and interesting in themselves, but also capable of being turned to good account. There is a quiet revelling of the heart in such cases, that is not the less enjoyed because it is unseen. Oh what a treasure house is a cheerful spirit! What a source of unlimited enjoyment is a love of character!

One half the shrewd sentences, the odd conceits, the pithy sayings, the humorous remarks, the striking observations, and the arresting reflections that I have picked up in my rambles among men, would make a volume of no common size, and, I could almost persuade myself, of no ordinary interest. The wallet of the beggar contains not a greater diversity of scraps and oddments than may be found in the loose fragmentary papers of Old Humphrey. I will select a recent scrap for your entertainment.

The following anecdote fell from the lips of an intelligent member of the legislature, only a few days ago, and there is in it so much that is interesting, and withal so capable of general and individual application, that I cannot refrain from recording it, that it may afford to others the pleasure it has given me, and call forth in their minds the same kind of reflections it has excited in my own. My anecdote may lose somewhat of its interest in not being given in the exact words of the relater: but this is a circumstance which is altogether unavoidable.

The memory of Old Humphrey may be defective in little circumstantials; but it is too faithful in matters of this kind to be much out of order in the general features and strengthy framework of an impressive anecdote, related with feeling, and accompanied with solemn reflections.

"Many years ago," said the relater, "I was a member of the Wet-Paper Club. This club was held at a coffee house in Gracechurch street, and obtained its title from the circumstance of the newspaper being introduced wet into the club room. The members assembled at eight o'clock in the morning, when the wet newspaper was regularly brought in; this, when dried by the waiter, was laid on the table before the members, who thus secured for a season the monopoly of the news of the day, before it became the general property of the public visiting the coffee house.

"The members of this club, at one period, were numerous, and comprised many of talent and celebrity; but all institutions have in them the principles of decay, whether they are literary, scientific, or social: no wonder that the Wet-paper Club should gradually decline. One member died, another removed to a distance, a third failed in business, and a fourth attached himself to some other social circle; so that the time came when the members were but few. Still the club struggled on, assembling at the accustomed time, and exercising their accustomed prerogative, until I was left entirely alone.

"It was hardly to be expected that a solitary member would long receive the same amount of deference and attention, which had been paid to the club in its collective form. For a time, the wet paper was brought in and dried for my express use and advantage; but, by degrees, this attention became irregular and uncertain, and at last, it was altogether withheld. There was no distinction made between me and the casual visitor at the coffee house.

I cannot look back to the period described by me, without a melancholy interest. My associates are scattered and gone, and I, the last member of the Wet-Paper Club, am left alone.

"For many years, I was accustomed to return from the Parliament House with three other members of the senate. The frequent protracted debates, and the unlooked-for divisions and occurrences that arise, render the adjournment of the House uncertain; it is, therefore, inconvenient for members to have private vehicles waiting for them. No sooner did the adjournment take place, than a coach was called, which conveyed my three friends and me to our several habitations. During our ride, what had occurred in the house naturally formed a part of our conversation, so that pleasure and advantage were derived from our friendly custom of returning from the House in company. But this friendly coalition could not last for ever; life is held on an uncertain tenure, and death is inexorable in his demands. When one of the four died, it was deeply felt by us, and when another was called away, it made a sad void in our friendly fraternity. Still there were two of us, but at last, my companion was numbered with the dead; and now I returned from the House alone. The coach fraternity, like the Wet-Paper Club, has passed away, and I am the alone survivor of them both.

"Some years ago, I left the dwelling which I then occupied, and took another at the distance of a pleasant drive on the opposite side of the river. In the immediate neighbourhood, I had three particular friends; so that here again there were four of us united together by friendly and social ties. During the week, we not unfrequently met, and on the sabbath we duly assembled in the parish church. There is solemnity in the very remembrance of our sabbath meetings now; for time has numbered them among the things that were and are not. One friend was beckoned away from the world; another was summoned hence also; and the third is now a tenant of the grave, leaving me to go to the parish church alone. Of the Wet-Paper Club, of the coach fraternity, and of the four church going friends, I am the only survivor!"

I will not weaken the effect of this anecdote by any unnecessary observations. He who cannot gather from it much of profitable reflection would receive still less benefit from my homelier remarks. That part of it which refers to the Wet-Paper Club, is of itself sufficiently striking; and what follows it of the friendly coach party, renders it still more so; but the addition of the sabbath assembly gives a crowning interest to the whole.

It is said that a three-fold cord is not easily broken, and sure I am that this tripartite narrative will not easily be erased from my memory.

HUMILITY.

Of trees I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant which creeps upon the helpful wall: of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb: of all fowls, the mild and gall-less dove. To be humble to our superiors, is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity.—*Feltham.*

ALL IS VANITY.

Vanity is inscribed on every earthly pursuit, on all sublunary labour; its materials, its instruments, and its objects will alike perish. An incurable taint of mortality has seized upon, and will consume them ere long. The acquisitions derived from religion, the graces of a renovated mind, are alone permanent.—*Robert Hall.*

ANTIQUITY.

Those whom we call the ancients, were in truth novices in all things, and properly constituted the infancy of mankind; and, as we have added to their knowledge in the experience of succeeding ages, it is in ourselves that we should recognize that antiquity which we revere in others.—*Prescot.*

THE WAY TO HAVE A GOOD SERVANT.

If thou wouldst have a good servant, let the servant find a good master. Be not angry with him too long, lest he think thee malicious; nor too soon, lest he conceive thee rash; nor too often, lest he count thee humorous.—*Quarles.*

FOLLY.

Surely he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he that utters them. —*Bishop Hall.*

The Papyrus Swamp.

THE PAPYRUS.

The most ancient material from which paper was prepared, was the soft, cellular flower-stem of the papyrus, an aquatic plant. This stem is from three to six feet high, with three acute angles, one of which is said to be always opposed to the current of the stream in which it grows, as if to break its force. The leaves of the papyrus are long and grassy, with a sharp keel. The flowers, which are green, are produced in very large umbels; a form which may often be observed, the name of which is derived from the resemblance it has to an umbrella. The papyrus is a very common plant in Syria, Egypt, and Abyssinia; and it is also met with in Calabria and Sicily: in gardens it is not uncommon. It inhabits stagnant waters and running streams; the flowering stems and leaves have been twisted into ropes; the roots are sweet, and have been employed as food. According to Bruce, boats are constructed from it in Abyssinia.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

"It is to be desired, friend Samuel, that some day, when the sharp-pointed pen is in thy hand, thou wouldst give us some reminiscences of thy uncle's sentiments on truth and falsehood: for, as an observer of human nature, he could scarcely fail of meeting with occasions which would call forth his remarks on the general want of correctness and circumspection in those particulars. Didst thou ever hear him assert that the hailstones were as large as plums, or that a bruise on his shin was as black as a coal?" "No, I never did hear, from the lips of my uncle, any of those extravagant assertions; for he was a man of truth, a sober-minded man, and a man accustomed to weigh his words, and govern his tongue." But the hint of my esteemed "friend" led me to call to mind some instances in which he manifested his abhorrence of the appearance of a lie, in all the shapes it wears.

The captain, who was, on many accounts, no great favourite with my uncle, often made himself offensive by his extravagant talk. He always dealt in superlatives. When describing localities, he would invariably pronounce each either the most beautiful or the most horrible place in the world. "Pray, captain," said my uncle, "in which world do you mean? I have heard you make the same remark of ——, and ——, and ——, all which places I used to think were in one world, and all within a hundred miles of each other; but either you or I must be mistaken." It was the same in reference to character. Every one of whom he spoke was either

"the best man on the face of the earth," or "the greatest fool in the universe." "Indeed!" said my uncle, "such a monster would be worth carrying about for a show, if one could but get the thing well attested, that he really is the greatest of his species; but I should be afraid that many others might be started, as competitors for the palm of superlative folly."

"Perhaps there may, squire; but you know it is only my random way of speaking."

"Really, captain, at your time of life and mine, I think we ought to lay aside random talking, and speak only the words of truth and soberness. We must do so, if we would wish to command respect or attention; and we shall, if we bear in mind that 'idle words' are to be accounted for hereafter."

The captain never took offence at what my uncle said, but he often drew up his face, and looked at us young ones with an air of affected gravity, just calculated to make us think lightly of what my uncle had said; but then, the characters of the men were so unlike, as to make all the difference in the impression their words conveyed. When the captain did speak truth and reason it was little regarded, as coming from *him;* and his sneers at the remarks of others, especially of my uncle, were much more likely to bring contempt on himself than on them. However, I always observed, when the captain had been with us, my uncle took an opportunity, without directly alluding to him, to guard us against the influence of his frothy conversation. When he had been making a mere jest of his idle, random words, I remember my uncle pointed out to us, in history, the practice of the Athenians, to confine their youth to silence, lest they should acquire a habit of talking foolishly, which in riper years they would find it difficult to break through.

"I would not," said my uncle, "confine young people to silence; for youth is the season of vivacity, and the gift of speech seems to be innocently employed in giving utterance to that vivacity, as well as in inquiring after solid information. I love to hear young people speak cheerfully and intelligently; but I would earnestly recommend them now, in the time of the formation of habits, carefully to avoid the admission of any extravagant phrases, which would soon become familiar to them, but which would infallibly expose them to the charge of vulgarity and rashness, if not of direct untruth."

The captain was very fond of relating marvellous stories. I have often gaped at him with astonishment, and sometimes with terror. On one occasion, he had been relating some incredible feat of his own, which I repeated to Frank, who was not present. "Oh," said Frank, "I don't believe any such thing; he has no greater powers than other men—he could not do it; and if he had done it, he would not have been so ready to boast of it." "But, Frank, he declared that it was true upon his word and honour." "I don't believe it a bit the more for that," said Frank: 'I have heard uncle say, that the 'word and honour' of a man who is so ready to stake them for every trifle, are not worth much." In the course of a little time I was of the same opinion; and not in that particular instance alone. I have uniformly seen reason to conclude, that those who are most free with their asseverations, are those on whose veracity least dependence is to be placed.

Arthur Longley was often led by a silly pride into a species of untruth; he would endeavour to conceal, or affect to be ignorant of, any connexion with one whom he deemed his inferior in rank and station. A gentleman once asked him if he had any relations in the town of ——, as he was acquainted with a family there of the name of Longley. Arthur replied, that he believed his father had a distant relation somewhere in that neighbourhood. "A distant relation, Arthur!" interposed my uncle, "why Mr. Longley the tanner, at ——, to whose family I doubt not my friend refers, is your father's own brother; and a more worthy and respectable man does not exist. If all who bear the name of Longley do it equal honour with your good uncle, I am sure you have no reason to be ashamed of relationship to them."

Under the influence of the same foolish pride, if he happened to have a very slight acquaintance with a person of title or distinction, he would speak of him in terms of affected familiarity, as an intimate friend. My uncle, more than once, talked to him seriously on this subject. "Not," he said, "that it was of the slightest consequence to the company, or that any one of the company felt any interest in knowing whether yourself and

Lord —— were intimate friends or entire strangers. It is but a silly vanity that could lead you to fancy yourself aggrandized, by boasting of such a circumstance, in the presence of persons to whom the whole affair was a matter of indifference. But you must feel conscious, Arthur, that whatever was the motive, you tried to convey to their minds an impression as truth which was not truth. You did not in so many words say, 'I am on terms of intimacy with Lord ——;' but if any one took the trouble to listen to what you said, that was the natural impression that would be made on his mind. Now, you know that is untrue. I am deeply grieved that you should have fallen, even into the appearance of evil, in a matter which enters into the very essence of character. Do, my dear lad, think of the sin of deception in every shape and form, how odious and offensive in the eyes of 'the Lord God of truth.' Implore pardon through the blood of the Lamb, and fervently adopt the psalmist's petition, 'Remove from me the way of lying: and grant me thy law graciously,'" Psa. cxix. 29.

Arthur seemed to feel my uncle's expostulation, and was certainly more circumspect in his conversation. It was more than two years afterwards that he fell into disgrace with my uncle about another species of violation of truth, of the criminality of which he seemed not at all aware, and regarded it only as a good joke. A worthy friend, (yes, a friend of my uncle, and a "Friend" by religious persuasion,) who frequently visited at my uncle's, was remarkable for his abstemious and simple habits of life. Whether from preference or principle, he could never be induced to taste any kind of fermented liquor. The habit of abstinence was not, in those days, as common as it is now, and our friend's singularity excited notice. He was a remarkably liberal and benevolent man, but he had probably seen much of the evil resulting from the use of fermented liquors around the festive board, and also as medicinally administered by ignorant people: and hence he conscientiously abstained from giving any thing of the kind, either by way of charity to the afflicted, or of gratuity to workpeople, as also from offering to children and young people, to whom he was well convinced it was both unnecessary and injurious. I cannot say precisely to what extent he carried his peculiarity in the treatment of guests at his table, but I rather suppose, if wine was produced at all, it was with a sort of tacit understanding that it had better not be made use of. Certain it is, that Arthur and his favourite companion, Ned Tankerville, took a mortal dislike to the good man, whom they represented as a precise, niggardly old fellow, and declared that it would be capital fun to quiz him as he deserved. Not long after the utterance of these expressions, he was visited with one of those contemptible practical jokes called, in modern phraseology, "a hoax"—his house being completely besieged by porters with hampers of wine, kegs of spirits, and casks of double stout, from the several brewers and wine merchants, of three or four neighbouring towns, each of whom had received an extensive order, to be delivered at a certain time, with directions for the bearer to wait for payment. The circumstance could not fail to be in some degree annoying, but the quiet self-possession and firmness of the subject of the hoax in a great measure baulked the expectation of the perpetrators. The mystery was soon penetrated, and quietly dismissed. Next day our worthy friend ate his fruit and drank his water, just as if nothing had happened. It was not quite with equal composure that my uncle found out that Arthur, who at the time was an inmate in his house, was the concocter and principal actor in the mischievous scheme. I do not think Arthur was ever again admitted at my uncle's on the same footing as before. But what especially leads me to mention it now is, the detestation manifested by my uncle at the deception necessarily practised in such a joke. Arthur spurned the charge of having been guilty of falsehood; and to justify himself produced a copy of the circular addressed to the wine merchants, which bore no signature; therefore, as he triumphantly asserted, it could not be pronounced a forgery; and which did not say who desired the articles to be sent, and therefore was no falsehood. It simply said, that John or Thomas such-a-one was desired to send certain articles to Edward ——, in the forenoon of the fifth day, and that the bearer was to wait for payment.

"And is this no falsehood?" asked my uncle, with indignation; "in my opinion, the intention to deceive, in whatever way it is expressed, by word or deed, is all

that is essential to constitute a falsehood." Now, the peculiarity of phraseology was evidently adopted for the very purpose of deception. You know, Arthur, you would not have expressed an order of your own in that way. And then, to say that a tradesman is desired to send goods to such a person, is in effect saying, that that person desires it, if no other person is specified. It is needless to press the matter further; your own conscience testifies to you that you did intend to deceive; and your conduct is plainly condemned by such passages of Scripture as these:—"Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour." "Foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient." "As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?" Ephes. iv. 25; v. 4; Prov. xxvi. 18, 19.

A lady was once visiting at my uncle's with three humoured children. To whatever extent children are indulged, their capricious ingenuity will sometimes devise claims which cannot be complied with. On these occasions stratagem was resorted to without scruple, either to induce them to comply with some necessary requirement, which they would otherwise have resisted, or to pacify them, in the absence of some desired but unattainable gratification. Indeed, the lady and her nurse would, in presence of the elder children, boast of the clever trick they had practised on the younger, in order to accomplish the formidable business of getting her to bed, or prevailing on her to take medicine, or to remain at home, when her brother and sister went out. "Pardon me, madam," said my uncle, "for presuming to interfere in a matter between a parent and her child, but I cannot refrain from expressing my grief, that you should deem it necessary to support parental authority on the basis of deception: can you think it either lawful or politic to do thus?"

The lady maintained that it was necessary to practise deception on children for their good, and that it was impossible to manage them without. "If," said she, "I had not carried my point by stratagem, I should have been obliged to take the child out with me, or to keep her up till I went to bed myself, which would not have been for her good. Surely I am the best judge of what is good for her; and if I had attempted openly to enforce compliance, she would have thrown herself into a violent passion, distressed the company, and made herself ill. Was it not much better to win her over to my purpose by a little innocent deceit?"

"As you appeal to me, madam, I must say, that the very phrase is a solecism. I think it is impossible for deceit, in any case, to be innocent. Without wishing to make any offensive reflection on your parental management, I cannot help observing, that there are parents, within the circle of my acquaintance, who, by the constant exercise of gentle firmness, maintain their authority, without finding it at all necessary to have recourse to deceit. But, at all events, children have a right to truth. They are very early capable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood; they are capable of resenting deception, by refusing in future to believe the person who has deceived them; and they are capable, too, of imitating the example of deceit, and will even fancy themselves justified in attempting to deceive those who have deceived them. Depend upon it, madam, your conduct, in this respect, will exercise a fearful and permanent moral influence on children. We are not fully capable of accurately tracing results to their causes, and far too little accustomed honestly to make the attempt; but in that solemn day, when the secret history of the formation and development of character shall be fully disclosed, many a parent will be startled, at perceiving the influence which her thoughtless tricks, with what she deemed an unconscious child, have had in forming that child to a character of gross and hardened deception."

There is reason to hope that my uncle's expostulation was not thrown away. For, more than a year afterwards, during a visit to London, we were invited to spend a day at the house of this lady, who, soon after our arrival, said to my uncle, "Now I hope no person will call to-day, but that Mr. T. and myself may be permitted to enjoy your company without interruption. I should formerly have directed the servants to deny me to all visitors, and say, 'Not at home;' but since our conversation last year, I have been led to think more seriously than I used to do of these violations of truth; and I am convinced that they are not harmless, either in their nature or effects."

It happened that soon afterwards some visitors arrived, at which our hostess was a little disconcerted. She, however, received them with politeness, though with some degree of embarrassment, especially when she invited them to stay to dinner, which they declined, but staid there an hour or more. The conversation was interesting and animated, and all, I believe, parted with regret, that some other engagement prevented the day being spent together. After the departure of the visitors, Mrs. T— herself expressed that regret, but added, "After the wish I had just expressed that no one would come, I could not either profess to be glad to see these friends, or urge them to stay, lest I should be guilty of duplicity." I could perceive that my uncle was pleased to observe her increased sensibility to the claims of truth.

How contemptible is the meanness, as well as how criminal the duplicity, of assuming to one's self merit that belongs to another! I have not forgotten how angry my uncle was at an imposition practised on the public by the son of an old friend of his, who bore his father's name, and who, having compiled a volume, which happened to be just ready for publication at the time of his father's death, announced it, both in the title page and in all advertisements, in such a manner as to convey the impression that it was the production of the father. As such, several hundred copies were sold among those who knew and respected the father, but perhaps knew nothing about the son. My uncle, who was exceedingly indignant at the imposition, yet who could scarcely admit the idea of its having been intentionally practised by the son of his friend, communicated with the young man on the subject, but no effort was made to undeceive the public. It need hardly be said, that when the trick was detected, the parties concerned in it justly lost all respect and confidence.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of my uncle told him, with great satisfaction, that he had secured for both his sons the best classical education that could be obtained, having purchased presentations to the —— school. My uncle expressed surprise, observing, that he had always understood that that establishment was intended for the benefit of destitute children. "Perhaps it was originally so intended," replied the gentleman, "but few poor destitute children are admitted now. I assure you, it is sought by families of wealth and distinction, who will obtain admission for their sons on almost any terms." "But," asked my uncle, "is there not some declaration required, that the applicant really is necessitous, and a fit object for the charity." "Charity!" replied the gentleman, "I do not consider it any charity; I have purchased the presentations; and as to any declaration, it is only required to say that I know no other way in which the children can receive the blessings of education:—and I do know no other way, I have never inquired for any other, simply because I always intended to avail myself of this." "My dear sir," said my uncle, "are your sons aware of this transaction? If they are, I fear they will learn from it lessons of duplicity, which will more than countervail all the classical advantages that can be secured to them. And to yourself, will not the achievement of your wishes be embittered by a consciousness of the deception, (pardon me, I cannot give it a gentler name,) by which it has been attained, and the injury inflicted by the alienation of the charity from its legitimate objects?"

The gentleman affected to laugh it off, and to consider my uncle too stiff and precise in his notions. But he lived to look back on that transaction with keen regret and self-reproach. His sons disappointed his hopes, and brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

The neighbourhood was agitated by a sharp political contest for a seat in parliament. My uncle was no eager partizan. He had his views and his preferences, and he acted conscientiously on them, but he was too noble minded to tolerate any attempt to serve the cause he espoused, by traducing or misrepresenting others. I recollect his expressing great displeasure with one of his tenants, not for honestly opposing his views, but for affecting to serve them by unfair dealing with the character of one in the opposite interest; and that, not absolutely by making a false statement, but by the suppressing a part of the truth, leading to unjust imputations.

"Never imagine," he said, "that any party excitement, or intention to serve a party purpose, even supposing that party to be in the right, can justify the slightest dereliction from the paths of truth, honour, and integrity. It is due, even to a political opponent, to act as you

would be acted by. A good cause cannot need any violation of that universal and immutable rule; and a bad one is only rendered worse by it. Endeavour to know your duty to your country, and faithfully to discharge it, and then leave the event with God; but indulge no ill feelings, and practise no unfairness, towards those who may think and act on the other side. Honest men may think differently, even on an important question; but let neither party act so as to forfeit self-respect, or the respect of each other. *He* was a truly excellent man, who recorded, as an occasion of comfort to himself, that he felt truly able to say, he was far from lessening any man's excellences, either for intellects or morals, for the sake of his differing from him. 'Delight,' he nobly advised, 'in the holy generosity of speaking well of those who differ from you.'" *

Several other examples press on my mind, of occasions on which my good uncle expressed his fixed sense of the inflexible claims of truth, even in the minutest particulars, and his abhorrence of any deviation from them: but I must cut them short. In transactions between man and man, he often observed, that selfishness was the parent of deceit, and grieved to think how perpetually truth was sacrificed to paltry gain, from the petty trader, who was daily verifying the vivid description of Solomon, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth," Prov. xx. 14, to the accomplished tricker, who raised a false report, in order to affect the public securities, in a way conducive to his own interest. "Oh! my boys," he would say, when any thing of this kind came under his notice, "you know not what spheres of life you may in future be called to fill, nor to what particular temptations you may be exposed; but may you have two principles thoroughly inwrought into your hearts, and carried out in all your words and actions; one is, that you may 'love your neighbour as yourself'—the other, that you may constantly entertain a sense of the cognizance which God takes of our words. This fact is universally acknowledged in the appeal to him by an oath, or solemn declaration. But how would many people, who do not reckon themselves liars, be startled, if every expression they utter should be answered by some sensible intimation, that it had reached the ear of God! Indeed, which of us should not be startled? Lord, help us to live, and speak, and feel, as those who realize thy constant presence and close inspection!"

* M. Henry.

On one occasion, a person had been addressing another in terms of flattery and adulation, with professions of warm attachment, but no sooner had that person withdrawn, than the flatterer began to say many things to his disadvantage, and appealed to my uncle, whether he had not heard these reports, and whether he did not believe them to be true. "I do not know," replied my uncle, "but this I know, that both what you said to the man, and what you have said of him, have 'entered the ears of the Lord of sabaoth,' and the account will be balanced another day."

"There is much untruth practised," said my uncle, "in some cases, almost unconsciously, in consequence of an improper desire to please men, which leads to a conformity with others in practices and professions, which the conscience condemns, or in which the heart is not sincere. I have known young people, when cast into the society of the pious, adopt their phraseology, and make a sort of profession, which, without going so far as to incur the charge of downright designed hypocrisy, there was reason to apprehend was not strictly accordant with sincerity. I have known others, of whom there was really ground to hope well, who, on being cast into the society of the gay and worldly, were ashamed to avow their principles, and were even at pains to conceal their habitual practices, and to comply with those of the society around them, although they were questionable, if not criminal. My young friends, if you wish to adhere to truth in this particular, you must get above the fear of the world, and live and act, and speak and feel, 'not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts," 1 Thess. ii. 4. Even a holy apostle, when he lost sight of this great principle, and thought more about pleasing men than doing what was right, acted in a manner most unworthy of himself, and justly exposed himself to severe reprehension," Gal. ii. 11, 12.

"How was it, uncle, that the apostle Paul, who so severely blamed Peter for this concession, said, on another occasion, that he became all things to all men? 1 Cor. ix. 20—23. Was his con-

duct at all inconsistent with sincerity and godly simplicity?"

"Not at all, Samuel: his concessions were made on principle, not in violation of it; and they consisted not in a sacrifice of truth, but in a judicious choice of seasons, circumstances, methods, and opportunities. 'The true spirit of accommodation,' it has been well observed, 'does not consist in falsifying or abridging, or softening, or disguising any truth, but in applying truth in every form, communicating it in every direction, and diverting it into every channel.'"

"The requirements of truth!" said Frank, "what a very extensive subject! it seems to press on every action of our lives, as well as every word of our lips; for every thing we do is calculated to give some impression, either true or false; and we mean either right or wrong in doing it; is it not so, uncle?"

"Yes, Frank, truth requires that our words should be conformable with our hearts, and our actions with our words; and that our professions and conduct should be uniform and consistent with themselves in all times, places, and circumstances. In order to maintain outward consistency, truth is required in the inward part. We must be true to ourselves, true to the secret purposes and resolutions of our own hearts; and this will be a preventive against duplicity in our professions to others. And while truth is promoted, by the prevalent exercise of great principles, it is promoted, also, by habitual cultivation of what are sometimes called minor virtues. Punctuality is a friend to truth; the unpunctual, in their violation of promises and engagements, often sin against truth, and are often driven to mean subterfuges, to excuse those breaches.

"Meekness is a friend to truth. Persons who give way to a hasty, passionate, or resentful temper, often say things as inconsistent with truth as they are with kindness.

"Modesty is a friend to truth, as it would check the disposition to vain boasting and display, which often leads to false or exaggerated statements and pretensions. It would also prevent positiveness of assertion about things in which we may be mistaken, or but partially informed.

"Simplicity, oneness of aim, will greatly facilitate the maintenance of truth in our words and actions, because it will preserve us from doing any thing of which we are ashamed, or which requires concealment; and, by preserving us from desiring any thing that cannot be obtained by lawful means, it will preserve us from one great temptation to duplicity and misrepresentation.

"The importance of truth should stimulate us to use every possible means for its cultivation in ourselves. Every effort is well bestowed that is requisite for the attainment and exercise of that which is in itself the bond of society, and which is absolutely essential to our being conformed to the image of Him who is 'the Lord God of truth.'

"Think of the misery of being deceived, and never attempt to inflict it on your fellow creatures. Think of the impossibility of deceiving God, and aim at a state of heart to which his inspection will be as welcome as it is inevitable. Think of the deceitfulness of your own heart, and the weakness of your best resolutions, and you will find enough to prompt you to earnest prayer, for an interest in that blood which cleanses from all sin, 1 John i. 7, for the influences of the 'Spirit of truth,' to 'create in you a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within you,' and to uphold and preserve you in the midst of danger, weakness, and temptations. 'Remove from me the way of lying: and grant me thy law graciously,' Psa. cxix. 29. 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not,'" Psa. xvii. 5. C.

VISIT TO THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.
No. II.

THEN I was led to another window, and I looked, and behold a large plain; and the plain was covered with multitudes of people, and they were all going one way. And at the end of the plain ran a river black and deep. Moreover, I saw that over the plain was spread a thick mist, so that nothing could be clearly seen by those thereon; but through that mist, as through other mists, objects did appear larger than they really were, and also diversely coloured. Moreover, when I considered awhile, I perceived that, as in other mists so in this, each one seemed to himself to have a space clear therefrom round himself; and, while he pitied those who walked at a distance as altogether blinded by the fog, yet imagined that he himself, and those who were with

him, saw all things plainly. Now, over the river I observed that the fog was thicker than any where else, so that few of those on the plain could at all see across; and many indeed affirmed that there was nothing beyond. Few, I perceived, turned their eyes that way, though all were journeying towards it; and the reason I found to be this, that out of the thick fog, which was over the river, appeared oftentimes strange and horrible faces and phantoms, which no one cared to look upon. So they looked any other way, but still they journeyed forwards, and sought carefully after the common pebbles and weeds, which were thickly strewed upon the plain, and which, as I said, appeared by reason of the fog larger and more beautifully coloured than they really were. And I saw that all were very intent upon collecting them, and many were the quarrels about them, even among those who had seemed to be walking most friendlily together. But when any one came to the brink of the river, forthwith he dropped them all. Then I wondered that, seeing the journey was so short, the travellers should give themselves so much trouble about that, of which I could not discover at the end any use whatever.

Then would I have looked into the parts beyond the river; but ere I had fixed my eyes steadily thereon, the Interpreter called to me. Yet did I hear doleful voices from beyond the river, that sighed forth that word—"Eternity!"

Then said the Interpreter to me, "Hast thou considered this?" "Is not this," said I, "the plain of Vanity? and are not these they whose eyes 'the god of this world hath blinded,' 2 Cor. iv. 4; they who are disquieted in vain, heaping up riches, and not knowing who shall gather them, Psa. xxxix. 6; who having brought nothing into this world, can carry nothing out?" 1 Tim. vi. 7. "Thou hast judged aright," answered the Interpreter; "but look again."

So I looked again, and over the plain was a causeway thrown up, the midst of which was raised high above the plain, but the sides sloped down thereto. And I saw that the upper parts of the causeway were very much cleared from the mist that lay upon the plain, insomuch that the atmosphere on the top was almost entirely clear. And some persons were walking on this causeway; but the number was very small compared with those below in the plain. Moreover, I saw that the sides of the causeway were steep and rough, and that the greater part of those who were thereon troubled not themselves to climb to the top, (where, nevertheless, the walking was very easy and delightful,) but travelled along at the bottom; nay, many were so low down upon it, that they were walking side by side, and indeed arm in arm, with those in the plain. Of this, however, I cannot speak positively, as the fog, which lay thick at the edges of this causeway, prevented me from seeing exactly where it first began to rise.

Then said I, "What is this?" "This," said the Interpreter, "is the causeway of Salvation; the prophet Isaiah calleth it 'the way of holiness,' Isa. xxxv. 8; blessed are those who walk therein." "But," said I, "are those persons, whom I see, walking thereon, or walking in the plain? for the mist lieth thick at the bottom, and my eye cannot pierce through it." "Then," said the Interpreter, "'The Lord knoweth them that are his,' 2 Tim. ii. 19. But consider the thing more diligently."

Then I looked again, and I saw that many of those that seemed to be walking on the causeway, but went arm in arm with those upon the plain, were, by degrees, drawn quite away into the plain, nay, into the remotest parts thereof, and were lost in the fog, and I saw them no more. Then remembered I that it was written, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" 2 Cor. vi. 14.

Then I sought to know what it was that made the atmosphere so clear at the top of this raised way: and, behold, immediately beyond the river was a city, "having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal," Rev. xxi. 11; and the light from this city streamed directly on to the causeway of salvation, dispersing the mist, and cheering the eyes and gladdening the hearts of those who walked thereon. And the light, as I said, was stronger, and the atmosphere clearer, the higher any one walked on the raised way, diminishing the blackness thereof; yea, sometimes making it look sparkling and beautiful. And on the other side of the river stood winged ones, ready to bear those who crossed it from the causeway to the

shining city. And the light that proceeded from the city was more glorious than any that my eye ever beheld, for "the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it," Rev. xxi. 23, 24.

But I saw that the light from the city did not always shine across the river on the causeway with equal brightness. Nay, sometimes, by reason of the fog, which at those times grew thicker, they who were thereon walked "in darkness," and had "no light," Isaiah l. 10. Then was I anxious to know how they could keep on their way without stumbling. And I saw that each one on the causeway was furnished with a lamp, the light of which did not, indeed, always reach far into the surrounding gloom, but never failed brightly to illuminate a small circle round the feet of him that carried it; so that he who attended thereto was never in doubt where he ought to set, at least, his next step. And I remembered that David was furnished with one of these lights; for he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," Psa. cxix. 105. But one thing was very observable, that whereas, at the worst, the dimness here was nothing equal to that upon the plain, yet those who walked in it complained much of it, and were grievously troubled by it; but those in the plain, as I said before, knew not that they were in the midst of a thick fog.

Now, when I saw how clear, comparatively speaking, the atmosphere was, and how pleasant the walking at top of the causeway, I could not but wonder that so many were content to walk low down on the sides, where the light was dimmer, and the walking more uneven and uneasy. And setting myself to find out the reason thereof, I saw that it was twofold; for, first, the sides of the causeway were steep; and, secondly, those who were walking towards the bottom of it were but too busy in picking up the stones and weeds that I mentioned before, and which were strewed there, as well as upon the plain. Then, considering their folly, who, walking in a clearer light, could more clearly discern the real nature, and size, and colour of these things, and yet would stoop so eagerly to pick them up, neglecting thereby the sight of the glorious city, and forbearing to climb higher up the causeway, I marvelled and grieved, and would fain have called out to them, that, laying aside every weight, and the sin which did so easily beset them, they should run with patience the race set before them, Heb. xii. 1.

Moreover, it grieved me to observe with how much complacency some of them on the raised way did look down into the plain, and how eagerly they watched what was going on there; nay, some, I verily thought, at times, would fain have returned thither, had it not been that they feared the faces and phantoms which appeared out of the thick fog that lay upon the river. It was so of old, when the Israelites said, "It was well with us in Egypt," Numb. xi. 18. But there were some, I saw, who looked into the plain with another motive; even to call those, who walked in the fog and thick darkness thereof, up to the raised way, that they also might be the "children of the light, and the children of the day," 1 Thess. v. 5. Whom, when I observed, I wished them God speed.

Now, when I had attentively considered these things awhile, the Interpreter led me to another window, and bade me look out therefrom. So, when I looked, I saw a large village, and the streets thereof were very filthy, and the houses were very poor, and mean, and decayed, and dirty, and miserable. Moreover, the people who inhabited therein were squalid, and diseased, and wretched in their appearance. And without the village, on a hill, stood a large and beautiful mansion, which I understood to be that of the Lord of the Manor. "Then," said I, "Why doth the Lord of the Manor suffer this village to remain in this miserable state?" "It is not," answered the interpreter, "his desire that it should thus remain. He is the best of lords, and many are the schemes which he hath devised for the bettering the condition of the villagers; but they will not hear of any. Rather wonder, therefore, that having, as he hath, full power for the same, he doth not entirely pull down the village, which looketh like a disgrace to his property, and banish the inhabitants out of his demesne. And this he hath, indeed, said that he will do, and will build another and a very different town, which will join even to his own mansion, and into which 'there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth,' Rev. xxi. 27. But he is very patient, and trieth

all methods to bring the inhabitants of the present village to a better mind. Nay, in order hereto, some of his own sons are living in the midst of the village, away from their Father's house, to try if they may induce any one to adopt their Father's wise and beautiful plans for the bettering of the village, and for the cleansing and healing themselves of the loathsome disease under which they labour. Now, observe."

Then I looked, and saw the sons of the Lord of the Manor, and they went about from street to street, and from house to house, in the village; and wherever they came, they found the villagers speaking evil of their Father, and doing whatever was most disagreeable to him, and most strictly forbidden by him; wasting his property, mocking at his threatenings, and utterly despising all his kind offers. Also, they cast dirt at his sons as they walked about, and laughed them and their plans to scorn. Then I looked to see what the sons of the Lord of the Manor would do; and they cast their eyes towards their Father's house, and said, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

Then was I conscious how often I had used those words, and not felt their meaning.—*Rev. C. Neale.*

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. IX.

SEVENTEENTH CLASS. DIADELPHIA.

At whatever season we go forth, we shall find that God has been walking abroad before us, beautifying or fertilizing the earth. The little plots of ground that we sow or set with flower seeds, and fence in with hedges or walls, we call gardens; but nature's garden is the world around us. Mountains and moors, forests and fields, prairies, steppes and deserts, are but parterres in the wide spread domain. Here the towering cedar excites our wonder, and there the purple heath-flower equally challenges our admiration with its beauty.

As September rolls on, the farmer is also to calculate the produce of his broad acres. The squirrel and the dormouse lay up stores for the winter; and thousands of the feathered race prepare for their autumnal voyage across the mighty deep. Hark! the blackbird and thrush are mingling their carols with those of the woodlark; and the grasshopper is heard in the field: and, see! the golden yellow flowers of the ragwort, and the bright-red petals of the herb Robert, adorn the banks and hedge rows. The very air is gladsome!

Oh for a harp of golden strings!
  A glowing, thrilling, rapturous heart,
Full of hope's gay imaginings!
  A faith that bids all fears depart!
A grateful sense of sin forgiven;
An antepast of joy and heaven!

In the class *Diadelphia* are arranged such plants as have flowers with the filaments of the stamens united into two bundles, as the term implies. There are four orders. 1. *Pentendria*, with "five stamens," as monnieria. 2. *Hexandria*, with "six stamens," as fumitory. 3. *Octandria*, with "eight stamens," as milkwort. 4. *Decandria*, with "ten stamens," as broom pea.

In the first order there is no British plant, and therefore we must select the three-leaved monnieria, (*Mœnnieria trifolia*,) a rather uncommon annual from South America, which blows with a white flower; the calyx four cleft; the corolla with four petals; and the seeds solitary.

In the second order are placed fumitory, (*Fumaria*,) of which there are several very pretty species, by no means uncommon in fields and gardens, both wild and cultivated. Yellow fumitory (*F. lutea*) is a native perennial, not very common in a wild state; but frequently cultivated as a very pretty small flower, which blows profusely throughout the summer, from May till killed by the frost. The stems are spreading and angular; the seed pods nearly cylindrical, and shorter than their footstalk; the leaves, which are of a light delicate green, continue throughout the winter.

The bulbous-rooted fumitory (*F. solida*, or *Corydalis bulbosa*) is a native perennial, not uncommon in gardens, though rare in a wild state, blowing early in spring, from February till March, with a pink blossom; the corolla has four petals, with a spur at the base; the seed pod has two valves and many seeds; the leaves are doubly thrice divided, the divisions being oblong and wedge shaped; the stem is erect, with stipulæ below the lowest leaf.

The common herb fumitory (*F. officinalis*) is a very pretty delicate-looking annual, common as a weed in gardens, cornfields, and on rubbish heaps. The

leaves are wing cleft, of a light green. The blossom is pale purplish pink. The late celebrated Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, highly extolled the virtues of fumitory, as a bitter to be taken in form of tea or decoction, in affections of the liver; but though there can be no doubt of its efficacy in such cases, it has now fallen into disuse among professional men.

In the third order is milkwort, (*Polygala vulgaris,*) a very small evergreen perennial, common on heaths, and in woods and copses in most parts of the kingdom, and blowing from May on through the summer, with blue, white, or pale pink blossoms. The corolla is crested; the calyx has five leaves, two of them being winged and coloured, three ribbed, blunt, and of the same length as the corolla; the capsule is flattish; the leaves are grass-like and spear-pointed. It affords a good medicinal bitter by infusion, but not so powerful as the American snake root (*Polygala senega*) of the same genus.

An illustration of the fourth order may be found in a very great number of plants with pease-blossom-shaped flowers, forming the *Papilionaceæ* of the natural system.

The common red clover, or honeysuckle trefoil, (*Trifolium pratense,*) is one of the best known plants in farm fields, being extensively cultivated as food for cattle.

He must have an eye dull to creation's beauties, and a heart not easily excited to his Creator's praise, who can look unmoved on a clover field in blossom. Beauty and fragrance are here combined: the living picture glows with animated hues, and the breeze is burdened with delicious perfume.

This plant is also by no means uncommon in a wild state, particularly on chalky downs, and blowing about the end of June. It is found to deteriorate the soil so much on which it is successively cultivated, for a number of years, that it will scarcely grow; while the white clover, (*T. repens,*) on the other hand, appears to improve the land. There is a sort recently introduced from Italy, called the Italian clover, (*T. incarnatum,*) which is said to be very superior to the common red sorts, as green food for cattle. The white clover, or Dutch trefoil, (*T. repens,*) is a native perennial, blowing from May throughout the summer, with a white or reddish blossom, the flowers growing clustered into a head, as in the preceding species. The teeth of the calyx are nearly equal; the seed pods have four seeds falling off; the leaves are in threes, on long leaf stalks; the leafits egg-oblong, notched at the end, and saw-toothed. There is a species not unlike this, called the strawberry clover, (*T. fragarioides,*) not uncommon in most meadows, and distinguished by the calyx bulging out, so as to give the seed heads some little resemblance to a large strawberry. The writer of this has seen the strawberry clover very abundant near Compton-Basset, in Wiltshire, and occasionally near London. The white clover appears to be the genuine Irish shamrock, though, like the Scotch thistle, and other native emblems, the species employed in the heraldic representations is not much more like any botanical species than the mermaids, hippogriffs, and unicorn, are like any animal.

Dyer's green weed (*Genista tinctoria*) is a shrubby plant, frequently found on dry barren banks, and the borders of fields. The writer has met with it abundantly on the banks of the Mersey, between Liverpool and Manchester, and occasionally near London, as between Sydenham and Lewisham, on the hills near the Croydon railway. It blossoms in July and August, with a yellow blossom, like broom; but one half smaller. The calyx is two lipped, with two teeth in the upper lip, and three in the lower; the leaves are spear-shaped and smooth; and the branches round, striated, and erect. The whole of the plant is used by dyers to dye yellow; and by means of woad, a green is afterwards produced, the most esteemed of all greens for woollen goods. The royal appellative, Plantagenet, is said to have been derived from this plant, (*Planta genesta,*) according to the following legend. Fulke, earl of Anjou, who lived a century before the Norman conquest, having been guilty of some crime, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land, as a pauper pilgrim. This penance he performed; and in his humble dress, to mark his penitence, he wore the genista in his cap, this plant being esteemed as an emblem of humility. The circumstance induced him to adopt the title of Plantagenet, which was kept up by his descendants.

A more showy plant, and much more common, is broom, (*Spartium scoparium,* or *Cytisus scoparius,*) a showy

flowering shrub, which grows abundantly on dry gravelly hills in all parts of England, flowering in May and June. The summit of the pistil is longitudinal and downy above; the filaments of the stamens are all mutes, and adhere to the germen; the calyx is extended downwards; the leaves are ternate or solitary and deciduous; the branches of a dark green, angular, striated, and thornless. It is a much more showy and splendid plant than many of the exotic species which are cultivated with great care. When wanted to ornament the garden or the shrubbery, it should be sown where it is intended to remain, for the plants do not bear transplanting, and almost invariably die when removed from their original situation.

The broom in full bloom has a magic influence on broken ground. The bright yellow of its petals, amounting almost to a golden blaze, imparts life and animation to the scene. The poet has brought together, in the following words, one of the most beautiful of shrubs, and one of the most lovely of trees.

> "On the green slope
> Of a romantic glade we sat us down,
> Amid the fragrance of the yellow broom;
> While o'er our heads the weeping birch tree streamed
> Its branches, arching like a fountain shower."

Another plant of this genus is the common laburnum, or golden chain, (*Cytisus laburnum,*) which grows spontaneously in the woods of Germany, Switzerland, and France, and is abundantly cultivated in shrubberies, growing to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The form of the head is irregular and picturesque; the foliage smooth, shining, and of a beautiful green. It produces a profusion of blossoms from the first week in May, (according to the variety,) till the first week in July. The purple and white lilac, the Jordan tree, the fragrant cherry, the Gueldres rose, the bird cherry, and the white and scarlet hawthorn, which blossom about the same period, form fine compositions in connection with the laburnum. As it will grow and blossom well without exposure to sunshine, it forms a fine ornament for northern walls, and in such situations it may be seen trimmed, in many places in and around the metropolis, smoke and confined air appearing to have little deleterious effect upon this denizen of mountainous woods.

The locust tree, common acacia, or white laburnum, (*Robinia pseuda-acacia,*) does not belong to the same species as the golden chain, though both rank in this order. It is a tree growing from forty to one hundred feet high, introduced from North America, and blowing with us from May till June, with recemes of purplish white flowers. The calyx has four divisions, the upper one being two parted; the seed pod is protuberous and long; the leaves are winged with an odd leafit at the tip. It is a very ornamental tree when in leaf, the leaves being of a beautiful green colour; but it is one of the latest trees of coming into leaf, which is a great disadvantage. It is a fast grower, and when raised from seeds, the young trees soon attain a considerable size. The locust tree is an elegant, and often a very beautiful object, whether it feathers to the ground, as it sometimes does, or is adorned with a light foliage hanging from the shoots; but of all trees it is the least able to endure the blast, its wood being so brittle, when loaded with a weight of foliage, that the branch which is admired to-day, may be broken by the wind to-morrow; and, unfortunately, the locust is not one of those trees whose picturesque beauty is increased, like that of the oak, by dilapidation. On the continent, the heads of the locust tree are usually trimmed so as to form a great round mass like a mop, or like the box and holly standards of an old Dutch garden; and many examples of this may be seen around country churchyards, as at Bex, in Switzerland, on the great Simplon road.

The scarlet runner (*Phasealus multiflorus*) is a common plant in the gardens of the south of England, and as an ornamental climbing plant in pots for cottage windows in the north, and in the crowded lanes of London. It is a half-hardy perennial from Asia, growing twelve feet high, and blowing from June till it is killed by the frost. The blossoms are all scarlet or white, or both scarlet and white; the latter variety being called the painted lady, not long introduced, and a much better bearer than the two old ones. The flowers are in bunches of the length of the leaves; the bracteæ are less than the calyx, and lie close to the stem; the lower petal of the corolla, with the stamens and summit of the pistil, is twisted spirally. It is easily raised from seed; but the young plants will not stand any frost. The roots of the old plants, if taken up in October, and

kept in sand, through the winter, may be planted out in May, and will flower a week or two earlier than those raised from seed. The French or kidney bean is a different species, much more tender of frost, a native of South America. The roots of this are annual, not perennial, like those of the scarlet runner.

A row of scarlet runners is often the flower garden and the vegetable garden of the poor; for as the plant thrives best when running up an upright stick or string, so it may be grown where there is not sufficient space otherwise to obtain flowers and vegetables. Where there is room for a flower pot, there is room for a scarlet runner.

Not only where the country breezes blow,
But mid the city's crowded houses low,
Oft have I seen the scarlet runner cling
And climb in spiral folds the slender string.
Oft have I stood and gazed, and breathed the prayer,
That God would make the lowly poor his care,
And lead their hearts to Him in trial hours,
Who decked their humble haunts with food and flowers.

The sweet pea (*Lathyrus odoratus*) belongs to this order, and is a half hardy climber, a native of Sicily and the north of Africa. It grows about four feet high, and blows from June all the summer, according to the time it was sown, and to the soil, exposure, and general management. When wanted to flower late, it is better to sow early, and top off the shoots to prevent their flowering, than to sow late, as the late sown plants will not, in cold wet seasons, blow freely, if at all. The original blossom is white; but a great variety of colour, pink, scarlet, purple, and variegated, has been produced by cultivation. The flower stalk is two flowered; the calyx has the two upper divisions the shortest; the summit of the pistil is plain, downy above, and broader upwards; the tendrils are two leaved; the leaves are winged with egg-oblong leafits; and the seed pods are long and hairy. There are a great many ornamental species of this genus, such as the Tangier pea, (*L. tingitanus;*) the everlasting pea, (*L. latifolius;*) the large flowered, (*L. grandiflorus;*) and the Lord Anson, or blue-blossomed pea, (*L. sativus;*) one or more of which the student may procure in every garden for illustration.

Of the sweet pea it has been happily said, "Almost all plants of the curly, twirly, winding, turning class, are looked upon with tenderness, and with almost tearful eyes. The sweet pea, like unto the convolvulus, doth seem to love all things that its wiry spiry stem can touch. I doubt me not, that it would grow around your finger; you can try it if it pleaseth you; but at all events, set my sweet pea, and if it twine itself not round your finger, it will twine round your heart. It will grow on one side the garden gate, or against the palisades, at the foot of the laburnum tree, and it will look lovely any where."

EIGHTEENTH CLASS. POLYDELPHIA.

The plants arranged in this class are but few in number, and have the filaments of their stamens united in "many" bundles, or "brotherhoods," as the term *Polydelphia* implies. There are three orders. 1. *Dodecandria*, with from twelve to twenty-five stamens, as the orange tree. 2. *Icosandria*, with the filaments in several parcels inserted into the calyx. 3. *Polyandria*, with "many stems" unconnected with the calyx, as St. John's wort.

The orange tree (*Citrus aurantium*) is a native of India. The calyx is five cleft; the corolla with five oblong petals; the fruit with nine cells. There are many varieties which require to be grafted; like other fruit trees, the roots raised from seed being seldom fine.

In England it is a sight somewhat rare to see an orange tree with fruit upon it; but the orangery at the palace of Versailles, near Paris, is on a splendid scale. It stands on the left of the terrace, beneath the flowery parterre; and as the trees grow in separate tubs, which may be moved from place to place, so the orangery may be made to assume new forms.

If to a Christian's heart the glowing petals of a flower impart joy, the golden fruit calls up emotions of thankfulness. The vegetable world is full of God.

The wide creation round, through every hour,
Proclaims his love, his presence, and his power,
In every glowing fruit, and every blooming flower.

In the last order we find the common St. John's wort, (*Hypericum perforatum,*) an evergreen perennial, common in our woods and copses, blowing from July till August, with a yellow blossom, which, on being squeezed, gives out a dark blood-coloured juice. The calyx has five divisions; the corolla has five petals; the leaves are dotted as if perforated with a needle, a peculiarity common also to the elegant St. John's wort, (*H. elegans,*) a much smaller plant, with

a red stem, which may be met with not unfrequently in the same places as the common one.

THE SAFETY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Your life is hid with Christ in God. The psalmist prayed that he might be led to the rock that was higher than himself. Imagine a man seated on a high rock in the sea, where there is every thing necessary for his support, shelter, and safety, as well as all the comforts of life. He is surrounded by voracious and hungry fishes, gnashing their teeth at him, ready to devour or swallow him alive. But he is too high for their reach, and too secure for them to hurt him. The peace that is in Christ is ten thousand times stronger tower and safer refuge. We may behold some of the martyrs of Jesus attacked by the famine, nakedness, and sword; others by gloomy dungeons, wild beasts, and violent fires to consume their bodies; others sawn asunder, tempted, mocked, and scourged; being destitute, afflicted, tormented: but to finish our view of the tribulation of the world, we shall add death in all its terrors, life with all its allurements, present things with all their enchantments, things to come, covered with the wealth of futurity; the height of prosperity, nor the depth of adversity, the black angels, and their infernal principalities; these, all these, with their most formidable appearance, shall not be able to remove nor destroy the peace of those who are in Christ Jesus. They shall all be swallowed up by the mighty ocean—of peace in him. "Though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof," Psa. xlvi. 2,3. This is the language of strong faith in the peace of God. How is it with you after such confusion? "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early," ver. 5, 6. The peace of God, like a strong fort, will cheer their minds, and cause them to rejoice in the God of their salvation; as a city well supplied and defended by the king's life guards. The fear of the grave, all the darkness of the shadow of death, and all the dark mountains between us and eternity, must fly away, like the mist of the morning, before the glorious beams of the Sun of righteousness. If the bright and morning Star is risen in your hearts, it will be daylight when you cross over Jordan, which will make you very comfortable and happy to go home to your Father's house above, to see your elder Brother, and be for ever with him. Look at old Simeon hoisting up his sails yonder, saying, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," Luke ii. 29, 30. This peace is made between heaven and earth—between God and man, and sealed by the blood of the cross.—*Christmas Evans.*

A COUNTRY RAMBLE.

There is no necessity to travel into distant lands in search of natural objects to admire. If we must have the arresting, the awful, and the sublime, as a matter of course we must visit Switzerland, gaze on the giant Andes, roam the primeval forests of the western world, or listen to the roar of old Niagara! We must go Mungo Parking into African deserts, or accompany Ross and Parry to the accumulated icebergs of the Northern pole. We have neither heaven-aspiring mountain, rushing river, thundering cataract, nor sterile desert in England, that may for a moment be compared with those of other lands; but if the simply beautiful be alone required, we have enough to make our hearts beat with joy, and our eyes sparkle with delight.

I have now a pleasant ramble of a few miles before me, and will note down, as I pass along, the objects that interest me; but let me not stir from the spot till I have made a record of yonder glorious western sky. What an amplifier of the heart! what an expander of the soul is the clear blue arch of heaven, adorned with clouds, and lit up by the declining sun! I feel an uplifting, a purifying, a devotional influence stealing over me as I gaze on yonder glowing and glorious assemblage of blue mountains floating on a sea of burnished gold! Every imaginable colour, and every unimaginable degree of brightness is spread before me, mingling in delightful, sublime, and harmonious confusion! If such the glory of created things, well may angels veil their faces in the presence of their all-glorious Creator!

The village church is scarcely a stone's

cast from my path. There is the low unobtrusive tower, and there the old yew-tree near the porch! That tree must have stood sentinel over the green hillocks, the monuments, and the tombstones, for hundreds of years. Beneath its wide-spread branches must have been borne on the bier the infant of days, and the man of years, the parent and the child, the husband and the wife, in melancholy succession. The churchyard is wrapped in unbroken silence; not a solitary sheep with a tinkling bell is grazing mid the graves; not a single jackdaw is cawing round the tower. Beneath the brier-bound earth repose the departed inhabitants of the village.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from its straw-built shed;
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

There is something sweetly soothing in the calm repose of a village churchyard, to one whose hopes are beyond the grave: not joyous, but tranquil; not giving pleasure, but imparting peace. A week has not passed since through that humble porch I followed the remains of the lamented pastor of this village. Oft had I heard from his lips the words that were spoken as his lifeless dust was borne along beneath the flowing pall. "I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord: "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," John xi. 25, 26. Glorious truth! animating consolation!

As I proceed along the fields a valley lies before me, the murmuring of a rivulet reaches my ear, and yonder stands an aged oak-tree, ivy-clad to its topmost branches. This is a pleasant place; nay, more than pleasant; it is a sweet, sequestered vale. Its beauties grow upon me. What a spot is this to muse in at summertide!

"At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove."

I am now in the middle of the narrow valley, and the deep hollow, yonder, filled with water, and skirted with all the wild entanglement of nettle, reed, and fern, rushes, brambles, and wild roses, is truly bewitching. An enthusiastic lover of nature has the power of amplifying the scenes on which he gazes. When he gives the reins to his imagination he can see a lake in a six-foot pond, a forest in a woody bank, and a mountain in a rising mound of earth. Nor is there in this aught that requires repression. We do the same thing when we gaze on paintings, wherein nature in her amplitude is reduced to narrow limits. If, then, our imagination enlarges the resemblance of nature with advantage, why not with equal advantage nature itself? I shall now indulge my fancy. The Falls of the Clyde cannot be fairer than that rivulet. Neither Lomond, Geneva, nor Lago Maggiore itself can be finer than that miniature lake. The bushes and tall reeds are pines in my estimation; and that dark wood yonder equals the Black Forest, in my present mood. If you could see the little patch in the middle of the pond, beautified as it is with vegetation; if you could see it with my eyes, you would say that the "Isola Bella," the beautiful island of the Lombardian lake, did not exceed it in interest. It is absolutely lovely! Every moment some lichen or creeping plant is discovered, that adds a fresh beauty to the scene.

What a costly gift is that of the imagination when controlled by reason! It enables me at this moment to revel in enjoyment with a grateful heart. This little lake has no pyramid of terraces, nor is it fringed with town and village, castle and church, orchard and vineyard, as many of the larger lakes of the earth are; but there is much of the wild, the romantic, the picturesque, and the lively congregated here. Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy, I envy ye not! There is that before me which makes my pulse throb, and my heart beat with delight.

I have left the middle of the valley, and am now standing by a moat. A more secluded spot I scarcely remember to have seen. Its dark and almost inky waters are yet clear, for I can trace downwards the stems of the broad leaves that cover the surface. There are tall trees over my head; their butts are rugged and mossed to their very tops. The bark of that birch, yonder, is beautiful; its black cracks set off its silvery whiteness. There is an assemblage of trees, and shrubs, and creepers, a prodigality of colours in the autumnal tinted vegetation, and an influential loneliness that tells me no eye but mine is enjoying the varied scene. The long grass, the high nettles, and light reeds; the rushes, with a bunch or spray of seeds springing out

near their tops; the black thorn, "armed at all points;" the bramble, struggling far over the neighbouring bushes; the green holly, the brown, sere, crumpled oak leaves, the dried fern of darker brown, and the crimson leaf of the wild rose, drab coloured underneath, form a gorgeous spectacle. The weedy, rushy, sedgy, and solitary character of the place binds me to the spot. A wild duck is now paddling on the moat, a water rat has just splashed beneath the surface, two magpies have fled over the birch tree, making a noise like the shaking of small pebbles together, and a score or two of rooks are winging their way to their nests in the high elm trees of a distant rookery.

Such scenes as this are dear to those who delight in the beauties of creation. Thoughts, reflections, and aspirations are called forth, which nature seldom fails to excite in hearts that blend their admiration of created things, with a reverential and grateful acknowledgment of their Creator's goodness. In the vast and the minute, nature is beautiful!

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell;
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely, been.
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

I am now standing by the side of a high bank, on which the setting sun is shining. The receding earth has formed a hollow, a kind of cavern on a small scale, from the roof of which are hanging thousands of slender roots, with little dry clods of earth adhering to them. The breeze has put the slender roots in motion, and they and the suspended clods are fantastically moving in all directions, apparently mingling with the shadows they occasion against the farther side of the hollow. There is something exquisite in the wild witchery of this scene. I have gazed delighted on many an excavation of nature and art,

Chambers fair, and glorious halls,
Sparkling roof, and glittering walls;

but this is entrancing. Caverns of Derbyshire, ye are outdone! Grotto of Antiparos, here is thine equal!

For some time I have been tracing the windings of this babbling brook. The ground is irregular and broken, so that the stream forms a continued series of cascades. There is nothing wilder, nothing more surpassingly beautiful in the scenery of Devil's-bridge than is here presented to the eye.

The fissure, the rift in the ground, through which the stream is forcing its way, begins to deepen and darken. I hear the waters, but I see them not. The sides of the rift are clad with diversified brushwood, mosses, and straggling plants. A painter might here revel with his pencil; a poet might here lose himself in his sublimities. Were I about to purchase an estate, the valley and moat that I have described, and this tumbling miniature torrent should be mine:—but I must hasten onwards.

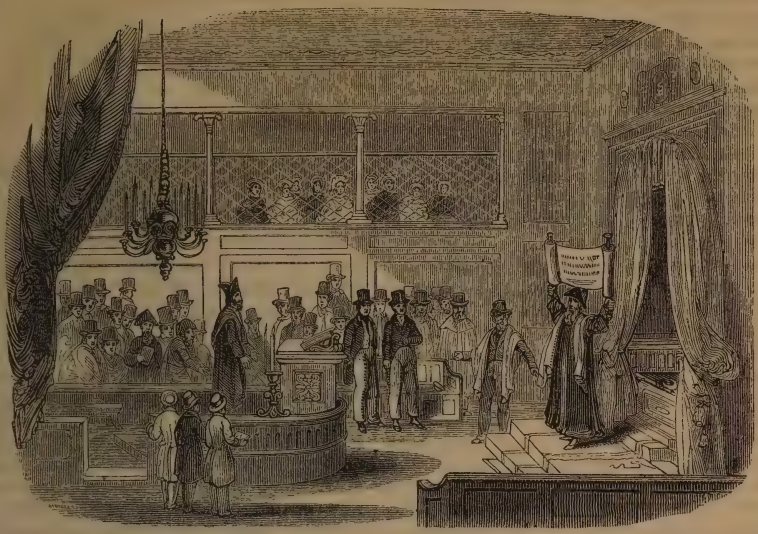
A louder din of falling waters bursts upon me. Here is a sudden break in the ground; now then for the cataracts of the Nile! This is truly splendid! This six-feet fall is to me an infant Niagara!

"How profound
The gulf! And how the giant element,
From rock to rock, leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs!"

While I throw the reins on the neck of my imagination, the deafening torrent of the western world, the mighty fall that feeds the Lake Ontario is before me.

"Horribly beautiful! and on the verge
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorne:
Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,
Lone watching madness with unaltered mien."

Here are the smooth brow, the silvery brightness, the tortured waters, with the frothy surge, and the lengthened river of Niagara represented on a smaller scale, but equally rich in the garniture of its surrounding scenery, and the prodigality of its natural beauties. But enough—I must hasten away, for the all-glorious sun is retiring from the skies. My ramble, though short, has been a pleasant one. I have given unbounded scope to my fancy, and so found in a pond of two fathoms length a Lago Maggiore, in a trickling rivulet a complete Devil's-bridge, and in a six-foot fall the awful sublimity of Niagara. And now I feel an emotion superior to aught that fancy can excite: these beauties are the handiwork of my Father and Friend; "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches," Psalm civ. 24.



Modern Synagogue of the Jews.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

It appears that the Jewish people, from their first settlement in Canaan, used to meet in the open air, in high places, and in proseuchas, which were enclosures built in private and retired spots, frequently in high places and on mountains, with no other covering than the shade of trees. They met also in houses, and particularly in those of the prophets; and as after the captivity their meetings became more general and regular, houses were built expressly for them, and the synagogue worship became regularly established. The engraving exhibits the interior of a modern structure of this kind. The law has just been brought forth, and is held up to the view of the people. It is deeply to be lamented that the word of God has long been made void among the Jews by the traditions of the elders, and that the New Testament is entirely rejected. Soon may they learn that "life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel!"

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE PANORAMAS OF BENARES AND MACAO.

Near six thousand years have rolled onward to eternity, since the Almighty's command went forth, "Let there be light, and there was light." And near two thousand years have passed since the Redeemer, the Dayspring from on high, visited the world as a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of the true Israel of God. Patriarchs, prophets, priests, apostles, and evangelists; Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, Aaron, and Joshua, David, Isaiah and Daniel, Paul, Peter, and John have proclaimed the true God. Miracles have been performed, and the Old and New Testaments have alike declared to the world the true Messiah. What then has been, and what now is, the state of mankind with respect to idolatry? Has the Lord of life and glory been honoured and obeyed; or have the inhabitants of the earth followed the devices and desires of their own hearts, refusing to have God to reign over them?

Let Osiris and Isis, Horus, Anubis, Serapis, and Harpocrates answer for Egypt; Ormund, Mithras, and Ahriman for Persia; Belus for Babylonia; Moloch, Baal, Dagon, and Rimmon for the Canaanites, Philistines, and Syrians; Brahma under his different names Brahma, Seeva, Vishnu, Rama, Chrishnu, and Buddha for Hindostan; Jupiter, Neptune, Mercury, Apollo, Mars, and Vulcan, for Greece and Rome. The Sun, the Moon, Pochamunana, and

Manacocha for Peru. Vitzliputzli and Kaloc for Mexico. Odin, Frea, and Thor for Scandinavia, and the endless idols of wood, stone, and other materials for the five hundred millions of pagans that are now scattered about in various parts of the world.

At this moment, it is supposed, that there are a thousand millions of human beings in existence; of these, one half are pagans. Not a fourth part of the inhabitants of the earth are Christians, reckoning the Greek and Roman Catholic churches as well as the Protestant.

Such were my thoughts as I pursued my way to the panorama of Benares, anxious to gaze on the semblance of a city so famous throughout the world. Benares, the most holy city of Hindostan, situated on the northern bank of the sacred Ganges, has been long celebrated as the seat of brahminical learning, and the great sanctuary of brahminical superstition. Whether regarded in respect of its population, wealth, or antiquities, it is alike worthy of attention, while the singularity of its various structures attach to it an added interest and a peculiar charm.

The scene is now before me in splendid confusion; temples, mansions, and mosques, turrets, battlements, and domes, pagodas, cupolas, pavilions, minarets, and mud-built hovels, seem huddled all together. The ghauts, prodigious flights of steps, are crowded with multitudes of both sexes, and in every variety of strange costume. Hindoos of all castes are mingled; the lowly sudra, the mendicant fakir, and the proud brahmin, while peepul, tamarind, and other trees vary the distant view, and pinnaces, budgerows, and baggage boats, give an interest to the flowing river.

Though prepared to gaze on a novel sight, the scene is more strange and striking than I had imagined; and, judging by the surprise in the countenances of those around me, a similar impression is very general. That Juggernaut temple yonder excites much attention, and well it may; for who has not heard of the horrid idol, and of the poor ignorant and deluded Hindoos, who superstitiously fling themselves beneath his grinding car? The laureate Southey has thus described the dreadful and disgusting scene.

"A thousand pilgrims strain
Arms, shoulders, breasts, and thighs with might and main,
To drag that sacred wain,
And scarce can draw along the enormous load.
Prone fall the frantic votaries on its road,
And calling on the god,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot way.
On Juggernaut they call;
The ponderous car rolls on and crushes all.
Groans rise unheard; the dying cry,
And death and agony,
Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along."

Fully to enter into this panorama, some preliminary knowledge is necessary. In such situations as this, we are soon taught that we know but little. "The Hindoos are divided into four principal castes, which are again subdivided into many others; for the general purposes of civil life the castes appear to mix together when it suits their convenience; but they never intermarry, and scrupulously avoid eating in common. Hindoos, Mohammedans, and Parsees, all wear the jamma, or long robe of cotton, crossed at the breast, and tied round the middle by a scarf; the Hindoos fasten the robe on the left side, the Mohammedans on the right. The fineness of the materials, and the addition of gold and jewels, mark the relative ranks of the wearers. Many of the lower classes wear only a piece of cloth round their loins, called a cummerband. The distinguishing badge of castes is a string tied round the shoulders, the number, form, colour, and order of the threads in which indicate the various orders, the lowest not wearing any. Certain marks on the forehead or face designate the principal sects; the followers of Vishnu marking their foreheads with longitudinal, those of Siva with parallel lines of chunam, or clay. The females of high caste are handsome, their forms delicate and graceful, and their dresses superb; but they rarely quit the Zenana. The inferior castes are rather small of stature, and not very good looking, perhaps owing to the labour they undergo. They universally wear the cotton shalice, an immense scarf, which they manage with classical grace; even the lowest orders wear armlets, bangles, earrings, and sometimes a jewel from the nose."

To the left, there is another pagoda of Siva, or Seeva; for Brahma is more generally worshipped at Benares as Seeva, the destroyer, than in any other character. Sometimes, Seeva is seated on the bull Nundi, with one head,

three eyes, and a half moon on his forehead. Sometimes he is represented as a silver-coloured man, with no fewer than five faces, having three eyes in each, seated on a lotus, and habited in the skin of a tiger; while, at other times, the adoration of his worshippers is received by him in his shape of a sugar loaf formed of black stone: of this blackstone personification of the Deity it is believed that a million copies are to be found in the city. Surely it is as literally true of Benares now, as of Athens of old, that the city is "wholly given to idolatry," Acts xvii. 16.

The new palace, erected by the expeishwa of the Deccan, occupies a commanding position, and is, indeed, a beautiful structure, partaking more of the European than the Asiatic style of architecture. The mosque of Aurungzebe is also a striking object. The pagodas of the Hindoos present a character altogether different from the mosques of the Mussulmans; the former being of a sugar loaf, domelike form, while the latter are invariably built with minarets, towering high above the surrounding edifices.

To the left of the bolio there, (pleasure boat,) is a marriage procession; but the figures of the group are too small for me to perceive them distinctly. The peculiar customs observed at the wedding of a Hindoo, have prevailed, with scarcely any change, for at least three thousand years, though during that time the Hindoo has been the slave of many masters. He bends like the reed to the storm, and when it has passed again recovers his wonted position.

For the last ten minutes, I have narrowly observed a gentlemanly man, who has been conversing with the attendant of the place. He is unquestionably well informed, and his observations bespeak him a man of much shrewdness and sagacity; but wherever he stirs, he has a well-dressed, well-behaved man at his side, who waits upon his every movement with his hat in his hand. Ay, I see now how the matter stands. He is under the care of his attendant; his mind is subject to aberration. Who, and what am I, to be mercifully kept free from such a calamity! "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" Psa. cxvi. 12.

The ghauts, leading from the pagodas down to the river, have a very imposing appearance. Those of Marmusil, Dusamere, Gelsine, Munkanka, Sunita, Raj, Nyah, and others, are represented in the panorama. Most of these are sacred, and the pilgrims are landed at them. Raj ghaut not being sacred, is the usual resort of boats trading and carrying passengers, no person being allowed to cook provisions at the sacred ghauts. Many of these flights of steps are furnished with terraces, pavilions, and balustrades of elegant architecture, erected mostly by devotees. As the whole of the Hindoo inhabitants of Benares bathe at least once a day in the river Ganges, whose waters they believe purify them from every stain, and cleanse them from every sin, no wonder that the ghauts are thronged.

On the brink of the river, I can distinguish some Brahminy bulls: were bulls and monkeys suffered to wander lazily about the streets of London, as they are allowed to lounge about those of Benares; were they permitted to help themselves without restriction to vegetables at Covent Garden and Leadenhall markets, and to cakes and tarts at the pastrycooks of the city and at the west end of the town, it would be some time before we should learn to look at them without amazement. These animals, however, being held sacred by the Brahmins, are left at liberty to follow out their inclinations, unmolested.

At the foot of the opposite pagoda, is a native of rank, with his train. Such is the Hindoo custom, that a man of rank is rarely seen abroad without a great number of attendants. Servants and retainers of all kinds, chobdars, chauprassies, and chattah bearers accompanying him as his shadow. When the middle and lower ranks of society of different countries sum up the advantages of their position, that of being able to walk abroad unattended and unobserved should not be forgotten.

A sight of this panorama is well adapted to call forth curiosity respecting the Hindoo nation. It turns over a new page in the history of the world we inhabit, as full of interest as it is of novelty. The authenticated accounts received of Hindoo ignorance and superstition, appear like fables to us. That human beings should condemn themselves to incessant silence, wear collars with iron spikes around their necks, remain in painful attitudes for days, weeks, and months, and travel

scores of miles by repeatedly measuring their length on the ground, is difficult to believe; but the most horrible of Hindoo superstitions is that of the widow burning herself, or rather being burned alive on the funeral pile of the deceased husband. To read or to hear of this is fearful, but to witness the reality must be dreadful.

"You cannot hear her cries—all other sound
In that wild dissonance is drowned;
But in her face you see
The supplication and the agony.
See, in her swelling throat, the desperate strength,
That with vain effort struggles yet her life;
Her arms contracted now, in fruitless strife,
Now wildly at full length
Toward the crowd in vain for pity spread;
They force her on, they bind her to the dead;—
Then all at once retire:
Circling round the fire the ministering Brahmins stand,
Each lifting in his hand a torch of fire;
Alone the father of the dead steps forth
And lights the funeral pyre."

Benares, as a city, is more striking externally than internally. There is a picturesque beauty in its curious and fantastic edifices, its flat-roofed houses, obtuse-pointed pagodas, minareted mosques, arches, verandahs, galleries, projecting mullioned windows, turrets, balustrades, and overhanging eaves, many of them rendered pre-eminently singular by their ancient style of architecture, grotesque sculpture, and gaudy colours, that lead the stranger to expect something in the internal arrangement of the place beyond what he finds. The narrow winding streets of Benares, on a nearer approach, sadly interfere with the beauty of the city.

Many people regard Benares, not only as an ancient city of Hindostan, but also as one of the most ancient of the world. According to Hindoo cosmogony, "it is a place of more than ordinary sanctity, standing, as the people affirm, on a more stable foundation than any other part of the world, for whilst all other portions of the terrestrial globe rest only on Ananta, the thousand-headed serpent of eternity, Benares and ten miles round it is based upon the points of Siva's, or Seeva's trident, and is therefore proof against all casualties: it is consequently regarded with the same veneration by the Hindoos, that Mecca is by the Mohammedans, and considered to be the centre of all that is sacred, the focus of all that is wise, the fountain of all that is good, and the royal road to heaven; the shortest residence within its precincts absolving all sins and securing salvation."

At present, my attention has been principally drawn to the land scene; let me now turn to that of the water, and to the objects that catch the eye on the southern side of the river.

The Ganges, worshipped by the Hindoos under the name of Gunga, is more than eighteen hundred miles long. The Bhagirothi is that branch of the river which is considered the true Ganges. It has its origin among the Himalaya mountains, at an elevation above the sea of fourteen thousand feet. During the rains of July, August, and September, it rises sometimes more than thirty feet above its accustomed level, and when a wind from the north-west assists the current at this season, it becomes impetuous, raging furiously, with an appearance like that of the angry ocean, and overflowing its common boundary.

I see in the stream a floating human corpse, with a vulture preying upon it —hateful sight! and yet this is a frequent occurrence, a thing that the Hindoo regards without emotion. Such as reside at a moderate distance only from the river, when approaching their latter end are placed on a rude frame of matting stretched over four bamboos, called a charpoy, and brought down to the edge of the water; the holy mud of the Ganges is then placed on the breast, and crammed into the mouth, nostrils, and ears. In other cases, they are lifted from the charpoy, laid down partly in the water, and left there to die. Hundreds of devotees render this ceremony unnecessary, by sacrificing themselves in the Ganges, and perishing beneath its sacred stream.

The vessels on the river are interesting from their peculiarity and variety. The richly ornamented moah punkee, is a contrast to the simply constructed and unornamented canoe, and the clumsy looking budgerow and dacca pulwar. Look at that moah punkee! built for the accommodation of the nawab of Moordashabed, and fancy that you see it sailing down the river, its carved head and high-peaked stern, painted, gilt and varnished, lit up by the sunbeam. Its splendidly clad rowers, its gilt pillars, and embroidered awnings, are a pageant more than usually attractive to an European eye. Ferry boats, bolios, acachas, patellas, baggage boats, and cook

boats, are but a few of the many kinds of craft seen upon the Ganges.

There is a crocodile, one of the scaly monsters of the river that banquet on the well-supplied feast of Hindoo corpses floating down the stream. Yonder in the distance is the palace and fort of Ramnugghur, belonging to the rajah of Benares; and, near to it, elephants may be seen bathing in the stream; while farther to the right, though too distant to be distinctly represented, is the procession of a rajah.

> O pomp, how great thy power to lure
> The steps of man aside,
> And fill his weak and foolish heart
> With vanity and pride!

Elephants in splendid trappings, with howdahs of silver and gold; camels richly caparisoned, studs of noble horses, and guards of mounted suwars, form only part of these dazzling and magnificent oriental spectacles.—

But I have lingered long at Benares, and must now steal a hasty glance at Macao.

This view of the only European settlement in the empire of China, derives much of its interest from the unsettled commercial relations between the British and the Chinese, though the commanding and romantic situation of the place undoubtedly impart to it a beautiful and picturesque appearance. Macao stands on a peninsula, at the southern extremity of the island of Heang-shan, and looked upon from the bay of Typa, presents its British side to the spectator. The fine crescent curve of the Praya Grande, a spacious quay, the painted houses, the churches, and sacred edifices; the hills, forts, and monasteries, together with the towering mountains of a neighbouring isle, form together a pleasing scene.

The most prominent objects are Penha hill and church; the latter dedicated to the protecting saint of mariners. The Lappa, a range of high and barren hills, on the island called Tuymeen-shan, or Priest's island. Forte Monte, on the mount of St. Paul, and Fort Guia and the hill of Charil. These are the most elevated points, and they give a variety to the buildings nearer the water, to the vast extent of sea which presents itself to the eye, and to the dim descried islands in the distance.

Macao was a desert rock in the sixteenth century; but the Portuguese, the first Europeans who extended their navigation to the southern confines of China, occasionally landed there. By degrees, they obtained permission of the mandarins to build huts, and at last were admitted as vassals of the celestial empire. A town and factory were erected, so that, according to a mandarin dispatch, "Macao, formerly an insignificant place, is now a kingdom; it has many forts, and a great and insolent population."

But though Macao thus rose in importance, and the Portuguese obtained immense profits by their trade with China, Japan, Tunquin, Cochin China, and Siam; yet these profits decreased when the Dutch and English became competitors in the trade, and Macao began to decay. Revolutions in the affairs of nations, and the jealousies and exactions of the Chinese officers, also contributed to the decline of Macao. By degrees, the English, Dutch, French, Danes, Swedes, and Americans established themselves in the city. The commerce in opium carried on here, was at first very lucrative, but afterwards it declined. It would be difficult to speculate wisely on the question, how far Macao may be affected by the quarrel existing between the British and Chinese.

Among the many attractive points of the panorama, the residence of the celebrated missionary, Dr. Morrison, will not be passed over without a thought. It was here that the first herald of the gospel to the Chinese, prosecuted his arduous task of forming a grammar, translating the sacred Scriptures and various tracts into Chinese, and compiling an Anglo-Chinese dictionary: thus laying the foundation of a goodly building that may yet arise, whose walls may be termed Salvation, and whose gates may be called Praise.

The Chinese junk there, and the cutter receiving passengers and goods, have an arresting reality about them that fixes at once the eye of the beholder. Taken together, the sea and land view of this exhibition of Macao, though not equal in interest to the panorama of Benares, will be gazed upon with pleasure, and call up in the mind of the visitor associations not likely rapidly to pass away.

UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCES OF SCRIPTURE.—No. VIII.

I. "And Baasha, king of Israel," we read, "went up against Judah, and built

Ramah, that he might not suffer any to go out or come in to Asa king of Judah," 1 Kings xv. 17. Ramah seems to have been a border town, between the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, and to have stood in such a position as to be the key to either. The king of Israel, however, was the party anxious to fortify it, not the king of Judah: indeed, the latter, as we learn from the Chronicles, 2 Chron. xvi. 6, did his best to frustrate the efforts of Baasha, and succeeded, apparently not desirous of having Ramah converted into a place of strength, though it should be in his own keeping; for Asa having contrived to draw Baasha away from this work, does not seize upon it, and complete it for himself, but contents himself with carrying off the stones and the timber, and using them elsewhere. It is evident, therefore, that it was an object with the kings of Israel, that this strong frontier post should be established—with the kings of Judah that it should be removed. Now, this is singular, when we remember, that after the schism, the numerical strength lay vastly on the side of Israel, one hundred and eighty thousand men being all that Judah could then count in his ranks, 1 Kings xii. 21, whereas eight hundred thousand were actually produced a few years afterwards by Jeroboam, and even then he was not what he had been, 2 Chron. xiii. 3. It was to be expected, therefore, that the fear of invasion would have been upon Judah alone, the weaker state, and that, accordingly, Judah would have gladly taken, and kept possession of a fortress which was the bridle of the kingdom on that side, and have made it strong for himself. Yet, as we have seen, the fact was quite the other way. How is this to be explained? By a single circumstance, which accounts for a great deal besides this; though the explanation presents itself in the most incidental manner imaginable, and without the smallest reference to the particular case of Ramah.

In the twelfth chapter of the first book of Kings, I read, ver. 26, 27, that "Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David, if this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem;" and that accordingly he set up a worship of his own in Bethel and Dan.

In the eleventh chapter of the second book of Chronicles, I read, v. 14, that "he cast off the Levites," (as indeed it was most natural that he should,) "from executing the priest's office," and ordained him priests after his own pleasure. I read further, that, in consequence of this subversion of the church of God, "the priests and the Levites that were in all Israel, resorted unto Judah, out of all their coasts;" nor they only, the ministers of God, who might well migrate, but that "after them out of all the tribes of Israel such as set their hearts to seek the Lord God of their fathers: so they strengthened" (it is added) "the kingdom of Judah, and made Rehoboam the son of Solomon strong," ver. 16, 17. The son of Nebat was a great politician in his own way, but he had yet to learn, that by righteousness is a nation really exalted, and that its righteous citizens are those by whom the throne is in truth upheld. These he was condemned to lose; these he and his ungodly successors were to see gradually waste away before their eyes; depart from a kingdom founded in iniquity; and transfer their allegiance to another and a better soil. Hence the natural solicitude of Israel to put a stop to the alarming drainage of all that was virtuous out of their borders, and the clumsy contrivance of a fortification at Ramah for the purpose; as though a spirit of uncompromising devotion to God, happily the most unconquerable of things, was to be coerced by a barrier of bricks. Hence, too, the no less natural solicitude of Judah to remove this fortification, Judah being desirous that no obstacle, however small, should be opposed to the influx of those virtuous Israelites, who would be the strength of any nation wherein they settled. Here I find a coincidence of the most satisfactory kind, between the "building of Ramah by Israel, the overthrow of it by Judah, and the tide of emigration which was setting in from Israel towards Judah," by reason of Jeroboam's idolatry. Yet the relation of these events to one another, is not expressed in the history, nor are the events named under the same head, or in the same chapter.

II. Nor is this all. Still keeping in mind this single consideration, that the more godly of the people of the ten tribes were disgusted at the calves, and retired, we may at once account for the progressive augmentation of the armies of Judah, and the corresponding decrease of the armies of Israel, which the subsequent history of the two kingdoms casually, and at intervals, displays.

Immediately after the separation, Rehoboam assembled the forces of his two tribes, and found them, as I have said, one hundred and eighty thousand men. Some eighteen years afterwards, Ahijah, his son, was able to raise against Jeroboam (who still, however, was vastly stronger) four hundred thousand, 2 Chron. xiii. 3. This is a considerable step. Some six or seven years later, Asa, the son of Ahijah, is invaded by a countless host of Ethiopians. On this occasion, notwithstanding the numbers which must have fallen already in the battle with Jeroboam, he brings into the field five hundred and eighty thousand: so rapidly were the resources of Judah on the advance. About two and thirty years later still, the army of Jehoshaphat, the son of Asa, consists of one million, one hundred and sixty thousand men, 2 Chron. xvii. 14—18: a prodigious increase in the population of the kingdom of Judah.

On the other hand, we may trace (the act, it must be observed, is altogether our own, no such comparison being instituted in the history) the gradual decay and depopulation of the kingdom of Israel. Jeroboam himself, we have found, was eight hundred thousand strong. The continual diminution of this national army, we cannot, in the present instance, always trace from actual numbers, as we did in the former; but from circumstances which transpire in the history, we can trace it by inference. Thus, Ahab, one of the successors of Jeroboam, and contemporary with Jehoshaphat, whose immense armaments we have seen, is threatened by Benhadad and the Syrians. Benhadad will send men to take out of his house, and out of the houses of his servants, whatever is pleasant in their eyes, 1 Kings xx. 6. It is the insolent message of one who felt Israel to be weak, and being weak, to invite aggression. Favoured by a panic, Ahab triumphs for the once; but at the return of the year, returns Benhadad. Ahab is warned of this long before. "Go, strengthen thyself," is the friendly exhortation of the prophet, ver. 22;—no doubt he did so, to the best of his means, but after all, when "the children of Israel were numbered, and were all present, and went against them, the children of Israel pitched before the Syrians like two little flocks of kids; but the Syrians filled the country," ver. 27. And in Joram's days, the son and successor of Ahab, such was the boldness of Syria, and the weakness of Israel, that the former was constantly sending marauding parties, "companies," as they are called, or "bands," 2 Kings v. 2; vi. 23; xiii. 21, into Israel's quarters, sometimes taking the inhabitants captive, and sometimes even laying siege to considerable towns, 2 Kings vi. 14, 23. And in the reign of Jehu, the next king, Syria, with Hazael at its head, crippled Israel still more terribly, actually seizing upon all the land of Jordan eastward, Gilead, the Gadites, the Reubenites, and the Manassites, from Aroer to Bashan, 2 Kings x. 33. And to complete the picture, the whole army of Jehoahaz, the next in the royal succession of Israel, consisted of fifty horsemen, ten chariots, and ten thousand foot, Syria having exterminated the rest, 2 Kings xiii. 7; so gradually was Israel upon the decline.

Now, it must be remembered, in order that the force of the argument may be felt, that no parallel of the kind we have been drawing is found in the history itself; no invitation to others to draw one: the materials for doing so it does indeed furnish, dispersed, however, over a wide field, and less definite than might be wished, were our object to ascertain the relative strength of the two kingdoms with exactness; that however it is not; and the very circumstance, that the gradual growth of Judah, and declension of Israel, are sometimes to be gathered from other facts than positive numerical evidence, is enough in itself to show that the historian could have no design studiously to point out the coincidence of facts with his casual assertion, that the Levites had been supplanted by the priests of the calves, and that multitudes had quitted the country with them, in just indignation.—*Rev. J. J. Blunt.*

THE BURIAL GROUND AT ——.

There is a certain spot which I never pass without feelings of interest; it is the last resting place of my relatives and friends. My infant feet were led through its paths by pious parents to the house of God, and faintly traced upon my mind are recollections of very early childhood respecting some whose excellences I had been taught to revere, and whose burial in that place made an impression on my young heart. In my youth I was acquainted with many who were cut off in the flower of their age

around me; and as years have advanced, how have the numbers increased of those whose heads have been laid low in this quiet dormitory! Let me try to recall the memory of some few, that they being dead may yet speak; and that their "good name," which "scents like the rose," may awaken a desire to follow them as far as they followed Christ.

There lies my first old schoolmistress, one of the meek ones, who are counted blessed by our Lord. I have but an imperfect recollection of her features; but the mild expression of her face, and the gentle and winning ways she used with us, her little scholars, are by no means forgotten. I recollect, also, the long and painful illness which brought her to her end; and the peaceful happy expressions which fell from her lips, and were gathered up as pearls by her own dutiful children who surrounded her. I was too young then fully to understand her words; but since I have found that they beautifully exemplified the main feature of her character—a meek and lowly spirit.

The next who recurs to my thoughts is the old pew-opener. Contentment was the grace which shone in her; one of the earliest members of the church, she had watched its progress with heartfelt interest, and in its prosperity her soul rejoiced. I have, in remembrance, now her humble cottage, covered with a spreading vine; and there her simple tales of truth have delighted my ear. She was a woman who had seen affliction; but the firmness of her principles were such, that she really seemed to be able to say, with the apostle Paul, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content:" poverty, pain of body, losses, and disappointments, were all received as from the hands of a heavenly Father, who was

"Too wise to err, too just to be unkind."

Her pretty flower garden no longer blossoms, her rural abode is pulled down, and her debilitated frame, which she often compared to a cottage of clay, rests close to the walls of the Zion she loved.

The remains of another very humble Christian, who nurtured the infancy of the writer, repose in the graveyard of ——. She went through life with unostentatious behaviour. She made no parade of her religion, but was found looking unto Jesus; and surely, if the tree may be known by its fruits, her consistency of conduct generally, and particularly her faithfulness as a servant, lead us to believe that "the root of the matter" was in her.

I omit to notice many, around whom early recollections hover, and pass on to the days of my youth, when I saw those who appeared as likely to live as myself, cut down like the grass of the field; and the one I would mention here, is Eliza ——. At eighteen years of age she was indeed most lovely, intelligent, and sweet tempered; and had she been spared to more mature years, some one, or perhaps, many Christian graces might have shone forth with lustre in her character; for those who knew her intimately, readily discerned that the good seed of the word was sown in her heart. A teachable spirit, that spirit without which we cannot see the kingdom of God, was most manifest in her; but, like the flower of the field, she flourished; the wind passed over it, and it was gone.

Let me now come to later times; and how many venerable characters crowd upon my recollection, "whose faith" may writer and reader be enabled to "follow!"

I saw a fine head, which had grown grey in the ways of wisdom, borne to his grave. And soon after him followed his aged companion. Diligence in business and fervency of spirit marked this holy pair: parents of a large family, their duty called them to work willingly with their hands. The mother was a pattern of frugality, industry, and maternal affection; yet in the midst of all her anxieties, God was her chief good; she loved his ways, his house, his people, and she is now at his right hand. The father walked closely with God, was a man of prayer, and brought his religion into action in his life and conversation. The end of each was peace.

One who might well be named after Bountiful, the sister of Mercy, in Bunyan's Pilgrim, rests among the remains of these departed saints. Benevolence and humility were the master graces of her renewed nature. She was a faithful stewardess, kind and generous to all; and the poor of the household of faith found in her an untiring friend. She was a cheerful giver, and devised liberal things, on all occasions, for the cause of Christ, or the purposes of charity; and when she had done her utmost, with humility of spirit she disclaimed any worthiness of her own; but acknowledged herself, in the sincerity of her heart, an

unprofitable servant. "Precious Saviour!" was her frequent expression, as she was passing through the cold waters of Jordan, till she was received on the shore of immortality, and we saw her no more.

Many others might be added to these sketches; some, indeed, respecting whom I dare not trust myself to speak, lest the veneration I feel for the memory of the just, should lead me into a partial strain.

Reader! the time must shortly come when you and I shall be called to lay these mortal bodies in the grave, as has been the case with those whom I have been describing. "These all died in faith;" and the virtues I have recorded sprung from the love of Christ in their hearts. The blessed memory of each, like a fair flower, still blossoms over their sleeping dust.

Meekness, contentment, faithfulness, teachableness, diligence, fervency of spirit, benevolence, and humility; what a cluster of Christian graces is here! Shall we leave the fragrance of some one, or all of these fruits of the Spirit behind us? Above all, shall we approve ourselves unto God?

"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

In a well-known town, there was a very rich man, or which, for the time, is much the same thing, one who had the reputation of being so. He had once been very poor; but he was industrious and saving, and God had given him mental powers somewhat superior to those of other men; and then he was energetic and persevering. These qualities were perceived and appreciated by the owners of the mill in which he was employed, and he was advanced to a higher station with better wages. This had the effect upon him that it ought to have had; it stimulated his industry and zeal for his master's welfare. In consequence, he rose rapidly, and in a few years became sole manager of a vast mercantile establishment with a small share in it. Thus his riches increased, but he had set his heart upon them firmly, immoveably: it was wedded to his gold. He became greedy and grasping; he was constantly at variance with those who had formerly been his fellow workmen, upon the subject of their wages. I do not say that he was always in the wrong, and they always in the right. I know nothing of the details of the matter; but I know that he was generally successful, and that the workpeople employed by him had to submit to a reduction of wages many times over. I also knew some of those that were thus reduced; they were men of prayer: they have now and then hinted to me that they thought themselves aggrieved, but, like other good people, they did not trouble me much with their complaints; they knew where to find a support and consolation. They were careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication they made their request known unto God. I would not presume to judge upon this point in any degree; but the very frequent occurrence of these quarrels brought home to the minds of most men a strong persuasion that the individual referred to must have been culpable. However, his riches still increased; his partner retired from business with great wealth, and left him sole proprietor, as well as sole manager, of their vast establishments; and now his heart was set upon the honours, the distinctions, the pleasures, that his reputation for wealth procured for him, and he grew proud and supercilious. No one could be in his company without perceiving this: to his inferiors and those in his employ, he was haughty and overbearing in manner, though often kind and considerate towards them; to those whom he now considered his equals, he made himself ridiculous by an uplifted, self-important bearing. But this is by no means the point to which I would now direct attention.

One of the seven wise men of ancient Greece, was once endeavouring to convince a wicked king of the omnipresence of God. The monarch listened to him impatiently, and soon interrupted his discourse with the scornful question, "What is God doing now?" The answer of the sage was brief, but significant, "Humbling the proud." In the midst of this man's prosperity, the commercial difficulties arose, the pressure of which has already reduced so many from comfort to poverty, and is still filling so many hearts with anxiety, and clouding so many faces with care.

One of the first signs of the approach of these bad times in the neighbourhood of which I am now speaking, was the rumour that this man was embarrassed, which was followed with a rapidity unusual in such cases, with the

fearful tidings that he was unable to pay his debts, and must be made a bankrupt. Then the secret of all his supposed wealth was disclosed. What a world of iniquity had the love of money heaped upon this man's conscience! He had defrauded his best friends; he had robbed the widow; he had plundered the orphans, whom their dying parents had solemnly committed to his trust. He had obtained of the workmen employed under him the use of their little savings, under various pretexts. An exceeding bitter cry pierced the ears of the Lord of sabaoth. It is much to be desired, that the ministers of God's word would at this time very frequently, and very earnestly, press upon their hearers the evil of the love of money, which is so pre-eminently the besetting sin of this age and nation, and which is so evidently provoking God's wrath against us.

God heard the cry of the oppressed; the stony heart of this stubborn man was broken by the revilings and reproaches of the many without, whom, by fraud and robbery, he had involved in hopeless ruin, and by the stings and lashes of his outraged conscience within. He laid him down to die in the prime and vigour of his life, and with no other ailment than the mental torments which reflection upon his past life and mortified pride inflicted upon him.

But it is time I said something, also, about another person, of whom I wish to speak. Riches had increased with him also, but in good or evil tidings "his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord." He loved and feared God, and God has hitherto given, and I trust will continue to give, that "blessing which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it." This person had had large commercial transactions with the man who now lay dying; who had shamefully taken the advantage of him at length, so that at the time of his bankruptcy the good man was involved to the amount of the full half of his goods. The bankrupt had always avoided an interview with him, for he dared not look him in the face. They met, for the first time, after the failure early in his last illness This individual hastened to his house immediately on hearing of it, and asked for an interview. It was not denied him, for the unhappy man had made up his mind for the worst. He received him with a dogged determination to endure every thing. Expecting nothing but keen reproaches and stern inquiries, he was supported in an upright posture, and saw him enter the room with something like calmness and composure, though the scalding tears which the sorrow of the world had wrung from his heart were yet moist upon his cheek. But when the good man approached his bedside, with a smile of kindness and benevolence, held out his hand to him, and assured him that he had entirely forgiven and forgotten all that was past, and that his only object in calling upon him was to inquire how he could minister to his wants, and add to his comforts; he fell back upon his bed groaning with anguish, and hid his face in the pillow, frantically exclaiming, "Anything but that; I cannot bear that!"

The good man's whole deportment showed how he rejoiced in this opportunity of exemplifying the most difficult of his Saviour's precepts. He saw the temporal wants of that man abundantly supplied; he visited him almost daily until his death; he read the Scriptures to him; he prayed with him; he pointed out to him earnestly and affectionately Jesus Christ and him crucified, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. But every successive act of kindness did but wring from the wretched sufferer another cry of agony, "Tell me how I have wronged you!" he raved incessantly, "Tell me how I have defrauded you, how I deceived you; tell me what a villain I am: you never mention these things. Oh, I cannot bear that; you cannot forgive me!" It is needless to proceed with the painful details of these interviews. Suffice it to say, that if there was a hope in his death, he who pointed this dying sinner to the Saviour was his largest creditor.

What an exemplification was there of the inspired precept—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," Rom. xii. 20, 21.

FATAL EFFECTS OF PROSPERITY.

I REMEMBER an instance in which sudden prosperity was followed by even fatal effects. An industrious couple were at the same time seized with a malignant

fever. They were placed in separate rooms, but within hearing of each other. Their mutual inquiries were almost incessant, till delirium in both ended all anxiety. The husband died, and was buried, while the wife was in a state of utter unconsciousness. When she began to recover her reason, the first indication of its return was the affectionate inquiry, "My dear! my love! are you better?" But there was no voice, neither any that regarded. She became alarmed. To keep her quiet, the nurse wickedly told her that her husband was better; but that the doctor had sent him away for change of air. This falsehood satisfied her for several days, and then she awoke to the overwhelming consciousness of her bereavement, and found herself the widowed mother of five children, with little prospect of anything but the workhouse: the staff of the family was gone.

She was, however, a woman of spirit, and she roused herself to exertion. Early and late she toiled to keep together the little business that remained, and in part she succeeded. It was a hard struggle; but still, by diligence and frugality, she kept herself and her babes from pauperism. Thus things continued, till one morning the postman brought her a letter from the executors of an old gentleman, a distant relation to her late husband, but of whom she had never heard, and from whom, of course, she had no expectations, informing her of his death, and that he had left her eight hundred pounds. This sudden reverse of fortune was too much for her to bear; for a whole fortnight she never closed her eyes, and then she died. Her death was universally attributed to excessive joy; and though many lamented it for the sake of her children, none seemed to think it strange: certainly, not one was heard to remark on the evils of property, or found to opine that an unexpected legacy is a very dangerous thing. Now, suppose that instead of being in straitened circumstances, she had been under deep anxiety about her soul; and that instead of being informed of a legacy of eight hundred pounds, she had obtained an assurance of her acceptance with God, and that, in consequence of such assurance, joy had kept her awake for a fortnight; at the end of which she died —what would the world have said then? How rife would have been the imputations of extravagance and fanaticism! And why would the censure, withholden in the one case, be awarded in the other? Simply, because, in the first instance, the facts are admitted; and, in the second, they are disbelieved. And such, in truth, amidst all the reverence which they pretend to pay to religion, is the infidelity of a large portion of the unconverted.—*Ford's Decapolis.*

A RAMBLING, UNCONNECTED, DESULTORY CHAPTER, BY OLD HUMPHREY.

Nothing is more delightful, when we have a praiseworthy object in view, when the intellect is clear, and the heart full of enterprize, than to take up the pen, and pursue a subject with the same ardour with which a keen sportsman pursues his game. Though words come uncalled for, they come not quick enough to express our rapid conceptions. We hurry on, breathe quick, write fast; virtuous and high-minded thoughts and words are ennobled by virtuous and high-minded intentions; a thrilling susceptibility spreads through our veins, and the glow upon the cheek is not the symbol of shame, but rather the token of successful achievement and inward delight.

Such a season as I have described is, however, the very reverse of the present one with Old Humphrey. Sickness and pain have somewhat subdued him; and he takes up his pen free from excitement and enthusiasm, having no other object intelligible to himself than that of indulging in the quiet amusement of noting down his rambling, unconnected, and desultory thoughts.

Some four or five weeks ago, when sitting on a rail at eventide, my crazy seat gave way beneath me, and I fell backwards into a dry ditch, bruising my arm and my elbow. I gathered myself up again, thinking but little of the matter, and left my bruises to themselves, nothing doubting that in a little time they would be seen no more. How dim sighted are the eyes of men when gazing on futurity! While writing these lines, my arm is bound up with a splint, like a broken bone. The injury received was greater than I at the time supposed; I can, it is true, now use my arm, and I contrive to write with my hand, but not without difficulty. A right hand is an important appendage to every man, and mine is indeed so to me; but will it become

me to brood over my temporary affliction? Oh, rather let me call to mind how long the free use of my limbs has been allowed me! The nephew of sir Astley Cooper has thoroughly examined my ailment; and he tells me that in three or four weeks more, by proper treatment, my wrist will recover its wonted strength and elasticity. Father of mercies, let me yet praise thee! Not with my tongue only, but with my hands and my feet, my head and my heart!

Strange thoughts, at times, come into my mind, and now and then I derive comfort from strange sources. Last night, at more than the midnight hour, I lay heavily afflicted. My head, my face, my cheek, and my arm were in great pain, and my pulse was tearing away at a most unhealthy speed. When affairs appeared to be at their worst, when my arm was aching, my teeth shooting, and my head throbbing and agonizing, the words came to my mind, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen! we shall see which will pound the longest." It may possibly be remembered, that these words were spoken by a military commander on the battle field, when the fight raged the hottest, and when the thundering cannons were sweeping hundreds, ay thousands, from the world. Odd enough it was, that these warlike expressions should occur to one of my peaceable disposition; but occur to me they did, and gave me comfort, for somehow or other the confidence of the military commander seemed to excite my own. If put into plain language, my thoughts were these: "I am sorely tired; but, through mercy, I believe that my mind will be kept tranquil and steady; indeed, I feel certain that my patience will not be overcome, for my dependence is on Him who has all power, and is plenteous in mercy."

It sometimes vexes me—more is the pity that an old man should allow his mind to be vexed by such trifles; it sometimes vexes me to see so many buildings carried on around me; streets, squares, churches, and houses are springing up in all directions. Scaffold poles here, piles of hewn stone there, and square heaps of bricks yonder. Time was, I could take my quiet walks, and enjoy my lonely musings in privacy; but now my ways are bricked up, as it were, and my paths are peopled with workmen; heavy laden carts and wagons cut up the roads with their wheels, in conveying materials for buildings to and fro. Carpenters, in their paper caps; masons and plasterers, bespotted from head to heel; and bricklayers, ringing their trowels against the hard bricks: these await me, turn which road I may, and these things affect me in different ways. I look on to the future, and fancy that, by and by, I shall not be able to find a private walk, without making a public promenade to obtain it. And then, again, I shall be compelled to bestow more time in tying my neckcloth, to have my morning coat brushed more carefully; perhaps, indeed, it may be necessary to put on a better, as well as to glance at my lambswool stockings. To old men, these little things are annoyances. Not that I would have you regard me as a sloven. No, no, cleanliness and some attention to appearance are necessary to our own comfort, as well as due to the respect we owe to others; but privacy, and quiet walks, and a peep at the country, even if I can get no more of it, are beyond price. As the world increases, however, there must be increased accommodations for its inhabitants, therefore I will endeavour to be less selfish and more forbearing. For many a long year have I had my way. All my wants have been supplied, and shame upon me if I now begrudge to my fellow pilgrims a little space on which to erect their tents in the wilderness. Build away, then, ye masons; saw and plane with all diligence, ye carpenters; and use your trowels, ye bricklayers and plasterers, for there is yet room in the world for us all! No more will I regard you with fretful impatience, but rather, as I pass, leave with you an old man's blessing.

It is a favourite occupation with me to take myself to task, to catechise myself, and to put searching questions to my own heart. Often do I get reprovings from my friends that I richly merit; and if I am not so grateful as I ought to be for such marks of real good will and interest in my welfare, it is to my reproach; but these reprovings are as nothing in point of sharpness to those with which I reprove myself. Never yet did friend or foe say half the severe things to Old Hum-

phrey, that he has said to himself. It may be, that a thought may arise in your bosom, that I am taking credit for this remark, rather than acknowledging how much I require correction, that I am speaking rather in the pride than in the humility of my spirit; but oh, could you try me and search me as with candles, you would say, "Here is one who is, at this moment at least, sensible of his infirmities!"

But why, then, do I tell you, that I so frequently play the catechist? For this simple reason, Because I imagine that you will not be so likely when I catechise you, to take my searching questions unkindly, when you know that I am only treating you as I treat myself.

Some time ago, my heart yearned to do a kindness to the bedridden, the lame, and the blind; and I will tell you why. I had been walking abroad in the fields, and gazing on the beauties of the earth, and the glory of the heavens with such a grateful consciousness of health, such a pleasurable sensitiveness to the fresh air, and such high-wrought emotions of gratitude to the high and mighty Giver of all good for blessings of which I am unworthy, that I longed to put a smile on the faces, and a joy in the hearts, of those whose infirmities excluded them from my gratifications.

I felt this desire then, and I feel it now, and do purpose, on some future occasion, to point out, in a few words, and in as striking and forcible a manner as I can with my poor pen, the duty that all who can walk abroad owe to those who, by infirmity, are confined at home. In the mean time, I must content myself in just drawing your attention to the subject. Oh that I could move you more frequently to visit the house of mourning and the bed of sickness and pain! An hour of cheering and profitable converse with those whose moments hang heavy upon them, is an act of true and tender compassion.

Has God spread a feast for you, and will you grudge the crumbs that fall from your table? Has he given you hours of delight, and can you not spare, now and then, a few minutes to enliven the cast-down countenance of an afflicted brother or sister? I might cry aloud with a menacing voice, "Have a care that you yourselves are not afflicted; and have a care, too, should this be the case, lest the measure you meet be measured out to you in return!" but I will not. No; rather will I urge you in the spirit of kindness, imploring you with all the fervour and affectionate earnestness that an old man has in his heart, to do a deed of mercy.

While making these observations, it occurs to me, taking it for granted, as I seem to have done, that you have been somewhat backward in your attentions to the afflicted, that you are entitled, in the very spirit of fairness, to inquire how far I myself have been free from error in this matter? Before I reply, let me tell you of one of the bygone occurrences, which took place in the days of my youth.

In the neighbourhood where I lived, when a boy, a wake was held, at which were practised many inhumanities. Men jumping about tied up in sacks, women running races, and boys climbing up a greasy pole, on the top of which was stuck a hat bound round with blue and red ribands, did not afford sufficient diversion, cruelty seemed to be necessary to render the throng happy. It was bad enough to see a poor tormented dog, with a canister tied to his tail, running himself half dead amidst the kicks and buffetings of the crowd; or to witness a bullock urged on with halloos, threats, and brutal blows, till, mad with fear, rage, and fatigue, it fell down with its tongue lolling from its mouth: but there were other cruelties that I abhorred still more than these.

It was a practice, to hang a goose by the legs from a rope, suspended across the street, that its neck might be pulled by such drunken equestrians as could find pleasure in so brutal a pastime. He who succeeded in pulling off the head of the goose had its body for his prize. It was truly shocking to witness the poor bird, after being suspended for hours, drooping its wings, and hanging down its head; and then to see its ineffectual attempts to escape the rude grasp of the riding ruffians. It harrowed up my spirit, and made me wretched.

In a fit of more than ordinary benevolence and virtuous indignation, I took up my pen, and wrote anonymously an arresting letter to the most active and influential magistrate of the

district, calling upon him to do his duty as a man and a magistrate, and put an end to such atrocious inhumanities: but my letter had no effect, and the custom was observed as before.

In after years, when these cruelties were no more resorted to, I became acquainted with the magistrate to whom I had written, and took an opportunity, when conversing on past occurrences, to allude to my letter. He told me, that at that time, though as anxious and as ardent as myself, he had no more power to abolish the cruel customs practised at wakes, than to set aside the law of the land. "If," said he, "in passing through life, we expected less from others' exertions, and depended more on our own, the evils we deplore would be more frequently redressed."

Believing, as I do, that the above remark is a just one, I now reply, that in calling on you to enliven and console the hearts of the bedridden, the lame, and the blind, Old Humphrey is urging you to the performance of a duty that he has greatly neglected, and which he ought more frequently and more conscientiously to have discharged.

MUCH BLOSSOM, AND LITTLE FRUIT.

Some are prolific in schemes of usefulness, but are miserably poor in execution. Like some trees, they spend themselves in blossom, and never yield fruit. A gentleman, last summer, showed me a fine tree in his grounds, which he said he had resolved to cut down; for, although, for years, it had produced a finer blossom than any other tree in his orchard or garden, yet it never bore fruit. He mentioned this to a friend, who said, "The fact is, the tree spends itself in blossoms. I advise you to cut the rind off it, nearly half way round, and it will probably have less blossom, but it will bear fruit." He did so, and the result was, that it afterwards produced more and better fruit than any other tree in the garden. Let me, therefore, advise you to cut some of the rind from your schemes, that they may not spend themselves in blossoms, but may work out the fruits of usefulness. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have declared, that he did not consider himself to possess any advantage over other men, except, that whatsoever he considered of sufficient importance to begin, he had sufficient resolution to continue, till he had accomplished his object. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, confessed and lamented, that he was deficient in this necessary qualification, that he could never do any thing till he was forced to it, either by his appetite, or his creditors. Try, therefore, to acquire the habit of resolution.—*Rev. J. Griffin.*

STYLE OF BUILDING IN CHINA.

Chinese architecture is not fitted to impress us with any ideas of the sublime, like the Egyptian; nor to engage our attention by the beauty of the workmanship, and the rhythm of corresponding parts, like the Grecian; neither does it combine the grandeur and the curiously minute elaboration of the Gothic. It is, however, singularly well fitted for the villa and the country residence, and might, without prejudice, be considered as affording the best specimens of the rustic style that are to be met with in any part of the world. The natives of China have a deeply-rooted and long-cultivated taste for rural scenery, and seem to have adapted the mode of building so as to harmonize in the liveliest manner with this predilection. In theory it is very simple, as the mathematics have interfered but little in drawing plans, or suggesting rules. And yet there is a wild and playful variety, that destroys any disagreeable effect, which might result from a monotonous adherence to a few principles, and makes the beholder feel, that he is contemplating art in some of her earliest, and, at the same time, most pleasing developments. The laws of nature are very simple, on one hand; but the results are of the most diversified character, on the other. This fact may, perhaps, enable us to account for that conviction, which we feel, when we survey a Chinese country residence, that there is a certain agreement between the style of architecture and the natural scenery which is spread around it. The elements of both are simple, but indefinably variegated.

Necessity appears to have aided taste and the love of a varied assortment, for a Chinese architect is a stranger to the rules by which our roofs are constructed; and, therefore, cannot attempt one that has more than a few feet in its span. If he wishes to have a roof of considerable dimensions, he is obliged to use a series of smaller roofs. A house is, therefore, a combination of roofs, or, in other

words, an aggregate of buildings. This description applies to temples, warehouses, and a few private edifices, where size is considered a matter of importance. But as this device requires the employment of pillars, which are expensive and inconvenient, the builder turns a gentleman's seat into a kind of village, and plants a dwelling here, and another there, at pleasure. In the form and garniture of each several erection, he consults his own taste, and seems to aim at celebrity by the fanciful evolutions of a few simple ideas, or to borrow a phrase from music, by the number of variations he can play upon a single theme or subject. It has been imagined, that certain recondite maxims of art are followed in the dispositions of his various dwellings; but this cannot be the case, since the Chinese are, by no means, versed in geometric lore, and very inadequately informed upon the subject of perspective beauty and proportion. With a few practical rules in his memory, a small choice of models in his idea, and a lively fancy, he sets to work, and plants a portico in the front, a domestic temple, or a hall for the general reception of strangers; behind it, a gaily decorated piazza by the side of the garden; a pretty summer house over a small lake of water, or a bridge over a corner of the same. And when he has finished, he finds that, by the help of a few trees, a mass of artificial rockwork here and there, and many a row of green china-ware palisades, with their entablature of flower pots, the ensemble forms an engaging picture.

To consider the subject of Chinese architecture somewhat in detail, we will pay an imaginary visit to the private residence of a gentleman, a temple, and the cottage of the poor respectively. The first thing that meets us in our visit to the gentleman's house is the portico, consisting of a front and side walls, surmounted by a gable roof. The front is perforated by a large door, which has posts, without mouldings, or any showy ornament; and a lintel, that owes nothing to a cornice, or pediment above it. At a short distance within this door, a large screen is placed, so that the eye of any one who happens to pass by, cannot descry what is going forward within the court yard behind it. If we turn our attention to the inside of the roof, that is expanded over our heads, we perceive that the artist has been at no pains to cover the beams and rafters by mortar or plaster of any kind. He has left them all in their native simplicity. Still they are so neatly turned, that he seems not to have done amiss in neglecting to hide them from the gazer's view. The beams run from one end of the building to the other, and rest upon the lateral walls. These are crossed at right angles by the lath, which descends from the pitch of the roof to the eaves. The Chinese method of roofing is precisely the inverse of our own, so that our laths correspond, in position, to their rafters, and their laths to our rafters. These rafters, or beams, as they were just now called, are generally round, made of fir, and stained with a dull red colour. The laths are flat, nicely finished, and of the same hue. The large shells of the pearl oyster are squared and polished, and laid over these laths, forming thus an inside layer of great beauty and neatness. A ceiling, composed entirely of mother of pearl, might seem to indicate, that the natives of China are very costly in their habitations, did we not call to mind, that the seas which wash her coast yield this product in great abundance. The outside of the roof is uniformly covered with tiles, and the walls are built of a dark-coloured brick, of a small size, and which are put together with a skill that does great credit to the masons of the "middle nation." The bricks are sometimes inlaid with brass, which keeps its colour so well, that a native once thought he had a fair chance of persuading the writer that it was gold. The eye is next directed to the court-yard, which has a piazza on each side, resembling, in its style of architecture, the portico. On either side of the path, an orange or citron tree, perchance, displays its golden fruit and its leafy greenness. At the upper end stands the hall, which is open in front, and, consequently, is not in need of door, or window, for the purposes of light and entrance. There is, however, a doorway in the back wall; but it is concealed by a screen, which serves as a kind of frontispiece to the apartment. As we emerge from this back aperture, we find ourselves, perchance, in a garden, at the further end of which there is another hall, that is a facsimile of the former. The sleeping rooms occupy the remote parts of the ground plot, and often appear in the light of an appendage, rather than as members of the system.

The temples are built upon the same

model as the house of the honourable man. The portico here is more frequently adorned by four pillars, than it is in private residences. In some of the best of the latter kind, it may be remarked, this ornament is not wanting. The pillars are usually square, of small diameter, and have a base, which is more indebted to fancy than to principle in the nature of its design. Instead of a capital, we see a beam, which connects these four pillars together, near their top, and runs to the end walls. These support the eaves in the room of the wall, which is withdrawn a few feet to make way for them. In front, and within some of the larger temples, round pillars are reared, which sustain the first and second roofs; for in these two or more roofs ascend above each other, nearly in the fashion delineated upon the blue earthenware which adorn our tables. These pillars are joined to the beams at the top, by a system of posts and cross beams, which are usually carved in a very fanciful style, and give scope for the display of native ingenuity and taste. It is termed the chung kea, or central support, and may be regarded as one of the distinguishing features of Chinese architecture. The practice of using a compound roof is not unknown among us, for we use it in our country churches, where the nave has one peculiar to itself, and the side aisles a distinct and appropriate covering. The composite pillars, which range along each of the side aisles, intercept our view of the preacher, and too often render a serious address from the desk little more than a tide of unmeaning sounds. In the large temple, upon the island of Honan, near the city of Canton, rows of columns obstruct the spectator's view of the ceremonies; and, while anxious to inform himself as to every particular connected with rites of such high antiquity, he finds himself constantly baffled.

The singular manner in which the eaves of the several roofs are turned up into a horn, is characteristic of a Chinese temple. Fancy dictated this curvature, and the grotesque sculpture with which it is often embellished; but in the projection of the eaves beyond the wall, an eye was had to utility; for the masonry is protected from the scorching rays of the sun, and the interior of the building kept cool by this arrangement. Foreigners, who build houses for their accommodation at Singapore, Malacca, or any of the warmer regions, would do well to copy the Chinese style, for it is essentially contrived to secure coolness, that delightful thing, for which the stranger pants so earnestly amid the noontide heat of a torrid sun. In taking leave of these temples, we may remark, that when the gospel shall supersede the besotted abstractions of Budhism in China, these temples will afford admirable lodging places for the missionary. Under their multiform roofs, or at dayfall in their ample courts, he may assemble his auditory, and discourse upon the wonders of redeeming love, while the numerous outbuildings, which stand within their precincts, will furnish convenient abodes for himself, his native teachers, and catechumens.

The cottage, in China, is built of dark-coloured and neatly-moulded bricks, and covered with round tiles of the same hue and material. It has neither window nor chimney, as the doorway serves both for the admission of light, and the exit of the smoke that issues from the culinary process. The doorway is partly closed by a half door, which is ornamented at the top by a row of balusters in miniature. Between these the inmates can peep, and ascertain what is doing abroad, without exposing themselves. The wall recedes about a foot, where the door is perforated, in order, perhaps, to vary the sameness of a front, which has no substitute for a window, either in reality or appearance. The ridge of the roof is sometimes adorned with specimens of native carving, which turn up in scrolls and semi-volutes on different parts, and help to give elevation to the house. The gable ends are spread out at the top into a fan-shaped expansion, and afford the workman an opportunity for the display of his tact and ingenuity; for the bricks are so adjusted, and the black and white lines so well distributed, that the effect is of the most pleasing, as well as the most unique kind. G. T. L.

EVIL HABITS.

It is a cause for wonder and sorrow, to see millions of rational creatures growing into their permanent habits, under the conforming efficacy of every thing which they ought to resist, and receiving no part of those habits from impressions of the supreme Object.—*Foster.*

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.—No. VII.

COLLEYBERRY C——.

BLESSED be the sons and daughters of charity!

—— "Consecrated be
The spots where such reside!"

If these "angels of mercy" had not walked the earth, the helpless frame of her who lies beneath this lowly sod, had known a bitter lot indeed while it sojourned here. She must have been the inmate of a parish workhouse, the associate of crabbed age, and boisterous youth; of the idiot and the knave; of the hardened and the profligate; of much that is unlovely and distressing in human nature. As it was, she was enabled to spend her time in reading her Bible, and in communing with her God. The hand of charity, it may be, snatched her from ruin; for, oftentimes, it is not only the body that is benefited by the bounty of the benevolent, but the soul likewise. Had this poor daughter of affliction, over whom I shed a tear of affectionate remembrance, been left to such corrupting society, as was to be found in parish workhouses in days gone by, instead of that sincere piety, and fervent gratitude to God and man, which possessed her mind, it is to be feared she would have sat brooding over her infirmities, and have been a partaker of the impieties of her companions, for,

"Example hath a louder tongue than precept."

Such were my musings as I sat upon the grave rail of Colleyberry C——.

Gentle reader, she was a daughter of affliction, in the deepest sense of the word. She was born of parents in affluent circumstances, and her life promised fair to be one full of joy. No infant feet tripped lighter over the green turf than hers; and no fingers plucked the daisy more nimbly from thence. Age has informed me, that she was the life of her airy and youthful companions, and the joy and delight of her parents; that she seemed formed to be happy, and to spread happiness around her path in life. But her morning of joy, cloudless though it was, was succeeded by a day of gloom, as regards this world's happiness. One bright summer evening, after she had been unusually gay among her innocent companions, she sat upon the dew-besprinkled grass, and from that hour she lost her activity. The feet which had sported over the green turf refused to carry her frame any more; and the hands that had stripped it of the lowly daisy, gathered up upon her tender arms, and henceforth, without interruption, let the flowers bud, blossom, and perish, according to the course of nature.

Added to this calamity, another soon visited poor Colleyberry. The dark shadows of adversity fell over her parents, and she was left helpless in the world. But she was not hopeless. The hand of charity was stretched forth to her aid, and she lived a monument of gratitude to her benevolent friends.

It was in this season of affliction that I first became acquainted with Colleyberry C——. In my youthful visits to the cottages of the poor, hers was one I could never pass by. There was something irresistibly attractive in that cottage. Her sweet and placid smiles, and the tones of her gentle voice, called forth some of the best feelings of human nature in the visitant, and gave him a high sense of the delights which arise from the exercises of humanity. "Let others," I have often exclaimed, as I passed over the threshold of the cottage doors, "choose the noisy delights of the world; be it mine to visit the cottage of this daughter of affliction."

There were two traits in the character of Colleyberry C—— peculiarly pleasing. These were her gratitude and her resignation. "How much," she would often exclaim, "have I to be thankful for! To what depths of misery should I have sunk, but for kind friends!" And then she would look up to the Giver of all good, and praise him for his mercies. "It is from his hands," she would add, "that I receive these bounties. As the ravens were directed by the Almighty to feed Elijah in the wilderness, so are my kind friends inclined by Him to feed me in this wilderness of sorrow." And these were not mere words. A painter, in search of a model for a face expressive of gratitude, might have found one of rare value in poor Colleyberry. Her thankfulness, moreover, was not confined to those who sustained her poor frame in life from their rich abundance, but to those who showed her any little acts of kindness. To move her chair from the table to the window, or from the window to the table, elicited her warm expressions of gratitude; but still more thankful

was she to those kind friends, who, on the sabbath, drew her in a chaise, supplied by the hand of bounty, to worship in the house of God.

And here I would say a few words to those Christians, from whom Providence has withheld this world's goods, and who may think, therefore, that they can be of no benefit to their fellow men, and that they are not called upon to interest themselves in their welfare. Be not mistaken; every one has a talent to employ; and true charity consisteth not alone in bestowing gold and silver. Those who, like the apostles, may have none of these precious metals, may yet say to the children of affliction, "But such as I have give I thee." If they will venture into the abodes of the wretched, they may wipe a tear away, may alleviate a pang, may help to bind up a broken heart. They may exercise the law of kindness, which is the high prerogative of a Christian; and in doing so they will diminish the groans of creation. I have known a kind word melt even the hearts of the hardened. I have seen the stubborn soul moved at expressions of concern for bodily sufferings. If the salvation of the soul is your aim, as it ought to be, there is no better method of arresting its attention to the things which belong unto its peace, than through the medium of sympathy. The still small voice of mercy is heard in the hour of adversity, before the thunders of Mount Sinai. Oh, if mankind would act universally upon the apostle Peter's sublime injunction, "Be pitiful, be courteous," what a different aspect would the world present to our view! The thorns of affliction, which pierce the heart to the very core, would fail to impart the poignant anguish now felt, and the thistle-like care that springs up round our paths, would cease to wring the soul with sorrow. As a proof of this, I need only point to poor Colleyberry C——. Had she not been surrounded with kind Christian friends, affliction and the cares of life had weighed her down. In the expressive language of the poet, then,

"Let love through all your actions run."

The resignation of poor Colleyberry was as conspicuous as her gratitude. Sometimes have I sat with her at her window, in a calm summer evening, when the world at large were enjoying its delights in roaming abroad; and as they gaily passed along, I have watched her countenance, expecting to discern some symptoms of impatience, and some slight flush of desire to escape from her long and dreary confinement. But I have watched in vain. Like a poor bird, long immured in its cage, she had learned to be joyous in her imprisonment. Her countenance invariably expressed the sentiment of the poet:

"Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasures of my heart,
I freely these and more resign,
My heart itself, and its delight, is thine,
My little all I give to Thee,
Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy Son, to me.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish, that I had still to give:
I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
My paradise, I bless, and do submit;
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thy angel to sheath up his sword."

NORRIS.

This resignation is the more remarkable, because poor Colleyberry was a true lover of nature. A breath of pure air, and the glimpse of a green pasture, was to her a delight; and she would frequently pour forth expressions of her joy at hearing the warblers of a grove, hard, by her cottage, unite in praising their Maker. So true it is, that,

"Although the Almighty Maker has, throughout,
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points; yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds, that have been formed
And tutored, with a relish more exact;
But none without some relish, none unmoved."

COWPER.

"I can enjoy a sight of the works of the Almighty," poor Colleyberry would frequently exclaim, "though I am not permitted to roam among them; and I can be thankful for this mercy." And she would, also, frequently compare her own lot with that of her fellow sufferers in this world, and conclude that hers might have been a more bitter one; and that the Almighty had afflicted her for wise and gracious purposes.

Such, reader, was poor Colleyberry C——. She lives in the memory of the writer of this sketch, and will till memory fails to perform its duty. As I pass by her cottage, I often fancy that I see her placid countenance looking forth upon the works of creation; and beaming with gratitude and resignation. But she has exchanged the prison of her cottage

for the prison of the grave, as regards her earthly frame; while her spirit has exchanged earth for heaven. That doubtless roams abroad, unconfined, in the boundless space of the paradise above. The hand of charity materially assisted its flight thither. But for that, indeed, it might never have attained such happiness; it might have sunk to the regions below.

Blessed, then, be the sons and daughters of charity!

——— "Consecrated be
The spots where such reside!"

It is a Scripture truth, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The act carries its own blessedness with it. What exquisite pleasure must the friends of poor Colleyberry C—— feel at the remembrance of her gratitude, and at the thought, that they were the means of rescuing her from the lowest depths of degradation! It is true, that all to whom charity is bestowed, are not thus grateful; and it is equally true, that some receive the donor's alms without need. But this does not lessen the pleasure of bestowing bounties, nor should it stop the flow of charity. The sun in the heavens shines, and the grateful showers descend, alike upon the grateful and the ungrateful. We see the fields of the wicked flourish and bring forth fruit abundantly, as those of their righteous neighbours. If the Almighty made a distinction between man and man, then might we. If he withheld his bounties from the ungrateful, then might we. If he bade the sun to shine in all its orient glories, and the rain to fall, upon this man's field, and forbade them to impart warmth and nutriment to his neighbour's, then might the affluent borrow the example, and withhold their bounties from the ungrateful and undeserving, and let them perish. He cannot possess genuine charity, who, because he has discovered one object unworthy of his bounties, seals up his purse, and withholds it from others. Why should he act thus? Real kindness is the same in the sight of God, (to whom he in reality gives,) whether bestowed upon the worthy or the unworthy, and he who manifests it, will surely meet with the same acceptance through the great and only Redeemer. Sons and daughters of affluence, then, withhold not your charity from the poor and afflicted. THE RECORDER.

ON GOING INTO WORLDLY COMPANY.

LET us but have a right motive for doing so; and I think we may safely go into any company whatever. The word of God affords us two valuable rules for all our actions; and if we would set them always before our eyes, I believe we should seldom be at a loss as to the conduct we ought to pursue. "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "And, whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." Let us, then, always ask ourselves, before we set about any study, or employment, or enter into any company, Am I doing this to the glory of God? Is it my sole, or at least, my principal motive? Can I do it in the name of the Lord Jesus? Can I boldly say, it is such an action as he would approve of? And can I look up to Him, all the time I am doing it, for His sanction and blessing? If you can answer this question satisfactorily, the action, whatever it be, must be right; and there can be no danger attending the performance of it. If, on the contrary, your mind recoils from even asking such a question, be assured there is something wrong in it, and that you would do well to give it up. It is a hard lesson to our carnal hearts, but one which the love of Jesus can make easy to us; that from the moment we take refuge at the cross of Jesus, and are "washed from our sins in his blood;" from that happy moment we are "no longer our own," and must make it our one business to "glorify God in our body and spirit, which are God's." This seems to me the great and marked distinction between the Christian and the worldling. The one lives to himself; the other "to Him who died for him, and rose again." The one consults his own pleasure, ease, and safety, "leans to his own understanding," and seeks his own glory. The other prays, that his will may be quite swallowed up in the will of Jesus, "ceases from his own wisdom," and makes "Christ his wisdom." He no longer "receives the honour which cometh of men;" but desires that Christ, the Author of all his good things, may have all the glory of them. His fleshly nature, or, as St. Paul calls it, "the old man," strives hard against this, and would lead him to please and honour himself again; and

this is the great conflict between the flesh and spirit, which makes the Christian life so truly called a warfare. This conflict has already begun in you, my dearest friend, and will never cease, till death takes you from sense and self, to where you shall see Jesus as he is, and wonder that you could ever prefer anything to Him. No wonder you find it a hard and strange conflict. Parting with self-seeking, self-honouring, and self-righteousness, is far more painful than cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye. With man, indeed, this is impossible; but with Jesus "all things are possible." Taking this consideration with us, then, that Christ, not self, is to be the end of all our actions; and that, "whether we eat or drink," or speak, or go in or out, or are alone, or in company, engaged in study, or recreation, we must "do all to the glory of God," and "in the name of the Lord Jesus;" I think it will give us a very different view of our duty, as to worldly company and employment, from any that worldly wisdom or policy can give us.

It cannot be, however, for the glory of God, that we should show ourselves morose and unsociable. The friends and relations we have are His gifts, and therefore must not be despised or neglected. Besides, we ought to bear in mind, that the redeemed of Christ are "the salt of the earth," "a peculiar people," "created anew in Christ Jesus," for the very purpose of "showing forth his praise;" and how can we do this, if we shut ourselves out altogether from the world? It is false humility, which makes us say, I can never do any good; for the meaner the instrument, the more is the glory of God displayed in doing good with it; and as it is all God's doing, and not ours, we have no reason to be proud of it; but rather to be abased at the sight of our own unfitness. I own to you, that I consider it the greatest blessing, to a worldly family, to have but one Christian among them, (though I know they think it a sad interruption;) for who can tell, but God may hear the prayers and tears of that one, and make him or her the messenger of peace to the rest? Thus far, then, I think it must be right to go into worldly company, in the discharge of relative duties, not plainly inconsistent with the word of God; or to avail ourselves of any providential opportunities of Christian usefulness. Let us, however, be careful, that our own spiritual state is not affected by it; for we can never be required to enter into anything to the hurt of our own souls. But, on the other hand, I think, if we really love Christ, this occasional mixing with worldly company, will be rather a sacrifice than a pleasure to us. For, think what it is to go among worldly people, "in the name of the Lord Jesus," and "to the glory of God." Even if we do not feel ourselves called on to speak to them directly on the subject; still, if we keep this aim in view, in how many little things must we show that our sentiments are opposite to theirs! and if they know that we profess religion, we may be almost sure, that they view us with secret dislike and contempt; for "the carnal mind is," and always will be, "enmity against God" and his people.—*M. J. Graham.*

CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIAN RUBBER.

This singular substance was first brought into England about the middle of the eighteenth century, from South America, as ballast for ships. For many years its only use was that of removing the marks of lead pencils from paper; and had no other been discovered by the searching eye of modern science, it would, from its value to the artist, have been worthy of careful examination; but its application to many other purposes, and especially in the preparation of articles of clothing, have increased its importance, and made many persons feel an interest in its history, who would otherwise have had but little curiosity.

Caoutchouc is a juice which exudes from several shrubs found in South America and Java: but although many plants have been named as producing it, that from which it is obtained in the greatest abundance, is called by botanists the *Siphonia cahuca*, or *Hevea guianensis*. To obtain this juice, an incision is made through the bark of the shrub, and as it exudes it is spread upon moulds of clay, and then dried either in the sun or in smoke. It is the latter process which gives the dark colour that distinguishes much which is brought into the English market.

The juice, as it exudes from the tree, is of a pale yellow colour, and of the con-

sistence of cream. After a short exposure to the air, there is a separation of parts, and a light serous fluid, and a thick coagulum are formed; the former soon evaporates, and the latter is consolidated, forming a tough and extremely elastic substance. When the caoutchouc has been once hardened, there is no means of bringing it again into the soft and liquid state. By long boiling in water it may be softened, but when removed from the boiling liquid, and exposed to the action of the air, it hardens again.

The natives of Guiana have, we are informed, been long in the habit of making various articles of clothing, especially boots, from the caoutchouc. This circumstance, and the knowledge of its property of resisting the action of water, both as a solvent and a percolator, probably induced the early experimenters to make it available for the purposes of European dress. As it could not be brought into Europe in a fluid state, the first object of those who wished to add it to their national manufactures was to discover a solvent; which inquiry seems to have attracted the attention of the French Academy so early as the year 1768; but the experiments then made were unsuccessful.

Some years after, Dr. Harrison, a resident in India, commenced an interesting series of experiments upon the application of caoutchouc to articles of apparel. His first attempt was to cover certain moulds which he had formed, with the juice, and by applying one coat after another, he succeeded in making gloves, boots, and other necessary articles of dress; but as none of these retained their shape, he found it impossible to manufacture, in this manner, clothing having any pretence to that elegance of form which is, in the estimation of Europeans, almost indispensable. His next attempt was to saturate articles already formed with the caoutchouc, and in this he was more successful. Having immersed cotton stockings and gloves in the fluid, he had the satisfaction to find that they absorbed it, and that the articles were made, by this process, quite waterproof. He then proceeded to dip nankeen in the same way, and at last obtained a complete suit of wearing apparel prepared with caoutchouc, and capable of resisting water for an indefinite period of time.

These experiments soon attracted the attention of philosophers; and the chemists of all countries busied themselves in attempts to discover some substance in which caoutchouc could be dissolved, for a long time without success; but a means was at last found of reducing it to a liquid state, and its applications in the European manufactures then rapidly increased, and a number of patents were taken out by sanguine inventors, many of which, we have reason to believe, have been more than ordinarily profitable.

Alcohol has great powers as a solvent, but it has no effect upon caoutchouc. It is dissolved by turpentine, and by ether when deprived of alcohol, and upon evaporation again assumes a solid state. It is also dissolved by linseed and other fixed oils, as well as in the oils of lavender and sassafras. By its union with the fixed oils it forms a varnish, which would be exceedingly useful in many manufactures, but it has not the property of drying. The most useful solvent, however, and that which is most commonly employed, is naphtha, a substance distilled from the native petroleum, (sometimes called rock oil,) or gas tar. In a recent number of a French philosophical journal, it is stated, that caoutchouc may be worked with great advantage if first treated with ammonia. According to this process, the indian rubber is first cut into shreds, and then covered with caustic ammonia, in which state it is left for two or three months. By this contact the ammonia is discoloured, taking a brownish hue, and the caoutchouc assumes a bright and silky appearance, swelling greatly, but still retaining its elasticity. In this state it is easily converted into an emulsion by turpentine.

Caoutchouc is unaffected by the action of many of the most corrosive gases and acids, and is therefore exceedingly useful to the chemist for many purposes in which these substances are employed, especially when formed into tubes. Caoutchouc tubes are also used for the stomach-pump, an application which has rendered that valuable instrument far more convenient for use than it could otherwise have been.

Cloth prepared with caoutchouc is now so common, that almost all persons much exposed to the weather are provided with some article of clothing made of this substance. A patent for the preparation of this manufacture was obtained some years since by Mr. Macintosh, whose name has been given to the material. The preparation of the cloth is exceedingly

simple. When the caoutchouc has been treated with hot naphtha, it is well beaten with a pestle, and passed through a sieve. The varnish thus formed is then spread, by means of a piece of metal or wood, having a smooth edge, on the cloth. Two equal pieces of cloth are then brought together, with the prepared surfaces in contact. A slight pressure is sufficient to make them adhere; but that the material may be perfectly smooth, they are passed between strong rollers. The cloth is then hung up in a room, sufficiently heated by a stove, to dry. The smell of the naphtha is at first extremely offensive, but this substance is soon evaporated, and the cloth is fit for use.

The value of Macintosh cloth for all those articles of dress which are intended to resist the weather, cannot be denied; but there is, at the same time, no doubt of the extremely injurious effect of wearing it close to the body. It has not only the power of resisting water, but also prevents the escape of vapours; for bags are frequently made of it to contain gases, as is the case in the best constructed oxy-hydrogen blow-pipes and microscopes. When worn as a close body garment, it will, therefore, prevent the escape of the perspiration, which every one knows to be a process in the animal economy absolutely necessary for the healthy action of the functions of the body. For cloaks, capes, and other loose articles of dress to be wrapped round the person during a heavy shower, or even a long exposure to rain, it is invaluable, but it should not be used in any other way.

Caoutchouc is also used in the manufacture of elastic bands and braces. These are not made in the same manner as the Macintosh cloth, and will therefore require a short description. The thread is prepared with caoutchouc before it is made into a fabric, or threads of indian rubber are used. The idea of making braces and other articles of caoutchouc thread seems to have originated in Venice. Sometimes the threads have been introduced uncovered into a loom as the warp; but it is more common to cover them in the braid machine with the fabric of which the article is to be made, whether it be silk, cotton, or worsted. When elasticity is required in every direction, both the warp and the weft are of the caoutchouc thread. The thread was formerly made by cutting the pear-shaped bottles into narrow strips, and then separating the layers by a pair of pincers. Other manufacturers have adopted the plan of expanding the bottles before the cutting was commenced. To effect this, the indian rubber was first steeped in boiling water, so as to soften it, and then inflated by a forcing-pump. A machine, however, has now been constructed for the purpose of cutting the thread, which has not only caused a considerable saving of time, but has enabled the manufacturer to produce a much more perfect article. When the fabric has been formed in the loom, the caoutchouc is frequently found to have lost much of its elasticity, in consequence of its having been too much stretched; but this may be easily restored by passing a hot iron over it, which causes it to contract in the direction of the caoutchouc threads. Elastic bands are strongly recommended by the physician in many diseases of the human body, and they are invaluable in the construction of some surgical instruments.

The manufacture of indian rubber shoes is a very simple process, for it merely consists in covering a last with the caoutchouc, when in a liquid state. Before a solvent was discovered, this could only be done by collecting the fluid as it exuded from the tree, and these articles were consequently obtained with difficulty, and at a considerable cost. They are now manufactured in England and other European countries, and may be considered as one of the most important additions to the personal comfort of many classes of the community, especially those whose employment compels them to stand or walk for any long period in water.

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that in every department of the mechanical arts the value of caoutchouc is more or less acknowledged by its applications. It is suited for the construction of all those articles in which elasticity is required, and for the preparation of those fabrics which are intended to resist the action of the weather, especially the sail-cloth of which tents are made, and articles of wearing apparel. It was anticipated that it would have been extensively employed in the manufacture of varnishes, but for this purpose it is not suited.

But the most curious, and, as it will probably be found, the most important fact is yet to be mentioned. In the year 1833, a patent was taken out by a Mr. Barnard, for the discovery of a solvent not hitherto used in the arts, which has

been called caoutchoucine. This gentleman ascertained, that caoutchouc is vaporized, that is to say, becomes a vapour, at a temperature of about six hundred degrees Fahrenheit. By means of a suitable still, and the necessary apparatus, this vapour was condensed into a liquid, which was found to possess many remarkable qualities. When first obtained, it is a dark-coloured oily fluid, but when rectified, which is done by the ordinary process, it becomes brighter and more transparent, and when quite pure is colourless and very volatile. It possesses two remarkable qualities. In its liquid state it has a less specific gravity than any other liquid yet known to chemists, being much lighter than sulphuric ether; but as a vapour it is heavier than any known gas, and may be poured from one vessel to another like water.

The uses to which this substance may be applied are numerous. It is an excellent solvent of caoutchouc, the substance from which it is produced, and of all the resins. It has the property of dissolving copal at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, whereas the other solvents of this important gum, and they are but few, require a considerable artificial heat. It also mixes readily with the oils, and when added to the cocoa-nut oil of commerce, causes it to become fluid, and fits it for use in ordinary lamps.

Further information concerning the preparation and properties of caoutchoucine, may be found in the specification of the patentee, from which the following extracts are taken. "I take a mass of the said caoutchouc, or indian rubber, as imported, and having cut it into small lumps, containing about two cubic inches each, which I prefer, I throw these lumps into a cast-iron still. I then apply heat to the still in the usual manner, which heat is increased until the thermometer ranges at six hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or thereabouts; and as the thermometer ranges at six hundred degrees Fahrenheit, a dark-coloured oil, or liquid, is distilled over, which I claim as my said invention, such liquid being a solvent of caoutchouc, and other resinous and oleaginous substances. When the thermometer reaches six hundred degrees, or thereabouts, nothing is left in the still but dirt and charcoal. I have found the operation of distillation to be facilitated by the addition of a portion of this oil, in the proportion of one-third of oil to two-thirds of caoutchouc. In the process of rectification, for the purpose of obtaining a larger product of the oil colourless, I put about one-third of water into the still. Objections have been made to the smell of this liquid:—I have found such smell removed by mixing and shaking up the liquid with nitro-muriatic acid, or chlorine, in the proportion of a quarter of a pint of the acid, of the usual commercial strength, to a gallon of the liquid." H.

CESAREA.

The city of Cesarea was founded by Herod, and every building in it, whether public or private, was of marble. The haven, which appears to have been almost entirely an artificial formation, was larger than the Pireus at Athens, and was defended by a breakwater. No remains of it are now to be discovered, though some of the stones used in its erection, were fifty feet in length. In the time of the apostles, it was the principal city of Syria, and the residence of the Roman governor. It was a dispute, respecting the possession of this city, that gave rise to the war with the Romans. Vespasian was here first proclaimed emperor by his soldiers, after which he hastened to Alexandria, and from thence to Rome, and Titus took the command of the army which was destined to carry into effect the awful predictions that had been uttered against Jerusalem. The city was built in the time of the crusaders. The walls can be easily traced, in an oblong form; the extended side towards the sea. There are many apartments, pillars, and parts of arches, in the area of the city. There is an arched vault near the sea; and in another direction, the remains of two oval recesses may have belonged to the eastern end of the cathedral. The ruins of a castle stand upon a small peninsula, and granite columns are scattered along the seashore in great profusion. Without the city, on the southern side, are several mounds of ruins, overgrown with grass and brushwood. The amphitheatre stood in this direction, where Herod Antipas was smitten by the angel of God, and eaten of worms.

There is not a single inhabitant near the place, nor any modern building, a circumstance which gives it a purity of

character seldom presented to the traveller. A few birds and lizards are the only living possessors we saw of this once crowded city; and these are not often disturbed in their abode, as the road, usually pursued, passes at a little distance. Philip the deacon resided here some years, with his four virgin daughters. It was here that Cornelius the centurion beheld the vision of an angel; and that Peter declared to him, and his house this cheering truth, that "God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him," Acts x. 34, 35. Paul was imprisoned here two whole years; and, at other times, visited the place on his way to and from Jerusalem: and it was here that Felix trembled before him, and that Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian. As it was the usual residence of the Roman governor, it was the scene of more numerous cruelties than any other parts of Palestine during the heathen persecutions. The ecclesiastical historian Eusebius was bishop of this place. The famous Origen resided here for some time, and, whilst yet a layman, was permitted to preach before bishops. A walk through ruins, where scenes so memorable have been witnessed, could not but rouse the dullest soul into excitement, and awaken many trains of most profitable reflection. The woes of the prisoner, and the triumphs of the persecutor, had all alike passed away; and where the simple eloquence of an apostle was once heard, and its power was acknowledged by an unjust judge, and an ambitious monarch, no sound could then be distinguished, but the gentle murmur of the sea. There was a single boat passing at the time, with its small white sail, to remind us of the thousands that once bore themselves proudly upon the same waters, laden with the produce of all climes. This spot is particularly dear to the missionary, as it was consecrated by the baptism of the first Gentile convert, at that time a wonder without a precedent. Now the "children of the adoption" are living under the wrath of God, and the despised "barbarians," from almost every nation among men, are admitted into the favour of the Lord, and have the promise that they shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. At such a place, the solemn caution of the apostle comes home to the mind with additional force, "Be not highminded, but fear: for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he spare not thee," Rom. ii. 20, 21.—*Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.*

UNSEARCHABLENESS OF GOD.

God is unsearchable. The ages of his eternity cannot be numbered, nor the spaces of his immensity measured; the depths of his wisdom cannot be fathomed, nor the reaches of his power bounded; the brightness of his glory can never be described, nor an inventory made of the treasures of his goodness. This is a good reason why we should always speak of God with humility and caution, and never prescribe to him, nor quarrel with him; why we should be thankful for what he has revealed of himself, and long to be there, where we shall see him as he is. 1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10.—*Matthew Henry.*

SCAPE GOAT.

Dr. Scudder, an American missionary at Panditeripo, in Ceylon, remarks in his journal:—"This people have a scape goat. Sometimes when they are sick, they vow that if they get well they will send away one of their goats. They tie a string (generally yellow) around its neck, or cut out a piece of its ear, and dismiss it. All who see it know it is sacred, and will not molest it. If a man has committed a great crime, he dismisses a goat in order that his sin may be taken away. Before this is done, it is sprinkled with water, and the individual puts his hands on its head and prays to his god for forgiveness."

TRUTH ITS OWN WITNESS.

The Scriptures carry in themselves independent and convincing evidence of the truth, validity, and sufficiency of all the narratives, doctrines, promises and threatenings they contain. Truth is its own witness, and exacts our assent. I recognise the handwriting of a friend, without needing to be told who has written to me. We want not the stars, much less a torch, to show us the sun; it is only the blind that cannot see it.—*Bengel.*

Antiochus Epiphanes stopped by the Roman Ambassadors.

ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES.

ANTIOCHUS was a remarkable character in that period of history which intervenes between the close of the Old Testament, and the beginning of the New Testament, a space of about four hundred years, and one which should be attentively studied by all who wish to be acquainted with the ancient people of God, to whom were given his "lively oracles." On his accession to the crown, at the death of his father, Antiochus the Great, B.C. 175, the Syrians gave him, in flattery, the title of Epiphanes, which means illustrious. His conduct was, however, so disgraceful, and so insane, without the excuse which those have who suffer from mental disease, that he was called Epimanes, or madman. He was practically an atheist, yet he avowed his reverence for Jupiter Olympus, and tried to compel all his subjects to worship that idol.

A few years after his accession, he entered Egypt the second time, but met with an unexpected repulse. Advancing towards Alexandria, he was met, near that city, by the Roman ambassadors: recognizing one of them, Popilius Lœnas, as an old friend he had known at Rome, he saluted him as such; but the Roman refused his salute, and demanded an answer to the mandate brought by the ambassadors, which required Antiochus to leave Egypt in peace. He wished to evade an immediate reply; but Popilius drew a circle around him, and insisted on an answer before he left it. To this, therefore, he was compelled to yield; but proceeded to make the Jews the objects of his disappointed rage.

The chief collector of the tribute was sent with an armed force to Jerusalem, and taking advantage of the Jewish regard for the sabbath, on which day they would not offer any resistance, he directed his soldiers to engage in plunder and massacre. Some of the Jews were slain, many were sold into bondage; the buildings near Mount Zion were destroyed, that the fortress might be made a citadel; the daily sacrifices were discontinued; and Antiochus issued an edict, enforcing the observance of certain heathen rites throughout his dominions. A fearful change was now apparent: the temple was dedicated to Jupiter; sacrifices were offered to an idol; an old Athenian priest, well acquainted with the rites of gross superstitions, was sent to direct the people in their practice, and riot and revellings were common in an edifice once devoted to the worship of the only true God.

It is soothing to think, that amidst this abounding of iniquity, many remained faithful to their solemn engagements; and under the conviction, that all human help was vain, they earnestly supplicated the aid of God, who is a "refuge and strength, a very present help in

trouble," Psa. xlvi. 1. The hearer and answerer of prayer listened to their cry; deliverers were raised up for them from the tribe of Levi; and a signal triumph was gained over the fury and power of the oppressor. Not only were his generals defeated in Judea; but he failed to accomplish his designs in the east; and he determined, in consequence, to return and renew his attacks on the Jews; but while on his journey, he died at Tabee, on the borders of Persia and Chaldea, either from the effects of his wounds, or, as some say, of a loathsome disease. In one respect, his iron tyranny was overruled for good: it stirred up a spirit of resistance among the Jews, which continued to influence many, so that while their rulers often inclined to the manners and idolatry of the Greeks, they kept themselves a separate people.—AMICUS.

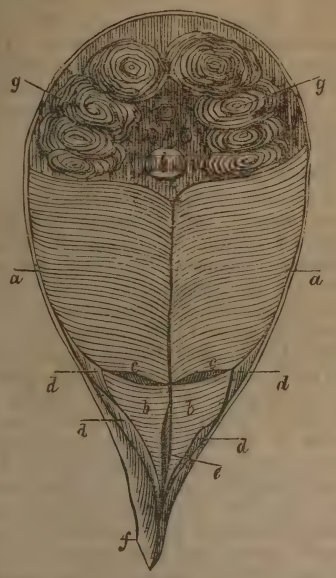
WORDS.

THE following remarks of the Rev. W. L. Alexander, referring to words *spoken*, are still more applicable to words *written*.

An ancient philosopher tells us that words are things: and we may add, that words are living things; that, being exponents of man's thoughts, they acquire a portion of that immortality that belongs to the spirit from which those thoughts arise. We find that, while the deeds of men perish, and pass away, the words of men sometimes live for ever; that while many of the vastest operations of men's hands have been written as on the sand of the sea shore, the words of mouths, expressing the thoughts of men's hearts, have been inscribed on imperishable marble and brass. Who shall define now the boundaries of the empire of the Cesars? Where are the limits of Babylon's domain? and who can trace out the obliterated boundaries of Carthage, and Assyria, and many of the ancient empires which have flourished upon the earth? But though the throne of the Cesars has passed away, the words of Cicero still live; and though Athens be trodden in the dust, her lords barbarians, and her people slaves, the words of Demosthenes, which he fulminated over Greece, and which shook that dire democracy, still flourish in imperishable vigour on his immortal page. And in many cases where the name of the speaker has passed away from the memory of man, the words he spake to man still live. How often has the solitary thinker come forth from his chamber, and, flinging his thoughts over the land, retired to his obscurity again! The eyes of men perhaps saw him no more, but the ears of men heard his words, the minds of men responded to their truth, and these words have aided in working out the regeneration of the race, and advancing the world in the career of civilization and happiness. It is thus that words live with a sort of immortality even on earth; and it is thus that he who deals in words incurs a vast responsibility. He, therefore, who deals in such materials, should be well prepared before he comes forth to dispense them among men; for he undertakes a great and unspeakable responsibility. Bacon says, words are the money of wise men, but the counters of fools. A wise man knows how to assort his words, and how to put them to their proper use. And if it be of importance that words shall be well used in every department of life, of what importance is it that they should be carefully used by that man, who, by the opening of his mouth, gives direction to man on a subject of imperishable interest! Oh! who can tell what may be the result of a single opening of our mouth? who can tell what may be the effect of a single sermon we preach? who can estimate the effect for good or ill of those words, sometimes too carelessly flung at large upon the minds of our hearers? who can calculate the progress of thought in the mind of a man, and throughout the mind of the community? It is in this respect, I have sometimes thought, with the law of mind as with the law of mere ethereal fluids, when the breeze sweeps across the ocean, who can tell how far its influence is felt on the surface of the waves? and when the human voice is sent forth upon the atmosphere, who can tell how far the vibrations of that sound are felt amid the wide expanse of air above and around us? And when the preacher of the cross of Christ sends his words out among the people, who can tell how far and how long the pulsations of that voice may vibrate—how tremendously that one speech may operate upon the eternal destinies, not only of those who hear it, but throughout the world? It is just with mind as it is with the wind, the ocean, and the circumambient air.

ELECTRICAL EEL.—No. II.

Scribonius.



a a, the upper and larger pair of electric organs. *b b*, the lower pair. *c c*, two muscles dividing the upper from the lower pair of electric organs. *d d d d*, four external lateral muscles. *e*, a single muscle inserted into the fin *f*. *g g*, eight dorsal muscles, imbedded in fat and cellular tissue, and having a concentrically-laminated structure. *h*, the spinal column. *i*, the swimming bladder, which is of an elongated form and of great length, measuring from two to nearly three feet.

With powers so formidable, we cannot wonder that these animals, in the countries where they abound, are dreaded by the natives; and this dread, among other things, is one of the causes why the instances are so few, in which living specimens have been brought to Europe; it deters the natives from attempting to procure them. At the present moment, one of these animals exists in the Gallery of Practical Science, Adelaide street, London, where it is in good health, and full of energy. Mr. Bradley, the director, writing to the Magazine of Natural Science, (November, 1839,) says, "When we first began to experiment on the electrical powers of this animal, we could only produce those phenomena which depend on the tension of the electricity as the spark, etc., by employing secondary currents; now, on the contrary, we have discarded Henry's coil from our apparatus, and invariably succeed, not only in obtaining a direct spark, but even the deflagration of gold leaves, these leaves being mutually attracted from a sensible distance, and burning on coming into contact."

The ancients, who were well acquainted with the torpedo, though they knew nothing of electricity in itself, were accustomed to avail themselves of that animal in effecting the cure of certain maladies. Scribonius Largus says, "Pain in the head, however inveterate and severe, is immediately taken away, and effectually cured, by the application of the black torpedo alive to the affected part, which must be retained there until the pain ceases, and a sense of numbness succeeds; the remedy must then be removed, lest the sensibility of the part be injured. It is however necessary to have several of these torpedos in readiness, because it sometimes requires two or three to effect the cure, or, in other words, the numbness, which is the sign of the remedial effect." Galen and Dioscorides also allude to the same animal. It would appear from Bancroft, (History of Demerara,) that in Demerara the electric eel is employed in the cure of paralysis as the galvanic or electric machine in Europe; and M. Van der Lott, a surgeon of Essequebo, has published, in Holland, a memoir on its utility in medicine. It is, however, to be observed, that the shock produced by these animals is followed by a trembling of the muscles and a painful feeling of numbness; and that it differs in some degree from that which the voltaic pile, or Leyden jar, occasions, being more like that caused by plates of zinc and silver, upon an abraded part of the arm or hand. After handling the electric eel for some time, and consequently experiencing many shocks of various intensity, the limbs feel a heavy pain, which lasts for more than a day, accompanied with debility of the muscles, and a languor of the whole frame, the effect of irritation of the nervous system. The shock itself, however, given by a full grown and vigorous electric eel, is extremely violent; insomuch, that a person receiving it from a vigorous animal, neither wounded nor fatigued, is so overwhelming, as completely to bewilder the sufferer for the time. "I never remember," says Humboldt, "to have experienced a more terrible blow from the discharge of a Leyden jar of great size, than one

which I received on putting my two feet on a *gymnotus* which was dragged out of the water. During the rest of the day, I felt great pain in the knees and in almost every joint of the body. A blow on the stomach, a stone falling on the head, a tremendous electric explosion, produce in an instant the same effects; nothing is distinguished, all is vague, when the whole nervous system is thus shocked violently at the same moment."

We need not say that in the pools, lakes, or meers, tenanted by this formidable fish, it reigns supreme; what, indeed, can withstand its assaults? It comes not upon its foe with teeth, nor the common weapons of its race, for then force might be opposed to force; but it deals destruction by the agency of means against which strength and courage are of little avail. But what is remarkable is, that animals, liable to the stroke of its electric weapon, such as fishes, reptiles, etc., which inhabit the rivers with the *gymnotus electricus*, display no instinct which teaches them to avoid it, while it regards every thing which approaches it as an enemy, and inflicts upon each its electric blow. Hence, few fishes are found, besides those of its own species, in the waters where it abounds; it assaults such as approach it, and kills them even when not requiring food. It hovers over its unsuspicious victims like a thunder cloud, and waiting a moment as if to prepare the bolt, it then hurls its mimic lightning on their devoted heads. This is no exaggerated picture.

Baron Humboldt, on one occasion, put into the tub of water, in which was one of these eels, an aquatic tortoise. The tortoise, with great confidence, and unsuspicious of giving offence, gently made its way towards the fish, and then endeavoured to hide itself under the animal's body. Scarcely, however, had the tortoise touched the eel, before the former received a shock, happily for itself too feeble (the fish being exhausted) to kill it, but strong enough to give it great anguish, and make it retreat with the utmost expedition. From that time, the tortoise never ventured near the *gymnotus*, the powers of which it had so painfully experienced. It often happens that in fishing with nets, young crocodiles of two or three feet in length, and various fishes are captured, together with one or two electric eels, all enclosed in the same prison; and it is generally found that all the fishes are dead, and that the crocodiles are writhing in agony. The Indians say, that the young crocodiles have not the power to escape by tearing the meshes of the net, as they would otherwise do, because the eels immediately strike them with paralysis, and so disable them.

Notwithstanding its ferocity, its singular battery, and its savage and serpent-like aspect, the *gymnotus* is not destitute of docility; it is much less active than our common eel, and it soon becomes accustomed to confinement in a tub or large vessel, eating what is offered to it, and by no means displaying a voracious appetite. Its power of discharging its electric battery is completely under its own control, as it is also in the torpedo, and the strength of the shocks, in a healthy animal, depend upon its will: in wounded animals they are usually more feeble, and sometimes appear to be reduced to the lowest degree, but not always; for it has occasionally happened that persons have handled an apparently exhausted *gymnotus* for some time, without any shock being experienced, when all at once the animal, as Humboldt experienced, has discharged its electric battery with the utmost severity of effect. Several times, the same traveller was bold enough to hold one of these fishes by the tail, and even pinch it, and received no shock, till his fellow traveller M. Bonpland tickled it on the belly, or on the gill covers, and then he received a terrible stroke, while M. Bonpland felt nothing of the kind; and Humboldt states, that when two persons touch at once the space occupied by the electric apparatus, their fingers being two inches apart, it is seldom that both are affected by the electric explosion at the same time. It depends, indeed, on the will of the animal to which of the objects touching it, it shall direct the electric fluid, or whether it will call up this or that portion of its electric organs into action. When two persons touch the animal, each with a metallic rod, and bring the ends of the rod on the body of the animal to within five or six lines of each other, both are not affected simultaneously; the animal discharges its electricity first through one rod, then through the other, giving a

shock to each holder in succession; and here is a great difference between the natural electric apparatus of the eel, which is under the creature's control, and the artificial Leyden jar. It is found that when tickled on the under surface, on the pectoral fin, on the lips, eyes, and especially the gill covers, that the animal gives the most violent concussions. These parts, indeed, seem to be peculiarly sensitive, and the skin over them is very delicate. The torpedo is only capable of giving an electric shock when its electric organs are touched; not so the *gymnotus;* it matters not what part of the body be touched, for this creature to communicate the stroke, if it desires to give it; which, if touched on one of the sensitive portions of the body mentioned, it rarely fails to do, unless when actually dying, or completely exhausted, and consequently ill.

The *gymnotus electricus*, when full grown, measures between five and six feet in length, and its colour varies with age, and the nature of the water in which it dwells. Generally, it is of an olive green, with the under part of the head of a yellow tint mingled with red, and a double row of small excretory openings in the skin from the head to the tail are thus coloured; these openings appear to belong to mucous glands, which secrete the slimy fluid with which the skin is lubricated. The mouth is wide, and the interior, as far as the gullet, is furnished with little teeth disposed in rows, and very closely set; the tongue is fleshy, and covered with papillæ. It may be asked, What is the structure of the apparatus which gives to this eel its terrible powers, and renders it capable of discharging an electric shock of such violence as to throw down horse and man? The organ which produces these singular effects occupies the under part of the tail, or terminal portion of the body, and consists of four longitudinal masses; two large above, two small below, each being composed of a vast number of membranous laminæ, or thin plates, closely set together and nearly horizontal; these plates have their external margin affixed to the skin, and they rise to a level with the vertebral column; they are besides united to each other by an infinite number of transverse small vertical laminæ, and thus are formed a multitude of transverse cells, or minute prismatic canals, filled with a gelatinous matter, and abundantly supplied with nerves. On these nerves depend their electric power; but how, or in what manner the accumulation of electric fluid takes place, the means which the animal has of discharging it, or not, at pleasure, or in what direction it pleases, and the theory of its production,—these points are all enveloped in mystery. We are presented with nerves, and a large laminated apparatus; and we find that these nerves and this apparatus of plates constitute, in some mysterious manner, an electro-galvanic battery, governed as to its use by volition; but we know no more. How soon are we stopped by impassable barriers in the progress of our investigations among the wonders with which the great field of creation teems! How soon do we discover the limitation of our minds, and their inadequacy to grasp a part, a little part, of the ways and workings of the Almighty!

The sketch on page 363 represents a section of the terminal portion of the body of the electric eel, containing the electrical apparatus in its natural situation, and serves to convey a clear idea of the arrangement of its plates, and the relative magnitude of the upper and lower double series.

M.

CLIMATE AND MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

No. I.

Egypt, whose history is closely interwoven with so much of the inspired narrative, is distinguished from all other countries by certain peculiarities of situation and of climate to which we have already alluded, and which we now proceed more fully to explain.

It lies between the parallels of latitude which are immediately to the north of the tropic of Cancer, and in both hemispheres and on every part of the earth's circumference, the countries so situated are remarkable for extreme drought and a consequent tendency to sterility. This is peculiarly the case with Egypt. It is a valley hemmed in by two ranges of mountains of no great elevation, extending from south to north, and flanked on three sides by deserts: on the east by the deserts of Arabia, interrupted only by the narrow gulf of the Red Sea; to the south and west by the Libyan desert, a vast

expanse of sterile sand which stretches away southward into the very heart of Africa, and westward to the shores of the Atlantic. It is thus in the centre of the largest tract of uninterrupted desert on the surface of the earth; and, in consequence, rain is well nigh unknown in Egypt. In Upper Egypt, called also the Thebaid, rain was accounted a prodigy; and in the lists of the kings of Egypt, which were prepared by Manetho, a priest of Sibennytus, in Greek, by the command of Philadelphus, he has thought it worth recording that the year before the disastrous invasion of Darius Ochus there was rain in the Thebaid. The same peculiarity has also been noticed by modern travellers. Rain in that district excites astonishment and alarm amongst the inhabitants from the extreme infrequency of its occurrence.

The whole extent of the valley of Egypt is traversed by the magnificent river which is so intimately connected with its entire history, and so familiar to every one whose attention has been at all directed to that country, the Nile. The fertility of Egypt, yea its very existence otherwise than as a tract of desert, depends upon the phenomena connected with this river. The Nile ordinarily rolls a broad majestic stream of clear blue water to the sea, the pleasantness and salubrity of which as a beverage are acknowledged by all travellers, and praised by the inhabitants as far surpassing in excellence any other waters in the world; so much so, that the more opulent among them carry with them the waters of the Nile when they have occasion to visit other countries; and all ranks in Egypt regard the privation of the delicious draughts of their beloved river as one of the greatest hardships connected with absence from home. But regularly every year, about the time of the summer solstice, June 21, the waters of the Nile suddenly change their appearance, and become red and turbid, so that in the course of a few hours its hitherto limpid stream seems to be turned into a river of blood. There is no atmospheric change in Egypt to account for this. The burning sun, the clear sky, and the dry atmosphere for which it is remarkable at all times, appear at this season to prevail with more than usual intensity. After this phenomenon has continued for a few days, the waters gradually increase within the banks of the river. This increase proceeds with perfect regularity until about the middle of July, when they begin to overflow the banks; and by the 20th of the following month, Egypt presents the astonishing appearance of a vast sea, spotted over with villages and towns, and traversed in various directions by causeways which have been laid on mounds thrown up for the purpose of preserving the communication between them. The inundation continues increasing until the time of the autumnal equinox, when it begins as gradually to diminish; and before the end of November, the Nile has once more subsided within its banks, and again its clear blue waters sparkle in the burning sun of Egypt.

The industry and skill of the inhabitants have at all times been directed to the diffusion of these fertilizing waters over the greatest possible extent by means of canals and embankments; and these their efforts have been greatly assisted by the natural conformation of this most singular country. The surface of Egypt is convex; it rises gradually from the mountains that bound it to the east and west to the bed of the river, which runs like a deep furrow along the summit of the convexity; a circumstance of course highly favourable to the distribution of its waters during the inundation. Many of the ancient kings of Egypt were held in grateful remembrance by after ages on account of their efforts in the construction of lakes, canals, and mounds for this purpose; and there is a very distinct allusion to them in the prophecies of Isaiah, chap. xix. 5—7. We have already explained the entire dependence of the fertility of Egypt on the inundation, and therefore sufficiently accounted for this anxiety in the wide diffusion of its waters, which communicate a fertility unparalleled elsewhere on the earth's surface to a country which without them would be a desert; the excessive dryness of the atmosphere and the all but total absence of rain, excluding the possibility of vegetable life there; so that one and not the least of the marvels of Egypt is, to see these two extremes of fertility and barrenness in contact with each other.

Another equally extraordinary effect of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere in Egypt demands our particular

attention. Moisture, the great agent in decomposition, has been entirely abstracted from the atmosphere by the burning sands of the desert, and consequently time, whose corroding tooth so rapidly destroys the works of men's hands in other countries, passes over the monuments of ancient days in Egypt almost without effecting any perceptible change in them. The paintings that cover the walls of temples which have been for the most part roofless for nearly two thousand years still remain undefaced; the colours are perceptible, and in certain cases they have even retained much of their original freshness. If such be the case with works of so fugitive and fragile a character as these, this perfect preservation will, of course, be still more conspicuous in the granite, basalt, and hard limestone of which the Egyptians made so free a use in their constructions. The sculptures and inscriptions on these substances seem to have undergone no change in the long period that has elapsed since many of them were sculptured; so that the fragments of temples which were levelled to the ground by Cambyses five hundred years before the Christian era, have not yet lost the polish they possessed when they first issued from the artists' hands. Thus the combination of extreme freshness and extreme antiquity in its works of art is another of the marvels of Egypt. This is made very conspicuous when some accidental cause affords the opportunity of measuring, as it were, the period that has really elapsed since their execution. The obelisk that is still erect among the ruins of Alexandria retains much of the freshness, sharpness, and high polish of its first execution on its north and east faces: but the minute particles of sand with which the air is charged in passing over the desert have entirely defaced its south and west sides by beating against it during the sixteen hundred years in which it has stood in its present position; for probably about that time, it was removed to Alexandria from some other city where it had been originally erected.

The same anomaly is even more observable in the excavations in the sides of the mountains, whereby the Egyptians have perpetuated the proofs of their skill and industry. On first surveying the immense cavern temple at Ipsambul, in Nubia, the spectator might well imagine that the artists were still at work in it. It is impossible that the white of the walls can at any time have been purer or more perfect, the outlines of the figures sharper, or the colours more brilliant than now; and this impression is strengthened when he comes to that part of it where the tracings and first outlines show that this great work was never finished. But the black dust that, to the depth of many inches, covers the rocky floor on which he treads, and into which the doors, the door posts, and internal fittings of the temple have long since corroded and mouldered, soon convinces him of his mistake, by showing him demonstrably how many ages have rolled away since the hands by which these wonders were accomplished have been motionless in the grave.

This congeniality of the climate of Egypt to the perpetuation of works of art has preserved them to our times in numbers which are truly astonishing, when we take into account the disastrous history of the downfall of that ancient monarchy, the invasions, the civil wars, and the successive conquests by which her original population was well nigh annihilated; and still more when we consider that for the last sixteen hundred years they have been entirely neglected by the inhabitants, and left in great measure to dilapidation and ruin.

These remains of the departed greatness of Egypt consist generally of places for religious worship and ceremonies, and for civil assemblies. The site of almost every city of note in upper or southern Egypt is marked by the ruins of a temple or palace temple, which was at once the residence of the monarch, and the place where the solemn religious and civil assemblies of the chief estates in Egypt were held. These ruins are covered with reliefs, generally coloured, and representing the idols to which they had been dedicated receiving the homage of the kings by whom they had been founded; and also the battles, sieges, and other events of the wars, out of the spoils of which these acts of munificence were performed. These pictures often cover a vast extent of wall, and are crowded with figures in action, executed with much spirit and fidelity; the costume and the peculiarities of feature and

colour of the inhabitants of the different nations being strictly preserved. In a third class of designs, the king of Egypt is represented as a returned conqueror marching in triumph to the temple, dragging long lines of captives of different nations to the feet of the divinity to which it is dedicated. All these reliefs are accompanied by explanatory inscriptions in the hieroglyphic or sacred characters of Egypt. The mode of reading these characters has been recently so far recovered as to enable us to ascertain that they embody exactly the information that was wanted to make the pictures they accompany available for the elucidation of the religion and history of Egypt.

They give us the names of the gods represented, the ceremonies to be observed in their worship, their genealogies, and other mythological particulars. The pictures of kings have also invariably their names written over them; and this is also the case with the foreigners with whom they were at war, with the towns and fortresses they were besieging, and with the captives that were led bound in the triumphal processions. The dates of the erection of the temples and of the occurrence of the wars, have also been preserved. They are computed by the years and months of the monarch's reign, in exactly the same manner as in the books of Kings in the Old Testament.

In some instances, these temples are excavations hewn in the face of the rock, like that at Ipsambul, in Nubia, which has just been mentioned.

Portions of these ruins, consisting of statues of gods, kings, and sphinxes, of obelisks, and of fragments of columns, friezes, etc., have also been removed from Egypt in great numbers, and transferred to the different museums of Europe. These have likewise hieroglyphic inscriptions engraved upon them, which, in some instances, are important as historical documents.—*From Antiquities of Egypt, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

"THE WORLD WAS NOT MADE FOR YOU."

This was a common saying with old Anthony, my uncle's gardener, in reply to the captious complaints of unreasonable and selfish people. I must do him the justice to add, that he often applied it to himself, which the sayers of shrewd sayings are not always in the habit of doing, but are more inclined to refer the application to their neighbours. Anthony, however, if any thing happened to vex or disappoint him, checked the rising disposition to fret, by saying, "Ah, well! the world was not made for me."

On one occasion, a party of friends was engaged to go on a fishing excursion to an eyot, or little island, of my uncle's, a few miles up the river. We had all counted much on the pleasure of the day, and taken great interest in the preparations that were made for it. The pleasure-yacht had been newly painted and fitted up. The young people had been studying Walton, and providing themselves with varieties of rods, lines, and baits, according to his graphic directions. Mrs. Rogers was as busy as a hen with one chick, preparing all sorts of delicacies for our refreshment, and impressing on the servants, who were to attend us, the proper form and order in which they were to be placed on the table. Anthony was not a whit behind the rest in displaying his taste, and discovering his desire to contribute to the pleasure of the day, by decorating the cabin and deck with festoons of flowers. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening before the arrangements were completed; and then, as we were to embark at a very early hour in the morning, my uncle suggested that we had better retire to rest. Oh, what a lovely night it was! Not a cloud obscured the dark blue sky; and the full-orbed moon, attended only by the evening star, walked forth in brightness and majesty, and flung its silvery radiance over the gently rippling wave. The air was perfumed with the fragrance of bean blossoms, and new-mown hay wafted from distant meadows. The sweetly plaintive song of the nightingale thrilled on the delighted ear; and even the tremulous "too-who" of the night owl, that occasionally broke from the wood on the opposite shore, formed a not unpleasing accompaniment to the melody. I think I never obeyed my uncle's summons with greater reluctance, than when it warned me to retire from this delightful scene. As we slowly walked towards the house, old Anthony faintly said, "I hope that westerly breeze don't bode rain; but we certainly smell the bean flowers more than we have done, though they have been in blossom best part of

a week; and the moon will be full soon after midnight: and see how busy the spiders are within doors. Young gentlemen, I hope you will not be disappointed. Good night."

These portentous words first suggested to my mind the possibility that we might be disappointed. I asked Frank's opinion of the weather. "Why," said Frank, "I really do not understand much about the weather. Nothing can be more delightful than it is at present; but Anthony seems rather suspicious of it, and men of his calling are generally observant and accurate." "Oh," said Arthur, "it is sure to be fine. There is no sign whatever of rain, except in the imagination of that ill-natured old croaker, who delights to spoil our pleasure." I could not help replying to Arthur, that he spoke very unjustly of Anthony, who always took delight in witnessing and promoting our innocent pleasures, and had been doing so much for us on the present occasion. The bell rang for family worship, which put an end to the discussion. As we passed through the hall, Frank touched the barometer, which vibrated in confirmation of Anthony's forebodings; and though the moonbeams still played on the water, (which we could see from our chamber window,) they were broken by passing clouds. "Ah, well," said Frank, "they are *only* passing clouds; and though a change of weather may be approaching, it may yet be at some distance, and hold fine at least over to-morrow. And if it should be a little shady, that is all the more favourable for fishing." I was quite willing to concur in prognostications so accordant with my wishes: so we fell asleep, hoping the best for to-morrow. But we were awakened, early in the morning, by the loud pelting of hail against our chamber windows. But perhaps it is only a shower. A shower soon after sunrise, Anthony sometimes calls "the pride of the morning." "Yes; really I hope that is the case, for the rain abates; and look, Frank, the sun is coming out quite bright!" "Ah, but it has what Anthony calls 'a watery eye.'" "Look at the rainbow, yonder! Is not that a sign of clearing up?"

Anthony, on being consulted, shook his head, drew up his shoulders, and told us we must prepare for disappointment; for that there was every indication of a settled rainy day. He repeated the country saying,—

"A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight;
A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;"

and pointed to the morning clouds, which, instead of being chased away by the rising sun, and fleeing in a westerly direction, returned and gathered round, as if to dispute the sovereignty of the firmament. We still hoped that it might clear at six o'clock. Even my uncle seemed to think there was a chance of this. Six was the hour appointed for starting, and we were to breakfast on board. It was now resolved to breakfast at home; and we hoped that after that the aspect of the weather might be more encouraging. But at six o'clock the sky was completely covered with blackness; the rain descended in torrents, yet so steadily, as thereby to indicate the continuance of wet weather. The expedition was set aside, to the great disappointment of all parties, each of whom imagined that there was some circumstance of peculiar aggravation in his own case. Some of the party had come from a considerable distance, on purpose for the day's pleasure. Some had a particular desire to visit the spot, having never seen it; and others, from its being delightfully associated with their childish reminiscences. There was some talk of transferring the excursion to another day; but then, Frank and myself were to return to school the next day: so we could not enjoy it. Mrs. Rogers bewailed the useless display of her culinary skill in a profusion of pigeon pies, custards, jellies, etc., which she was sure would not be fit for company another day. And Anthony regretted that he had stripped his greenhouse in vain, to form decorations which nobody would enjoy, and which would have lost their beauty and fragrance before another day, even if the weather should be favourable so soon, which he very much doubted. But, correcting himself, he said to us boys, "Yet, let us not complain. You know, masters, the world was not made for us, nor the weather either. Let us endeavour to feel as the pious shepherd felt, who replied, when asked what weather it was likely to be, 'It will be such weather as pleases me; for it will be such as God appoints; and what pleases Him ought to please me.' Remember, dear young gentlemen, that the weather, which has proved such a disappointment to you, will prove a great blessing to many; for rain was much wanted."

We were reminded of Anthony's remark, when, in the course of the morning, a farmer called to pay his rent. "Merciful weather, sir," remarked the honest farmer, with evident feelings of satisfaction and gratitude; "the rain has come just in time to save the turnips, and fill out the peas, and do a world of good to the grain. In my little farm, sir, this day's rain makes more odds than the value of my rent: and it is not to me alone; it is a general good. We may well say, the skies shower down blessings, and the earth is greatly enriched with the river of God."

My uncle was not backward in taking up the note of pious gratitude thus struck by his worthy tenant. And their conversation tended much to soften down the disappointment which Frank and myself had so bitterly bewailed.

Arthur was once in a violent passion with his tailor, and threatened to turn him off, because he could not get some articles of dress finished, which were required at an unreasonably short notice. It was Saturday when they were ordered, and he must have them to wear at a party on Monday evening. It was in vain that the man, with the utmost humility, assured him that he should have been happy to meet his wishes; but that not only were all his hands busily engaged on work already promised, and which could not be set aside, as it was for a funeral, but some of the materials which Mr. Longley required, could only be obtained in London; and as no post went out on Saturday night, it would be impossible to get them down before Monday night or Tuesday morning. If he had but received the order the day before, he could have had down the goods on Saturday, and would then have put his best hands to work on them the first thing on Monday, and would have spared no pains to accomplish them in time. Arthur would hear no reason, admit of no excuse. The things he must and would have, or he would never again employ the offender. "My dear fellow," said my uncle, who happened to hear of the altercation, "you will not, surely, lose your temper, and break your peace for a fancy waistcoat, to say nothing of wreaking your resentment on the poor tailor, for not doing what is out of the power of man to do. Your wardrobe is not so scanty as to fail of affording you a suitable supply for the occasion. If the matter is of such urgent consequence, you really should reflect upon yourself, not upon your tailor; for you have known of the engagement nearly a week. You seem to have forgotten old Anthony's saying, that 'the world was not made for you;' and also the self-evident truth, that no man can do impossibilities, even to please you. How can you blame him for not attempting it, without exposing your own weakness, in a way much more injurious to yourself, than the loss of your custom can be to him? When a boy, I learned a sentiment expressed in doggrel rhymes, which has helped me over many a trouble, as great as a disappointment about a satin waistcoat; let me recommend them to your consideration.

> 'For every evil under the sun,
> There is a remedy, or there is none;
> If there be one, seek it and find it,
> If there be none, then never mind it.'

I remember this rhyme being used in reference to a person who was the torment of the family and neighbourhood. He set at nought all rules, in the smallest matters and in the greatest. Irregular people are invariably plagues to society, as well as torments to themselves. They keep a home always in confusion, double the work of servants, and defeat all the best laid plans of the presiding genius to secure economy, order, and comfort. And then, they are most unreasonable in their requirements and expectations from others. They keep no appointment, observe no regularity, yet expect their meals to be always ready and well dressed, whenever their caprice may chance to dictate, though it be hours before, or hours after the understood family arrangements; and every body, both in the house and out of it, to be always at leisure to obey their summons, and gratify their whims; and the convenience and claims of every other person must be made to bend to them. Poor, selfish, irritable mortals! They forget that 'the world was not made for them.'"

There was another person, a man of some note and influence in the little sphere in which he moved. Several circumstances concurred to bestow upon him this distinction, which certainly was not claimed by superiority of mind or manners. Mr. W. was possessed of some property, and was supposed to exercise considerable influence over a rich old aunt, who was in general very penurious; but was now and then induced to

part with money freely, generally at the suggestion of her favourite nephew. To obtain his favour, was considered the way to her purse; and hence the managers of charitable institutions, and public undertakings, took care, if possible, to interest him in the cause, well knowing that his guinea, or five guineas, was a pledge for her five, or twenty. Control, it is admitted, follows contribution, as the shadow follows the substance. So thought Mr. W.; and, moreover, he reckoned his share of contribution as composed of what he gave, and what he induced or permitted his aunt to give, and claimed his portion of control on that ratio. Not only so: he fell into the most ridiculous, but not uncommon mistake, of imagining that his intellectual superiority advanced in equal proportion with his money. Thus, if seven men each contributed their guinea, while he gave his two, and obtained five from his aunt, he was, in his own estimation, as wise, or wiser than seven men, who could render a reason, Prov. xxvi. 16.

Mr. W., too, was a great talker, and fond of tremendously long words. These, without being at all particular about their fitness, connexion, or power of expressing his meaning, (if he had one,) he pronounced with a sort of oracular gravity, which carried a great weight with a certain class of listeners; though it may be fairly questioned, whether himself, or one of those who stood amazed at his learning and eloquence, could have defined any one of his long words; or put one of his ideas into clear and simple language. He always made me think of the character drawn by Goldsmith: a man, who had learned by rote a string of hard words about cosmogony, and philosophers with crabbed names, which he constantly plied to make people take him for a learned sage, instead of a consummate sharper. Mr. W. was as far from being a sharper, as he was from being a learned man: however, he was certainly fond of puzzling simple hearers with the affectation of learning, which he did not possess; and thus, with some of the very simple, he made his way. Better informed persons would listen once or twice to his harangues, hoping by close attention to find some meaning in them; but they were soon convinced of the utter uselessness of such attempts, and could only despise him as a talker of pompous nonsense. But he was as headstrong and positive, as he was empty. At whatever consultation he was present, he came to a conclusion at a jump; and with the utmost pertinacity, adhered to the opinion or determination he had once expressed, refusing to hear any other proposal: or if others claimed the privilege of being heard, he would fly off into a passion, and say, "Ah, well! they might have it just their own way, and he would have nothing at all to do with the matter; but then, they must not expect that either he or his aunt would support the cause; and he fancied it would not stand long if they withdrew from it." Thus he generally carried his point; for when he talked, the timid and time-serving gave way for the sake of interest; the quiet, for the sake of peace; and even men of sense and integrity were tired out by the hopeless task of contending with and trying to convince a fool. I mention his character for the sake of introducing old Anthony's shrewd remark upon it. There was a parish meeting, about a contemplated building, in which the poor people were to be employed in some kind of manufacture. The day before the meeting, my uncle was unexpectedly called away by the illness of a friend. He desired Anthony (who was a substantial man, for one in his line of life, and a rate payer) to attend the meeting. My uncle, on his return, asked Anthony what sort of a meeting it was, and what was agreed upon. "Why, sir, it was not much of a meeting, nor much of an agreement; for one man carried it all his own way. He laid down the law, and insisted upon this and that being done, though every one beside disapproved of it, just as if he thought the world was made for him; and he talked them down, till they yielded to his clamour. He just put me in mind of children at play, when one girl will have the big doll and the little doll too, and won't be content when she has got them both; and one boy won't play unless he holds all the marbles and takes the first shoot."

Anthony's odd sayings drew forth some further remarks from my uncle, who especially observed, that this one truism, "The world was not made for you," if really and practically believed, would have a very happy influence in curing many of our mistakes. I think it was Martin Luther who said, "Every man carries a little pope within him." He who sets up for infallibility, and requires every

one he meets to bend to his opinion and his will, forgets that the world was not made for him.

"The world was not made for you." Then learn to moderate your expectations from it. Remember, you neither can nor ought to control the order of things. "Should it be according to thy mind?" Job xxxiv. 33. "Shall the earth be forsaken for thee? and shall the rock be removed out of his place?" Job xviii. 4. He who forms such unreasonable expectations from the world, is only preparing for himself the keener disappointment. He knows best how to use and enjoy the world, who has learned to take things as they come; in whatever state he is, therewith to be content; and to say, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him," Psa. lxii. 5.

"The world was not made for you." Then be reconciled to the inconveniences you meet with in it. I said to a youth, "Your coat does not seem to fit you very well?" "No," he replied, "it is not to be expected that it should fit very comfortably; it was not made for me. However, it has served to keep me warm and dry: I am glad to wear this to-day, and I shall have my own, which fits me better, to-morrow." Apply this to the world, and it will be found useful in reconciling you to most of its inconveniences and disappointments.

"The world was not made for you." Then do not be selfish, and forget the claims of others. You are one among a great many, who are all to have a share of accommodation from the world. Interests will often jar and clash; but he who would be beloved by others, and enjoy peace of mind, peace in what he possesses, and resignation in what he wants, must learn to love his neighbour as himself, and look not on his own things only, but also on the things of others, Matt. xix. 19; Phil. ii. 4.

Considering that the world was not made for us, what reason have we to be thankful that it has afforded us so many enjoyments, and been in so many ways subservient to us! What a cure for repining would it be to look back on the period when we entered the world in a state of entire destitution, and think, how many mercies have been afforded to us, from that period to this. Then look round and see how many mercies, at the present moment, surround us, notwithstanding all our ingratitude, rebellion, and ill-deserving; and instead of murmuring that we enjoy no more, we shall rather be lost in wonder, love, and praise, and—

> "Worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
> That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world,
> So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man."

The world was not made for you, nor you for the world. You possess powers and capabilities too noble to be engrossed by the world; learn to look above it, and "set your affections on things above." Do not attempt to make the world your idol or your rest, your home or your portion. How pitiable is the condition of those who are called men of the world, which have their portion in this life! What is the improvement that we are taught in Scripture to derive from a sentiment like this, on which these remarks are founded? "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted," Micah ii. 10.

"I have often," said Mrs. Mortimer, "felt that that admonition is peculiarly suitable to those who realize the endeared connexions of life; for, perhaps, there is no particular in which one may so unsuspectedly, and so respectably cling to the world, as if it really were made for us."

"True," replied my uncle, "it is very possible for a Christian, who rises above the sordid gain, and vain pleasures of the world, to be chained down by tender affections. But from whatever particular quarter the danger arises, the watchful eye of our God discerns it, and in mercy to his children, often causes the dispensations of his providence to second the admonitions of his word. Well-laid schemes are blasted, dear connexions broken up, vanity and dissatisfaction are stamped on worldly enjoyments, and all with the gracious design of convincing us that this is not our rest, and of rousing us to arise and depart."

"And yet we are not—are we?—allowed, much less required to quit our stations in the world, and give ourselves wholly to contemplation?"

"Certainly not. We obey the spirit of the call, if we renounce the corrupt manners and customs of the world—if we maintain a spirit and temper above it. As the worldling is actuated by selfishness, ambition, and self-indulgence, the

Christian should be distinguished by spirituality, elevation of aim, self-denial, zeal for the glory of God, and benevolent regard to the welfare of men. We should renounce the world as our home and portion, habitually feeling and acting as strangers and pilgrims passing through the world, but having our conversation in heaven, deriving our resources thence, and centering our hopes, desires, and affections there."

"His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

"The world was not made for you." If we realize this as we ought to do, it will teach us to remember that we are not at home, but in an enemy's country; and we need circumspection and caution, that the world does not injure us. We should look around, suspect danger, and be prepared to resist the attacks of the world, and to escape its snares. And with all our vigilance and care, we shall find the need of a heavenly Guardian and Guide.

The world was not made for us; but we should get all the good we can out of it, and do all the good we can in it: endeavour to be a blessing to it, as we pass through it, and to leave a blessing in it; so that those with whom we associate, and those who come after us, shall, in some way or other, be the better for us. Oh! methinks, it is the very acmé of human wretchedness, if we can justly be described as those who

——— "last, but never live;
Who much receive, but nothing give;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank."

The world was not made for us; but it may be made very useful to us, as a school of discipline, for the exercise and maturing of those Christian graces, which, untried, would languish and dwindle. The world affords us many trials of our patience, forgiveness, forbearance, stedfastness, benevolence, magnanimity; and "blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life," Jas. i. 12. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world," James i. 27. The great concern is to secure an interest in Christ, and then, the world is ours. See 1 Cor. iii. 22.

The world was not made for us, and we shall soon be leaving it; but

"While time, his sharpest tooth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys beyond his power."

Christians are not of the world, as their Master was not of the world; but how delightful to think, that though this is not their home, they have a home, and are soon going home, going to depart out of the world, and be with the Father. It has been beautifully observed, that the Christian is not to be in haste to leave the world, while God has anything for him to do or suffer; but while bearing the burden and heat of the day, he may resemble the man in harvest, who does not throw down his implements, and run out of the field before the time; but who occasionally erects himself, and looks westward, to see when the descending sun will furnish him with an honourable discharge.

It is a truly desirable state of mind to be not wearied of the world, but weaned from it; and willing to depart to another and a better.

"There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

C.

VISIT TO THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

No. III.

I was now had into the house to see some of the sights therein. And in one room, I was shown a man who was naked, and very meagre through famine. And I observed till one brought clothes and laid them before him: and he measured them to find whether they would fit him, and he examined them to see whereof they were made. And, behold, when he found that they would fit him, and moreover, that they were very warm and comfortable, I expected that he should have put them on; but he recommended them to those who stood by, but did not clothe himself with them. And, again, I saw one bring him food, and it was rich and strengthening: and he set himself to know the name and the ingredients thereof, and cried out that it was food for hungry people, but ate not thereof himself. Then said I, Why is this? This man is naked and hath clothes, yet putteth them not on; and he is hungry and hath food, yet he eateth not of it. He recommends them to

others, yet is he not the better for them himself. Then said the interpreter, This is one who knoweth the gospel, yea, and can preach it too; yea, and acknowledgeth its fitness for himself; yet does he not receive it himself as the garments of salvation, Isa. lxi. 10, or the living bread which came down from heaven, John vi. 51.

Then he took me by the hand, and brought me into another room, where was a man preparing for a journey. And his garment hung loose about him, and encumbered his steps, and very much hindered his progress, and tripped up his feet, and threw him to the ground. And what much surprised me was, that, notwithstanding this, he was still adding to the width and length of his clothes, yea, and putting more on, so that he became continually more and more encumbered; and whereas, at the first, he had set himself to run in the way, by degrees he was brought down to very slow walking, and I much feared that he would stop altogether. Of which when I had asked the interpretation, This, said the interpreter, is he who, setting out on a spiritual course, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, 2 Tim. ii. 4; having food and raiment, and not being therewith content, 1 Tim. vi. 8. He desireth and gaineth many of the good things of the world, which, twisting themselves round his heart and affections, do sorely let and hinder him as he walks, cause him many falls, yea, and too often, as was the case with Demas of old, 2 Tim. iv. 10, entirely put a stop to his progress.

Lastly, I was taken out into the garden belonging to the house, and here I was shown many strips of ground lying alongside of each other, in which were many curious shrubs and flowers. But these gardens were, for the most part, in a very dry and withering condition. In some of them, indeed, there was no sign of life and vegetation; the ground was parched, the trees burned up, and the gardeners to whom they were severally intrusted, had forsaken their charge; some declaring that they could do the borders they were placed over no good, and some more strangely asserting that they were in a most flourishing state, and needed no care from them. Some gardeners again I observed very diligent in their respective strips of ground, hastening about from shrub to shrub, with watering pots in their hands; yet the effect produced was scarcely perceivable, the water not being given in anything like sufficient quantities, and being besides of an unwholesome quality, and drawn, as I was told, from a neighbouring spring, called "Moral Exhortation." Now, while I grieved hereat, that so much ground should be lost, and so many beautiful and valuable plants perish for want of water, my eyes were caught by the verdant appearance of one of these strips. The shrubs were covered with leaves, the flowers in full blow, and the branches of the fruit trees weighed even to the ground with fruit. And while I was admiring this beautiful spot of garden ground, and wondering at the superiority of its appearance to that of the plots around, I found out the art by which the gardener had produced such an effect. He watered not the ground with any little water pot of his own, or with water fetched from any unwholesome spring in the neighbourhood; but he had discovered the secret of drawing down the watery treasures from the clouds above in plentiful showers, and his labour was employed in directing the streams thus obtained to the several parts of his garden, and to the different plants therein. Then said I, Do not these gardeners represent the ministers of the gospel, and their gardens their respective charges? It is indeed, said the interpreter, pity that it should be so; but so it is. Those dry and withered strips of ground, that look as though they were under the curse of God, proclaim but too plainly the neglect of the overseers; nor do those that border upon them, where you see the gardeners diligently at work, show any very beneficial effects of mere moral arguments and exhortations to virtue. But he who has the treasures of heaven at command, Isa. xlv. 11, who by prayer draws down upon the plot of ground entrusted to him the plentiful rain of the Holy Spirit, he it is whose garden shall be as the garden of the Lord. That Holy Spirit it is, who visiteth the earth and watereth it, who greatly enricheth it with the river of God, which is full of water; who watereth the ridges thereof abundantly; who maketh it soft with showers, who blesseth the springing thereof, who crowneth the year with

his goodness: the little hills rejoice on every side; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing, Psa. lxv. 9—13.

Then was I taken to the fourth window, and, behold, darkness and obscurity; yet were the first beams of the sun beginning to mix with the gloom, and it was as the morning spread upon the mountains, Joel ii. 2. And in the midst of the darkness, I espied a traveller fretting and disquieting himself for want of light, and running from side to side. This man is unwise, I exclaimed, for I see the first beamings of the dawn, and the thick darkness beginneth to disperse itself. Why doth he not wait for the full light of morning? He doth not consider that it is approaching, said the interpreter. He hath the pledge of it, said I, in that the darkness is more visible than it was. Methinks, too, he is unthankful for this light, which is sufficient to show him where he is. He doth not remember, said the interpreter, that awhile ago he had none. Surely, said I, he will fall into some dangerous place or other, as he thus disquiets and turmoils himself. It is likely, said the interpreter; but, in thus saying, hast thou not condemned thyself? Hast thou been thankful for the beginnings of spiritual light; remembering that there was a time, when thou wast altogether in darkness? hast thou borne in mind that it was only through the tender mercy of thy God, that ever the Day-spring from on high hath visited thee? Luke i. 78. Hast thou accepted these beginnings as the pledge that the Sun of righteousness was rising, Mal. iv. 2; as a pledge of a full noon-day light; yea, of that light of the sun which shall be seven fold? Isa. xxx. 26. And in expectation of this fuller light, has thou waited without murmuring, and in the way of duty, trusting in the name of the Lord, and staying upon thy God? Isa. l. 10. Then was I confounded at my hasty words.—*Rev. C. Neale.*

RICHES.

Why do you want to be rich? Riches may make you vain, idle, selfish, extravagant, and hard hearted; but as to their ever making you happy, that is quite out of the question.

I once heard of a hard-working and contented man, having a bag of money left him, and it soon made him miserable. It was a constant care when he carried it about with him, and a sore trouble when he left it behind him. It was a heavy burden on his back by day, and a hard pillow when he laid his head upon it by night.

What was to be done? Too idle to work, too rich to be relieved, too suspicious to trust his wealth to another, too selfish to give it away, and too miserable to keep it, he, in a fit of desperation, cast it into the river, saying, Go get thee to the floods and the fishes, for thou cannot hurt them; me thou hast made miserable! I once thought that riches and happiness were one, but now I know that the love of money is the root of all evil.

Crassus, the Roman, was rich; but his love of riches was his ruin; when dead, he had molten lead poured down his throat by way of derision. Dives, in the parable, was rich; but after that, he wanted a drop of water to cool his burning tongue. No, no, riches of themselves will never make you happy.

But think not that I am a railer against riches. It is against valuing them too highly, and striving too anxiously to attain them, that I cry aloud. When honestly got, and properly used, riches are great blessings. The rich may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, protect the weak, and relieve the wants of the widow and the fatherless; but, then, riches have their temptations, so that he who has them needs much of God's grace and guidance to keep his heart humble.

Riches may do many things, but they will not remove the toothache, or the headache, or the heartache; they have no power to lengthen life, to drive away the terrors of death, or to brighten our hope of immortality.

Hear what the Holy Scriptures say of riches. "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," Luke xviii. 25. By this is meant a man whose heart is set upon his riches, so that he worships his gold instead of his God. You see, riches have their temptations.

The comforts of this world are well worth getting, and a moderate competence is a proper object to attain; but as for riches, be satisfied to get rich in health of body, peace of mind,

contentment, industry, good habits, integrity, useful knowledge, kind affections, praiseworthy intentions, and holy desires. Get these, and you will be rich indeed.

I cannot do better, in conclusion, than advise you to read, learn, and reflect upon the words, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain," Prov. xxx. 8, 9. G.

LEYDEN.

Leyden is but of little note in the political or military annals of Holland, but its name stands high in the history of literature. The circumstances of its foundation are not a little remarkable. During the war waged by the Hollanders against the despotic government of Spain, in defence of their liberty and religion, Leyden embraced the cause of freedom, and was, in consequence, besieged by its former masters. Long did it hold out with great courage; even the women lined the ramparts, and acted as soldiers, animated by one whose name was Kennava, who was present, with her companions, at all the sallies made on the foe. But, at length, famine came threatening destruction which the sword had failed to inflict, and the garrison were consequently reduced to the most distressing straits. At length, hope dawned, carrier pigeons brought a communication from the Dutch government, stating that, despairing of relief by any other means, they had determined to break down the dykes and overflow the country, so as to force the besieging army to retire, and then to send a squadron of provision ships across the inundation to supply them in their extremity.

The plan was executed: the dykes were opened, the waters of the ocean rushed in, the whole surrounding country was flooded; but the end desired was not gained, the waters rose only a few feet, and the besiegers were inconvenienced but not dislodged. All hope seemed extinct; for the perishing inhabitants could see the ships intended for their relief, but also that they could not approach. The blockade was continued with the utmost vigour, and for three weeks they still held out; but, at last, in absolute despair, they called on the governor to surrender. With great magnanimity he refused; and at the arrival of the equinox, the storm raged violently, the dykes gave way, the batteries and forts of the Spaniards were overwhelmed, the little fleet, announced by the carrier pigeons, relieved the garrison, and the besieging army gave up the blockade. As a reward for their unparalleled defence, the prince of Orange offered them freedom from taxes for a time, or the founding of an university: they chose the latter. S.

SANCTIFIED MEMORY.

A gracious soul remembers that man was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the sabbath day. He remembers how Saul lost two kingdoms at once; his own kingdom and that of heaven, for sparing Agag and the fat of the cattle. He remembers how the unprofitable servant, for the non-improvement of his talent, was cast into outer darkness. He remembers how Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead suddenly for telling a lie. He remembers how Lot's wife, for a look of curiosity, was turned into a pillar of salt. He remembers how Adam was cast out of Paradise for eating forbidden fruit, and the angels cast out of heaven for not keeping their standing. He remembers that Jacob smarted for his lying to his dying day. He remembers how God followed him with sorrow upon sorrow, and breach upon breach, filling up his days with grief and trouble. He remembers how Moses was shut out of the Holy Land, because he spake unadvisedly with his lips. He remembers the young prophet who was slain by a lion, for eating a little bread, and drinking a little water, contrary to the command of God, though he was drawn thereunto by an old prophet under a pretence of a revelation from heaven. He remembers how Zacharias was stricken dumb, because he believed not the report of the angel Gabriel. He remembers how Uzzah was stricken dead for supporting the ark, when it was in danger of falling, nor can he forget the fifty thousand men of Bethshemesh, who were slain for looking into the ark; and the remembrance of these things stirs up his hatred and indignation against the least sins.—*Brooks.*

Hebron, in the hill country of Judea.

HEBRON.

HEBRON is situated in a deep narrow valley, which having its head in the open country, an hour north of the place, passes down S.S.E. at first broad, with many vineyards, and then narrower as it approaches the town, with high hills on either side. The town itself consists of three parts. The main quarter is around and north of the great mosque, upon the slope of the eastern hill; here are the bazars and the chief places of business. Further north, and separated from this part by an open space of fields, is another cluster of houses, like a suburb. On the slope of the western hill, opposite the mosque and the south end of the main quarter, is also a smaller tract of houses; or, rather, perhaps, the main quarter may be said here to extend across the valley, and occupy the lower portion of both declivities. The town is without walls; yet, at the entrance of one or two of the streets, in coming from the country, there are gates. Directly over against the main part of the town, the high western hill retreats somewhat, leaving a recess with the gentle slope, on which we were encamped; while north of this the hill again advances, and the acclivity is thickly covered with olive orchards of very old trees. The geographical position of Hebron, so far as yet determined, is in latitude thirty-one degrees, thirty-two minutes, thirty seconds, north; and longitude, thirty-five degrees, eight minutes, twenty seconds, east from Greenwich. The elevation above the sea is given by Schubert, at two thousand six hundred and sixty-four, and by Russegger, at two thousand eight hundred and forty-two Paris feet.

In the bottom of the valley, towards the south, where the town extends across it, is the lower pool, a square reservoir, measuring one hundred and thirty-three English feet on each side, built with hewn stones of good workmanship. The whole depth is twenty-one feet eight inches, of which the water now occupied not quite fourteen feet. Flights of steps lead down to it at each corner. Just at the north end of the main part of the town, is another smaller pool, also occupying the bed of the valley, measuring eighty-five feet in length by fifty-five feet broad; its depth is eighteen feet eight inches, of which the water occupied not quite seven feet. These reservoirs seemed to furnish the chief, if not the sole supply of the town at the time; and were constantly frequented by persons carrying away the water in skins. That of the upper pool seemed to be neither clear nor clean. The pools were said to be filled only from the rains. Near the summit of the hill, north of our tent, was a fine cool fountain, from which we obtained our supply; it is sunk in the ground,

and arched over, with a flight of steps by which to descend it. Just north of the town, too, by the side of the road along the bed of the valley, is another small fountain, which seemed to serve chiefly at this season for watering animals.

The pools above described are doubtless of high antiquity, and one of them is probably to be regarded as the "pool in Hebron," over which David hanged up the assassins of Ishbosheth! 2 Sam. iv. 12. The other alleged antiquities of Hebron, (with the exception of the great mosque,) did not occupy our attention. We neither saw nor inquired after the tomb of Abner, nor that of Jesse, nor the red earth of which Adam was formed, nor the place where Cain slew Abel, nor various other legendary spots mentioned by early and later travellers. The place called by the Jews the "House of Abraham," an hour from Hebron towards Jerusalem, with the remains of massive walls, is the probable site of what was held to be Mamre in the early Christian ages.

The great Haram, or rather the exterior wall, which encloses the mosque, constitutes the most remarkable object in Hebron; and one of the most so in all Palestine. It is also one of the most sacred places of the Mohammedans, being held to cover the sepulchre of Abraham and the other patriarchs. We had looked at it with some care in our previous visit; and it was now one of the first things to claim our further attention. On our way thither this morning, we called at the house of Elias, in the north part of the main quarter, to pay him our respects in return for his kindness. We found that he and his family had already gone out to spend the day under the great oak, which we had passed yesterday; and had left an invitation for us to join them there, and breakfast with them at a later hour. We then proceeded to the mosque.

The exterior has the appearance of a large and lofty building in the form of a parallelogram; its longest dimensions being along the valley from N.N.W. to S.S.E., and not, as in most ancient churches, from W. to E. We measured on a line parallel to its eastern side and southern end, as near to it as we could, though not without some hints to desist, from an old man or two who came along. The length proved to be nearest two hundred feet, and the breadth one hundred and fifteen feet. The height cannot be less than fifty or sixty feet. The walls are built of very large stones, all levelled and hewn smooth; and similar, in all respects, to the most ancient parts of the walls around the Haram at Jerusalem. But they are not in general so large, nor is the levelling so deep. The architecture has this peculiarity, that the walls are built up externally with square pilasters, sixteen on each side and eight at each end, without capitals, except a sort of cornice which extends along the whole building. Above this, the walls have been raised by the Moslems eight or ten feet higher, with a small turret or minaret at each corner. There are no windows in any part of these walls. The places of entrance are at the two northern corners, where a long and broad flight of steps of very gentle ascent, built up and covered along each side of the building externally, leads to a door in each wall opening into the court within. That at the N.W. corner seemed to be the principal entrance, merely perhaps as being the most conveniently situated. The building stands upon the slope of the eastern hill; the rocks having been excavated along the upper side, in order to lay the foundation.

According to all accounts, the structure here described, including all that is visible from without, is merely an exterior enclosure of walls, around a court within. In this court stands the much smaller mosque, which is said to have been once a Christian church. Here, in different parts, the Mohammedans have built tombs for the patriarchs, while their actual place of sepulchre is held to be in a cavern below, which even the faithful are not permitted to enter. But as the jealous bigotry of the Mussulmans of Hebron precludes all admittance to Franks and Christians, and the height of the exterior wall prevents any view of the interior, even from the adjacent hill, we are yet without any intelligible description of the mosque and its appurtenances, and know nothing at all of the cavern which thus represents the cave of Machpelah.

The outer structure thus described, evidently belongs to a high antiquity; and the resemblance of its architecture to that of the remains of the ancient temple at Jerusalem, seems to point to a Jewish origin. Yet we have no

certain accounts of it; and all we can learn respecting it, is from a few scattered hints in ancient writers, which merely serve to cast a further gleam of probability upon this conclusion. As a matter of course, monastic tradition refers the edifice to Helena, as one of her churches; but for this, as we have seen, there is not the slightest ground, while the form, direction, and elevation of the structure, and especially the absence of windows, all go to show, that these walls were never anything more than what they are at present, an enclosure around an inner edifice or court. —*Dr. Robinson.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

A RAMBLE ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

He who has never gazed on the goodly stream, the lofty banks, the woody heights, and romantic rocks of the winding Wye, is a stranger to some of the most delightful scenery in England. As I ramble onward, day after day, a remark or two will sometimes escape me, while the river rolls below; would that I had words to describe the scenes around me, or even vividly to embody my poor thoughts!

I am not now on the cloud-capped mountain, huge Plinlimmon, near whose summit the Wye takes its rise, but on Caplor Hill, one of the many heights which adorn the river. It is evening, and the setting sun glaring in the west, like a flaming beacon, lights up the skies.

This Caplor Hill is a favourite spot with me: I love its seclusion, its glorious prospect, and its bold and precipitous fall to the river. Years ago, a goodly portion of the wood broke down from its customary position, and moved near to the river's brink, where it now stands, though it has lost, in a great measure, the more visible appearance of its violent disruption. The road through the wood is almost too steep to be passable. Here have I seen the distressed horses of the loaded wain, straining their sinewy frames, and smiting hard the rocky path with their iron-shod hoofs, while their broad-breasted driver, doubly scotching his wheels, has stood panting for breath.

Here have I seen the good vicar of a neighbouring parish, when he was curate, toiling up the steep, on the afternoon of the sabbath day, almost dragging after him, by the bridle, his little black pony, stopping every dozen yards to pat him on the neck, calling him pretty fellow, and standing a minute or two to let him take breath, and to take breath himself also. And here, too, I have often loitered in the "gloaming," when the huge trees and heaped-up rocks have cast their dark shadows on the ground. At the moment I am making these remarks, the place is full of interest. What a height from the river! how thick and inaccessible the underwood! What deep holes and dark fissures and crevices in the crags! And what a goodly canopy of overhanging trees! The huge rocks on the left are piled up as though giants had been building them; and the rude, rifted watercourse, looks as if a thunderbolt had mistaken its course, and had torn itself a path down to the river. There! a hare has crossed the road with her long hind legs and white-tufted tail, hiding herself in the gloom of the tangled brushwood. I can hear the rooks above me as they wing their way to their distant rookery. Yesterday, I explored with a respected clerical friend, the remains of the Roman encampment, still visible in an adjoining height.

> Time changes much the surface of the world!
> Where once the Roman marshalled his bold host,
> Bristling with swords and spears the rocky height,
> The shepherd tends his flock, and the young lambs
> In sportive gambols tread the flowery turf.

Yonder! over the river is Holm Lacy. A canonry occupied the place in the reign of Henry III. I remember when the goodly mansion there, in the park, was tenanted by the old duke of Norfolk: the beautiful carvings by Gibbons, and the old family portraits, gave, and give an interest to the place. The present occupier has spared no expense in improving the princely dwelling. He has walked with me "through every chamber of that goodly dwelling."

For some weeks I have been in the neighbourhood of the Wye, now visiting the cottages, and now partaking the hospitality of the farmhouses and the mansions of the gentry around. A London visitor is not an unwelcome guest in the country. Give yourself no airs; accommodate yourself to

circumstances; be not insensible to kindness; try to make yourself agreeable, and show the kind people that you are happy, and you will find welcomes "as plenty as blackberries," go where you will.

I have often spoken of Fawley Court, and sometimes I have called it "Old Court;" but no matter! call it what I may, it is a dear old mansion, and I could now be garrulous in its praise, for I love its battlements and shadowy porch, yea, the very ivy that clings to its venerable and venerated walls. It once was a mansion of the Kyrles, of which family was the famous man of Ross. Its battlements, projecting windows with stanchions of stone, and porch with double doors, have long been familiar to me. Fawley is thronged with shiny and shadowy associations. How intelligibly should passing events whisper in our ears, "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear," 1 Peter i. 17. Hill Eaton, too, has not been forgotten. Who would expect in a farmhouse the strings of the harp and the keys of the piano to be struck with such flying fingers! Often has the voice of psalmody, richly accompanied, rung around me in the room that overlooks the foldyards. Basham, long the stronghold of time-honoured customs, little observed in other places, is changing its inhabitants; for the strongest walls cannot keep out death. It still, however, possesses, in its present occupier, one of the kindliest spirits that ever animated humanity. Moraston, thou hast hearts beating beneath thy hospitable roof that are not likely to lose the place they occupy in my remembrance.

* * * * * *

Pennockston (I know not if I spell the name right) stands at a little distance from the river Wye, the court yard at its entrance, and the garden grounds to the south, with their terrace and secluded walks, give an interest to this goodly mansion. I have been rambling from one spot to another, with a friendly inmate, whose invalided frame seems hardly equal to the exertion. How often is cheerful, interesting, and Christian conversation a cordial to the heart of the afflicted, medicine to the mind, "oil to the joints, and marrow to the bones!"

I have passed the river, standing in the big horse boat. Fidoe, the ferryman, is as lusty and strong as ever. I have been jocosely intimating the possibility of my setting up a boat, by way of opposition to him; but he drily advises me to put it off till after the winter, lest I should take cold in my undertaking. Though the river, for the most part, flows rapidly between lofty woods—crowned banks, at times it alters its character, and then, fairest of British streams! romantic Wye!

"———thy course
Is calm, and soft, and silent: clear and deep
Thy stately waters roll; in the proud force
Of unpretending majesty, they sweep
The sideless marge, and brightly, tranquilly
Bear their rich tributes to the grateful sea."

Pool Hullock, or Pool Hullick, is a neat cottage-looking habitation, midway between Ross and Hereford, standing in a pretty garden, laid out tastefully in diamond, oval, triangle, and other formed parterres, edged with fresh green box, and abounding with flowers. Peace to its inmates!

Birch is a pleasant-looking mansion, near the turnpike road, standing on a slope, and commanding a sweet prospect. The beautiful white rose tree, abounding with flowers, that climbs up one of the light pillars of the veranda, attracts every eye. Birch has an hospitable and benevolent owner. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble," Psa. xli. 1.

Pengethley, the residence of a much respected magistrate, is a sweet retreat: I hardly know one more so. The beauty and delightful situation of the mansion, the air of privacy and quietude which characterizes it, and the prospect of wood, water, and distant country which it commands, render it a sort of fairy land. Time presses, or I could willingly linger a day at Pengethley.

The church of Llanwarne bears a date so early as to puzzle the spectator. In the churchyard stands the mutilated remains of an ancient cross. I have often received a cheering welcome from the kind hearts in the farmhouse on the hill. One of its inmates forcibly reminds me of a schoolfellow to whom, in my boyish days, I was much attached.

How sweet the morn of life, when leaves
Were green upon the bough!
Then youth and spring went hand in hand,
But age and winter now.

* * * * * *

The commanding height of Acon-

bury, where a large Roman camp was once formed, is too alluring an object to be passed by. I have traversed its woody summit in goodly company, and am now on the top of Saddlebow. The hut of Mary Sebbert is only at the distance of a stone's cast. A few poles tied close together at the top, are spread out at the bottom and covered over with turf. In this cheerless hut dwells poor Mary, now about threescore years old. She has lived alone there already nearly thirty years; her mother lived and died there, and she hopes to die there too. "Where do you keep your gold watch and your silver spoons, and all the rest of your plate, Mary?" said I jocosely. "Oh, sir," said she, "if, by God's mercy, I get a bit of bread, and a potatoe from my little garden, it's all that I desire." I made a bargain with the poor woman, "I will give you a shilling now," said I; "and when you are rich, you shall give it me back again."

It is now midday, and the sun is pouring down his sultry beams. The grass and the hedges are apparently trembling in the heat; the white-faced, brown-sided Herefordshire cattle are busy, their teeth and tails both at work, the one tearing the herbage, and the other lashing away the flies. The grey horse under the tree yonder, is shaking his head in the shade to rid himself of his buzzing tormentors, switching himself with his long silky tail, while his impatient foot every now and then dashes the sod. Here is a large tree, standing at the entrance of a shady lane, covered with blossoms, with hundreds of humble-bees buzzing among the branches. They say the harvest will be a late one; but come it will, for seed time and harvest are appointed by the Holy One.

* * * * * *

I have gazed on the goodly prospect from the churchyard at Ross, and visited both Goodrich Castle and Goodrich Court, and am now drawing near to Symond's Yat. To describe the armoury and endless curiosities of Goodrich Court would be a tale too long to tell. Enough that I have been spell bound by the one and the other. It may be, that on a future day Goodrich Court may become the subject of my observations, meanwhile I am not unthankful for the attentions paid to me by the owner of this princely erection.

Among the olden customs of Herefordshire, there was one which I ought not to pass by. It was common at funerals to hire poor men, to take upon themselves the sins of the deceased person. A loaf of bread was delivered to the sin-eater over the corpse as it lay on the bier, together with a mazar bowl of maple, full of malt liquor, to be drank at the time. In consideration of these advantages, and the additional gift of sixpence in money, the sin-eater undertook to bear the deceased harmless on account of his sins, of whatever sort and kind they might have been, and also freed him from walking after death. It is supposed that this olden custom had reference to the scape goat in the old law, Lev. xvi. 21, 22. "And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness." Oh that we all, while we see the folly and evil of wandering from God, may discern our true scape-goat in the Redeemer, "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness," 1 Peter ii. 24.

Having crossed the river with two agreeable companions, I am ascending the steep towards Symond's Yat; every minute the prospect becomes more arresting and sublime. Here and there lie fragments that have broken away from the huge rocks beetling above them. The cottages on the opposite heights, with their orchards, seem to mount up to the very skies. At my feet, at this moment, crossing the rocky road, is a stream of black ants of an unusual size; yonder are two children at play, at a fearful height above me, and donkeys, laden with coal from the neighbouring forest of Dean, with their drivers, are passing to and fro, along the precipitous path.

We have gained the summit, the abrupt termination of Coldwell promontory, called Symond's Yat, or Gate, and the glorious prospect that has burst upon us has filled me with surprise and joy. I could scream with almost unbear-

able delight! The rolling river, solemn, deep, and dark, the grand mass of rock fearful in height, and arrestingly perpendicular; the woody amphitheatre stretching round, the ten thousand broad acres lying far and wide below, and the bright sky above, lit up by the burning sun, form together such a scene that the heart revels in the prodigality of beauty, sublimity, and glory, presented to the gaze of the spectator.

> What, then, if here such glowing scenes arise,
> Must be the goodly glories of the skies?

Subdued by the very excess of my delight, I have taken a calmer view of the extended prospect. I have leaned on the branches of the tree, growing right over the precipice, gazing on the depth profound. I have descended the extreme end of the rock, by the brushwood, so as to see in profile, the broad face of the stupendous steep, and now am one moment noting down my remarks, and the next, sharing with my companions the refreshments spread out on a napkin, on the rocky summit.

An aged man and two aged women, evidently drawing near to the end of their pilgrimage, have proffered us what little information they possess, concerning this rocky mountain, and in return, besides some little matter in the way of gratuity, they have received a part of our provisions, including a glass of good sherry for each of them. Even now their thank-offering is sounding in my ears. The blessing of the aged poor is a precious thing, and when duly earned and truly offered, it ought to be more highly valued than the "dust of diamonds."

* * * * * *

And is there a fairer scene, a more impressive spectacle than the pile of crags, arches, clefts, hanging woods, and roaring waters of the new Weir? Can it be, that the eye can gaze on a more arresting prospect, a yet more goodly and glorious assemblage of wood, rock, plain and water, of towering height and dark and deep abyss, than is to be found at Symond's Yat? Yes! It is possible, for now I am standing on the dizzy height of Windcliff, the most magnificent and sublime of British scenes. Full as my mind and memory are of the numberless beauties of the winding Wye, of Goodrich, the new Weir, the glowing scene at Symond's Yat, and of the eye and heart-arresting remains of Tintern Abbey, still I cannot but acknowledge here the presence of a mightier emotion, a more mysterious influence, a deeper tone of feeling, and a higher estimate of nature's charms then hitherto my mind has entertained: my cup of delight appears to be filled even to the brim. It would be hard to say how much of pleasure may be borne by mortal man; but my power to endure joy seems to be taxed to the uttermost; an addition either to my present enjoyment or to the boundless thankfulness of my heart to the more glorious and almighty Giver of this glorious scene, scarcely could I bear.

It has often been a subject of regret, that the liveliness of our emotions, when gazing on glowing scenes, should subside so quickly; but this is only one of the many merciful arrangements of our heavenly Father, who knows what we can, and what we cannot bear. Were our eyes ever sparkling with rapture, and our hearts always thrilling with emotion, we should be unfitted for the humbler and more commonplace duties of our existence. One hour of my present intensity of delight would subdue my strength for the remainder of the day.

I am gazing like a monarch from this exalted rocky throne on the wide-spread territory around me, too much excited to point out, in a systematic manner, the different objects that attract the eye, or to contrast the beauties on the east and west with those on the north and south. It pleases me more to revel, without restraint, in the unbounded prodigality that bewilders and enchants me.

I have heard that a celebrated poet, on visiting this place, full of enthusiastic and ardent anticipations, was so disgusted on finding two soldiers playing at cards on the proudest summit of this commanding cliff, that he hurried back from the scene utterly unable to overcome his disgust sufficiently to allow him the delight of feasting his eyes on the entrancing scene. Fully can I enter into his susceptibility.

Windcliff and Piercefield Park abound in all that is bold, beauteous, grand, awful, savagely wild, and extravagantly romantic. It is said that "a vast and well-preserved ruin is the most beautiful of buildings." Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey, two of the fairest ruins in England, are of themselves pictures of intense interest. The heights in the scenery

of Windcliff are tremendous; the precipices are fearful; the crags, hung with pendant plants, are fantastic; the woods are magnificent, and the fair prospect oppressively extensive. Rolling rivers, amphitheatres of woody heights, naked cliffs, huge ramparts of rock, and overhanging thickets, form but a part of this truly sublime and gorgeous panorama. In a word, would you find pleasure, the views from Ross churchyard, Caplor, Aconbury, and Saddleback will impart it; would you be awe struck, visit the new Weir; would you be excited, go to Symond's Yat; but would you have your whole heart and mind filled with wonder, magnificence, sublimity, exquisite delight, and unbounded thankfulness, stand where I am standing, and gaze on earth and heaven from the towering summit of Windcliff.

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. X.

NINETEENTH CLASS. SYNGENESIA.

In October, the approach of a bleaker season becomes more and more apparent. The ruddy glow of foliage, among many of the larger trees, gives a character of interest to the rural scene, and vegetation is gazed on with a feeling persuasion, that it is about to pass away. It is so also with plants and flowers, and even with the grass of the field. How frail must man be, for his life to be compared to the grass that withereth! How necessary, then, that he should prepare for eternity!

In the nineteenth class are arranged the plants whose flowers, all made up of a head of florets, have the anthers of their stamens united into a tube. It is divided into five orders, founded on the difference of the florets composing the head of the flower with respect to their stamens and pistils. 1. *Polygamia æqualis*, with all the florets of the head, of the same form and structure, that is, all flattish, as in the dandelion, or all tubular, as in the thistle. 2. *Polygamia superflua*, with the exterior florets of the head bearing pistils, and no stamens; the interior florets bearing both stamens and pistils. 3. *Polygamia frustanea*, with the exterior florets of the head without either stamens or pistils; while the interior florets have both stamens and pistils. 4. *Polygamia necessaria*, with the exterior florets of the head with stamens and no pistils; and the interior, with pistils and no stamens. 5. *Polygamia segregata*, with the flowers several together in a general calyx, each floret having beside its particular calyx.

One of the most common wild plants of the first order, is the dandelion, (*Leontodon taraxacum*,) which blossoms with a large golden yellow blossom, from May throughout the summer, and even in milder weather in the winter. The involucrum or general calyx has scales, which are frequently lax and feeble; the down of the seed is simple, with a short stalk; the leaves are long, toothed, and jagged, whence the name, dandelion, being from the French *dent de lion*, "the tooth of the lion." The leaves may be blanched and used in salad, like endive. The root is used medicinally, as an excellent bitter for affections of the stomach and liver.

As a flower, the dandelion is not much in request. Children may occasionally be seen forming chains of dandelions; but most of the flowers of the field have more influential attractions than this well-known ornament of the meadows. Still, however, it may perhaps be said with truth,

> On the moor, in the mead, or on garden ground,
> An ugly flower is not to be found.

The spear thistle (*Cirsium lanceolatum*) is one of the commonest of all the thistles of this country, being a biennial, flowering from July till September, or later. The blossom is reddish purple, and sometimes, though rarely, white. The compound calyx is bulging, and imbricated or tiled, with scales terminating each in a thorny point. The down of the seed is feathery and deciduous; the leaves run down the stem, are covered with rough hairs, and many cleft; the divisions generally two lobed, spreading and thorny, or prickly. It is the sort of which goldfinches are fond, and from which they are called thistle finches (*Distel fintaen*) in Germany and elsewhere. The variegated or milk thistle, (*Silybum marianum*,) of the garden, and the cotton thistle, (*Onopordon acanthium*,) are both of different genera from the spear thistle. These last are both often cultivated as the true Scotch thistle, but improperly, as they bear no resemblance to the imaginary heraldric plant so called, this being most like the musk thistle (*Carduus nutans*) of any other. All of them grow more or less commonly in Scotland.

In the second order, we find many

very common plants, both wild and cultivated, such as the field daisy, (*Bellis perennis*,) which may be met with in almost every field, blowing most abundantly in April and May; but occasionally throughout the summer, and even in winter. The blossom is white, with a yellow dish; but may be found of every variety of red, from pink to scarlet. The compound calyx is cup-shaped, with equal scales; the leaves are egg oblong, and notched; the flower stalk is without leaves, bearing a single flower. The double garden varieties are apt to become single, like the wild daisy, when their proper cultivation is neglected. The hen and chickens variety is a proliferous habit of some flowers, which is readily lost, like the double flowering habit, if the cultivation be not carefully attended to. The origin of the term daisy is said to be day's-eye, as Chaucer the poet explains it, from the flowers opening to the rising sun.

"Well, by reason men is calle maie,
The daisie, or else the eye of the daie.
She that is of all flowris the flowre
Fulfilled of all virtue and honoure;
And even alike fair and fresh of hewe,
As well in winter as in summer newe,
As soon as ever the sunne ginneth west,
To sene this flowre, how it will go to rest
For fear of night, so hasteth the darknesse;
Her chere is plainly spread in brightnesse
Of the sunne."

It is not unworthy of remark, how much our love of flowers may be increased by poetry. Attracted by the fragrance or beauty of a flower, the poet celebrates it in his verse, thus in a degree repaying the gratification he has enjoyed. The reader of the verses feels his sympathy increased for the eulogized flower, and he regards it with additional favour. Who can read the words of Montgomery,

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky;"

or those of the poet Burns,

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem,"

without feeling a more tender regard for the daisy? As it is with a fair and fragrant flower, so is it with a deed of kindness; for hardly more certain is an interesting flower to excite our regard, than a kind act is to call forth a deed of kindness in return.

The common groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*) belongs to this order, and is to be found but too commonly in every garden and field, as well as on rubbish, and in waste places, blowing all the year round, according to the time of the scattering of the seed. The blossom is yellow, without rays on the circumference; the compound calyx is cylindrical, the scales of which have their tips frequently of a brown colour; the down of the seed is not placed on a footstalk; the leaves are wing toothed, and somewhat embracing the stem. The elegant or American groundsel, (*S. elegans*,) a universal favourite belonging to this genera, frequently comes with double flowers, which are the most esteemed; but as the seed is not to be depended on for producing double flowers, slips may be readily struck in pots, or in the ground, with or without the aid of heat, and in this way choice varieties may be contrived from year to year, although the plant is annual.

Owing to that power of association which the mind possesses, the appearance of a flower frequently brings to memory scenes that are past. Perhaps hundreds of people have been reminded, by a sprig of groundsel, of some favourite bird, whose warbling at morn or eve has solaced their lonely musings. Then, again, the bird may be connected with some agreeable person, or interesting event, so that a train of circumstances may arise, connecting the present season with the past.

The fragrant breath and petals of a flower,
Will bring back many a by-gone sunny hour.

In the third order, also, are many very common plants, both wild and cultivated. The common blue bottle (*Centaurea cyanus*) is by no means uncommon in corn fields, though not so much so in England as in Scotland and on the continent. The wild plants are usually of a bright ultramarine blue; but when it is sown as an annual, in gardens, they come of numerous shades of purple and white. Among plants, indeed, colour is so uncertain, that Linnæus seldom took it into account to characterize a species; for it is found often to depend upon a difference of heat, climate, soil, and culture; and it is remarked, that red more readily changes into white and blue; blue into white and yellow; yellow into white; and white into purple. While colour is the most uncertain character of

the corolla, the form of the petals, of the same species, is more constant than that of the fruit. The seed down of this plant is simple; the scales of the calyx are serrated; the leaves are linear and entire; and the lowermost toothed.

The sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*) is an old and conspicuous favourite of the cottage garden, a native of South America, but hardy enough to stand our climate. It rises six or seven feet high, flowering from July throughout the autumn, with a very large yellow blossom, sometimes double. The compound calyx is tiled, spreading rather rigidly at right angles; the footstalk is thick, the heads drooping; the leaves are all heart-shaped and three ribbed.

> Where varied flowers the garden grace
> The sunflower holds its pride of place;
> With giant form, and face of gold,
> It stands the boldest of the bold.

There are many other sorts, such as the perennial, (*H. multiflorus*,) which looks not unlike a yellow dahlia, and is much cultivated in borders and shrubberies; and the Jerusalem artichoke, (*H. tuberosus*,) cultivated for its roots. The latter rarely flowers in this country. The plant is in no way connected with Jerusalem, the term, as here applied, being a corruption of the Italian *girasole*, meaning, "turn-to-the-sun," and all those flowers have a tendency to spread their broad disks to the quarter from which the greatest proportion of sunlight falls upon them, though in this they are not singular, as most other flowers have a similar tendency. The common opinion, that the sunflower turns itself daily round as the sun advances, is not correct, and may be refuted by the observation of any one who will take the trouble to watch one of those flowers at different periods of a bright day.

A few years ago, there was introduced from California, a very beautiful annual of this order, the common faireye, (*Calliopsis bicolor*, formerly *Coreopsis tinctoria*,) and is at once become a very general favourite in gardens. The flower is yellow in the circumference, and dark brown in the centre, this being of more or less breadth in the different varieties produced by cultivation: the compound calyx is double, each being many leaved; the seed vessel is flattish, having a margin round; the seed down is two horned; the leaves are much divided and fringed. A biennial, closely resembling this, named Atkinson's faireye, (*Calliopsis Atkinsoniana*,) flowers abundantly from June till killed by the frost.

In the fourth order, we find the marigold, (*Calendula*,) of which there are many species and varieties; great favourites in gardens, on account of their producing showy blossoms in the utmost profusion. The garden, or pot marigold (*C. officinalis*) grows wild in the South of France and Italy, and sows itself abundantly, so as to prove a weed, wherever it has been cultivated. In this country, it blows from June till killed by the frost in severe winters; but in mild winters it will sometimes continue to blossom till after Christmas. The compound calyx has many equal leaves; the seed vessel is boat shaped, covered with short sharp points, bent inwards; the leaves are broad and waved. Linnæus remarked, that the marigold flowers open at nine in the morning, and close up at three in the afternoon.

In this class the opening and shutting of flowers at different times of the day, is more common than in some of the other classes. Thus the dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and closes at nine. The mouse-ear hawkweed (*Hieracum pilosella*) opens at eight and closes at twelve. The sow thistle (*Sanchus*) opens at five, and closes between eleven and twelve. The goat's beard (*Tragopogon*) opens at three or four o'clock in the morning, and closes about noon, whence its country name of "go-to-bed-at-noon." The opening and shutting of such flowers, however, is very much influenced by the weather; for in rainy and gloomy weather, they sometimes do not open at all, and hence, the pretty little pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) is called the farmers' weatherglass, the flowers shutting up on the least appearance of moisture in the air. In this respect, also, the lesser centaury (*Enythrina centaurium*) is still more delicate; for unless the weather prove very bright and dry, the flowers rarely open at all.

The corn marigold (*C. arvensis*) is, in some parts of the country, particularly in Scotland, a great nuisance as a weed in cornfields, often rendering the whole surface one mass of yellow. It is not uncommon, also, as a weed in the gardens about London; but never multiplies so as to prove troublesome. It is much smaller, and of a paler yellow than the common garden marigold, and may always be known by its narrow sea-green, smooth leaves.

Illustrative of the fifth order, the student may find, in many gardens, the common globe thistle, (*Echinops sphærocephalus,*) a hardy perennial, indigenous to Austria, and several other parts of Europe, and introduced into this country in 1596. In its wild state it grows in any soil or situation, not more than two feet high; but by cultivation, in rich soil, it will rise to four or five feet. It blows in July and August, and ripens its seed in September. The blossom is light blue; the compound calyx one flowered; the florets tubular and bisexual; the heads bristly and beset with stiff spines; the leaves are many cleft, downy above, and woolly beneath; and the stem branching.

Linnæus himself made a sixth order, termed *Monogamia*, in this class, but this is not now adopted by any botanist, the plants arranged in it being more conveniently placed in the other orders.

TWENTIETH CLASS. GYNANDRIA.

In this class are arranged plants whose flowers have the stamens standing upon the pistil. There are seven orders.

1. *Monandria*, with "one stamen."
2. *Diandria*, with "two stamens."
3. *Triandria*, with "three stamens."
4. *Tetrandria*, with "four stamens."
5. *Pentandria*, with "five stamens."
6. *Hexandria*, with "six stamens."
7. *Octandria*, with "eight stamens."

In the first order, we find most of the British orchideous plants of which the common twayblade (*Listera ovata*, or *Neottia latifolia*) is a very good example. It may be found in woody places, in most parts of the country, and by the London student, near Woolwich. The blossom, which appears in May and June, is green. The leaves are broad, egg oblong, and two in number, by which it may be readily distinguished. The butterfly orchis, (*Platanthera bifolia,*) and the bee orchis, (*O. apifera,*) are also of this order.

In the second order, we have the lady's slipper, (*Cypripedium calceolus,*) which grows in some remote and little frequented woods in Yorkshire. The flower has four blue petals, long and pointed, with a large inflated nectary behind.

There are no British examples of the third, fourth, fifth, and seventh orders.

In the sixth order is placed birthwort, (*Aristolochia clematisis,*) whose roots have an aromatic scent, and are used in medicine as a warm bitter. The flowers are greenish yellow, and appear from May till August.

What grateful scenes! what pleasant hours
And happy thoughts we owe to flowers!
Or, rather, to His heavenly hand,
Who richly spreads them round the land!

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST AND THE INTERCESSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. And the Holy Spirit is making intercession for the saints according to the will of God. Christ is making intercession in the upper court; sitting on the right hand of the Father, in the third heaven; in glory, majesty, and power. The Holy Spirit is making intercession in the lower court, the court of conscience; sitting on his throne between fear and presumption, between a good hope and a fictitious hope; in the midst of poverty, faith, and corruption, fitting and preparing such characters as these unclean and defiled creatures, for the enjoyment of a holy God.

Jesus Christ is making intercession, where no enemy can hurt him. The Holy Spirit is making intercession with the saints, and for them; while they are on earth, wrestling against principalities and powers,—rulers of darkness, and spiritual wickedness in high places, or rather, against wicked spirits in the starry heaven, the prince of the power of the air, the spirits that work in the children of disobedience, going about like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour. The Holy Spirit feeds and strengthens the breath of prayer in the saints, while they are surrounded by pillars of smoke and flaming fire.

Jesus Christ, in our nature, without sin, in heaven, is making intercession for transgressors. The Holy Spirit, upon earth, is framing the minds of corrupt men and women to pray, to seek God, and draw nigh unto him. It is He that renews, purifies, and cleanseth them, with the washing of water by the word; He opens the eyes of the blind, and unstops the ears of the deaf; He makes the lame man to leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing aloud the praises of God.

Jesus Christ is making intercession above; with our names on his breastplate, written with atoning blood, he appears before God for us: the Holy

Spirit is making intercession in the name of Jesus, to glorify him in the sight of all saints. By the first, he raises our names into honour above; by the latter, he raises the name of Jesus into honour with men.

Jesus performs the office of an Intercessor without us, before the Father in heaven. But the Spirit, by quickening and moving us to act, and setting our harps in order, is making intercession for us. Faith and repentance are graces of the Holy Spirit; but he will neither believe nor repent for us. We must believe and repent, or be condemned for ever. It is not the Spirit; but we must go to Christ for life and for salvation; but he sweetly draws us by the cords of love. He does not sanctify himself for us, but we are under his sanctifying influences. We shall be like our Head. We know not what we shall be; but we know that when Christ our life shall appear, we shall be like him; we shall see him as he is, and be for ever with him. Then shall we be satisfied, when we shall awake in his likeness. It is our duty to pray for the forgiveness of our sins. It is our duty to mortify the lusts of the flesh, that war against the spirit. The Holy Spirit of God will not do these things for us; but he is able to give us power, and life, and vigour to do them. He will never understand and love the truth for us; but he leadeth us into all truth, and sheds abroad the Saviour's love in our hearts, and that shall kindle ours.

As our Intercessor, Jesus Christ stands between us and the righteous Lawgiver, on the foundation of the infinite merit of his atoning sacrifice; and as our Intercessor, the Holy Spirit stands between Christ and his bride, increasing her faith, inflaming her love, and fixing her hope on him alone; so that she rejoices in Christ Jesus, and shelters, until the morning, under the sign of the blood of sprinkling.

Jesus has bound up all the covenant engagements, and laid them down in the heavenly sanctuary, having obtained for us an eternal redemption, and the Holy Spirit brings sinners to the bond of peace here on earth, so that they are partakers of the one God, one faith, one baptism, one inheritance, one hope, built upon the same foundation.

Christ, our Advocate in heaven, is our glorious representative. Notwithstanding that many voted against him, he is lawfully elected. The eternal power, also, is on his side. The stone that the builders rejected, is chosen chief corner stone. He was carried home from Mount Olivet, in a chariot of angels, to appear before God for us. The pollution of our most holy things are purified by him, and our services rendered acceptable to God by his sweet-smelling savour. And he answers, before the Father, all the accusations that are brought against us by the accuser of the brethren. And by his intercession he keeps open the door that he opened by his sacrifice. The veil that he rent can never be mended; the road that he opened can never be shut. It is a free road; the turnpike gate he removed; the handwriting that was against us he blotted out.

The Spirit, by his intercession in the saints upon earth, maintains the spirituality of Divine worship. For God is a Spirit, and those who worship him aright, must worship him in spirit and in truth. And those that are in the flesh cannot please God. It is the intercession of the Spirit that keeps life in the word, and gives relish to those rich provisions that are exhibited in the everlasting gospel; so that the bread is never mouldy, the wine never sour, the water never insipid, and the salt never tasteless. It is the Holy Spirit that confirms our hope, increases our faith, and inflames our love. Christ, in heaven, is the life of our redemption; the Spirit, on earth, is the life of the ministry, and the ordinances of the gospel.

Nothing can stop the sound of the bell of the High Priest above, in the *sanctum sanctorum;* nor the sound of Almighty God upon earth. Most awful thundering, and the sound of many waters, are heard and felt by many, through the operations of the Spirit, when he convinces the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; and the sound of harpers tuning their harps, in most unspeakable joys, and most glorious praise, are rending the air, when sinners are brought to the knowledge of the truth, and obtaining hope in Jesus. "I will draw all men to myself," is the motto of Christ. "I will draw all men to Jesus," is the motto of the Spirit.

Further: we would notice the duration of the Holy Spirit's office: "For he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." To be made partakers of the Holy Spirit, as the Spirit of faith, the Spirit of grace, and the Spirit of adoption and sanctifica-

tion, is a privilege belonging, not only to the apostles and primitive Christians, as the gift of working miracles; but it is a privilege belonging to all the saints of God. While the vessels of Christ are full of treasures, and the vessels of mercy are not full, the Holy Spirit will abide with us, and continue in his office.

The church of God has suffered great loss in every age. Many strong pillars, and tall and shady cedars, are fallen. The prophets, and evangelists, and the apostles; the reformers, the martyrs, and hundreds of most useful ministers have been removed from this world to the world of spirits; and have left the church in the wilderness to mourn and lament after them, saying, The "fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" But it is the joy, consolation, and support of the church, that the Holy Spirit abideth with her, and in her. Though the ship on the briny ocean has lost her hands, however strong and powerful they might have been to pull the ropes; and however quick in their motions to climb up the masts, and let down the small boats, to take the drowned and drowning on board; they are all gone one after another, and new hands engaged to take their places: but the Captain, the ship's Owner, is still living, and his feet have never been off her board one moment since he took the register book and the compass in his hand, on the day of Pentecost. He never will meet with accidents, old age, nor death. Brethren in the ministry, this is our consolation!

The Spirit that blessed the labours of departed brethren is with us; yes, he dwelleth with us, and is in us. O, my brethren, seek his aid, and fervently pray for his outpouring on our congregations. Bless God, that the office of the Author of faith, and the Sanctifier of polluted sinners, is not shut up. Oh let us all pray, that he may pour down showers of blessings upon us. Amen.—*Christmas Evans.*

SHOPS IN CHINA.

The plan of the shops in China is very much influenced by circumstances. If the depth be not very great, and the street be wide, the light that enters in at the door and a large window is deemed sufficient; but if the street be narrow, and the depth of the shop considerable, an opening is left in the roof of the building. In this case the shop is often divided into an anterior and posterior apartment by a partition. Galleries run round the interior, and serve for the accommodation of different kinds of stores. The partition is often very diffusely ornamented with carved work, gilding, scrolls of coloured paper, and above all, with an elegant tablet, bearing the owner's name. In the better kind of shops, the fittings are very pretty, and exhibit a great deal of neatness and taste in their arrangement. The goods are placed upon shelves, laid up in drawers, or displayed in glass cases. For the last, perhaps, they are indebted to a hint obtained from Europeans; for it is observable, that the most attractive shops are those which are furnished with goods to be sold to foreigners, or with foreign goods for the use of natives. The extent of European influence may be traced in Canton, by obvious signs of improvement, though that influence be oftentimes no greater than what is associated with a transfer of commodities. The superiority of the manufactures from Europe, naturally suggests to a Chinese the propriety of seeking for a shop, which, in the order of its furniture, exhibits a superior attention to beauty, and a correspondence of parts. The old and new China streets excel all others in the extensive suburbs of Canton, in the style of paving, the elegance of the shops, and the variety of goods they are stored withal. Now these goods are intended expressly for the accommodation of foreigners, who keep a running account with the shopmen, and give their orders with as much facility and good understanding as they do in their own country. The shopmen speak a language which is a curious mixture of Chinese, Portuguese, and English, with here and there a sprinkling from other sources. The shops which rank next after those in old and new China streets are met with in a narrow street, not far from them. These are furnished with European wares for sale among the Chinese, and, as hinted above, present a neat and tasteful appearance. The persons who wait upon customers in them, are generally well dressed, and not unfrequently gentlemen, in the grace and urbanity of their address. Most, if not all of these, are strangers to the English language, and have little need of it, as their business lies chiefly among natives. The air of

improvement which a European diffuses around him, even in the celestial land, as they fondly term it, is a circumstance worthy of note, as it affords a silent, but powerful reply to pompous and abusive edicts, and shows, in the way of practical encouragement, that the common people of China are not so conceited, or so stereotyped, as not to adopt a useful hint, when fairly placed within their reach. At the head of the shops, which have not hitherto received any improving hints from abroad, may be ranked the apothecary's. And, if we except the glass window and the showy array of glistening jars, it is a counterpart of our own. The wall behind the counter is occupied with drawers, which contain various medicaments of a dry and herbaceous kind. Above these are shelves, whereon are ranged rows of China jars, filled with liquids and moist preparations. The natives, though manufacturers of glass, seem to prefer the porcelain jar to the transparent vessel. The glass workers make bottles of small dimensions, which are very neat in figure, and very convenient for small quantities. The writer found them very opportune for diminutive and tender objects of natural history. But the use of bottles, of a large size, is confined to natives, who sell ardent spirits to the foreigner. The vessel is of foreign extraction; but the fiery and pernicious ingredient is a native product. The druggist has not yet condescended to adopt the European fashion, and perhaps has little need, as the jars are very sightly, and answer his purpose very well. We see him sometimes engaged in dispensing a prescription, selecting the several ingredients, in their respective quantities, as set down in the written formulæ sent by the physician, and exhibiting throughout a diligence that very well agrees with the importance of what he is doing. The pestle and mortar are seen, but their use, in the case of medicinal woods and roots, is superseded by the plane. By means of this instrument, the drug is cut into thin slices; and it must be confessed, that this is a more elegant plan than that of reducing it to powder, and, perhaps, a more appropriate one; for in decoction, the common form in which medicine is administered in China, the more active parts are taken up by the water, while the woody and the inert are left behind. Rhubarb, for example, instead of being reduced to the form of a powder, is cut into a thin slice, and may be fastened to paper for the entertainment of the physiological botanist.

The shops in which the swallows' nest is prepared and sold, are numerous. A nest of drawers, at the back of the counter, hold these precious articles of diet in different states, and of different qualities. The shopmen are occupied in separating the feathers and other impurities from the gelatinous parts. As the front of the shop is open, the process is fully exposed to the gazer's view; in fact, mechanical operations and manipulations are conducted in sight of the public, after the manner of the smiths, etc. in this country. The painters' shops are numerous in certain streets, and make a gay figure from the number of highly-coloured drawings exposed for show. The artist works full in the view of passengers, who very rarely stop to inspect his handy achievements, unless a stray foreigner happens to stop and gaze for better information. "What does he think of the things which we admire?" is an interesting question, and never failed to collect a great crowd of persons, to the great annoyance sometimes of the shopman, and the interruption of the public thoroughfare. The shoemakers' shops are very gay, as the shoes worn by ladies' maids, and persons of better circumstances, whose feet have not been marred, are richly embroidered, and set in rows for effect and display. Their soles are an inch or more in thickness, to increase the height of the wearer, as tallness is regarded as an accomplishment in China. Shoes worn by gentlemen are black, as colours, in this part of their dress, are reckoned unbeseeming. Pawnbrokers' shops are not unfrequent. One, within the recollection of the writer, stood at the back of a court yard. The window was long, and so high above the ground, that the persons who pledged their goods had to hold them higher than their heads, in order that the broker might receive them. By this contrivance thievery was prevented, and the men had leisure to inspect the goods before they made their offer for them. But the article is soon labelled, and its duplicate, with the money, handed to the individual. The makers of looking glasses are to be found very thickly planted in the suburbs of Canton. The greater portion of the glass made in China, is intended for this purpose, and hence, after it is blown into a large hollow spheroid, the workman proceeds to cut it with a diamond into plates

of given dimensions for mirrors. The process of silvering is very simple; a little mercury is spread over the surface of the glass, and confined there by the application of a sheet of lead foil. These looking glasses form an essential part of the ladies' dressing cases, wherewith many shops are largely stored, in company with pictures of the Chinese female wearing the softest smile the painter could impart to a very comely face. Glass is stained green or blue, and wrought into beads, rings, earrings, bracelets, ornaments for the hair, and so forth. They are ground upon a stone, which alternates within a case or frame; but does not revolve, for the Chinese have not yet lighted upon the device of a scissor-grinder's machine, by which he can turn a wheel with his foot, at any reasonable rate he pleases. The simple business of grinding a bead, is executed with labour, and at much cost of that patience for which the natives are so well distinguished. The mention of a wheel for turning, will prepare us for the clockmaker's shop, which is very common in some parts of Canton. As to the qualities of these timekeepers, experiment does not enable the writer to offer an opinion; but, perhaps, it will be enough to say, that the workman turns the wheel with one hand, while he applies the object to it with the other. He once took some pains to show a man, that the wheel ought to be turned by the foot, that both hands might be used to guide the object to be shaped and polished. They took the hint of clockmaking from foreigners; but have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the lathe. In some of the retired streets, those monuments of patience, the ivory workers, may be seen, scraping the elephant's tusk into those beautiful forms which we so much admire in this country. The mother of pearl counters are executed by the same hands, and oftentimes with the nicest touches of beauty and finish. The work is performed by a variety of chissels, which lie in a pile on the bench by the side of the artist.

Vessels made of thin brass, and beautifully painted, furnish employment for the labourer, and articles for display in many shops. Urns, ewers, basins, and vessels of various forms and sizes, are made of this material. The colours are laid on with the pencil, as the painter sits upon a stool, and rests the jug against the bench. The landscapes and portraits upon the best China ware are also laid on with the pencil. Pewter is manufactured into pots, urns, and other vessels of playful device. A shop, furnished with these things, is a very pretty sight; the antique nature of the pattern and the brightness of the polish, are often curiously contrasted with each other. Not a few shops are furnished with desks, trunks, and cases for Europeans; and as their judgment and discrimination are well known, these articles are made in a style very different from those that are meant for natives. For one, a pleasing outside will do, but the other demands the highest skill, with the best of materials. G. T. L.

OLD HUMPHREY ON CHARACTER.

There are many people who find much gratification in observing others. Wherever they are, whatever they see and hear, and with whomsoever they associate, they are always on the lookout for those peculiarities that constitute character. You shall have a few of my characters; they are oddly tumbled together; but you may pick out here and there, what may prove to be seasonable information.

There are weak-minded and feeble-bodied invalids, who are never well, and who never would be well if they could. The doctor must call, the draught must be taken, and every friend must tell them, on pain of serious displeasure, that they look very ill, and must take great care of themselves. I have met with a few of these.

There are quiet folks in the world, who let others have their way, who sit and laugh in their sleeves, and withal get pitied and petted into the bargain. This class is somewhat scarce; but it has come within the range of my observation.

There are ignorant, hot-headed, high-minded, hurley-burley blusterers, who tyrannize wherever they have power. To rail at servants, to look big and call about them at inns and other places, and to quarrel with the feeble and timorous is their delight.

There are tattling gad-abouts, who can no more withhold from the whole neighbourhood anything they may happen to know or hear, than a cackling hen, that has just laid an egg. Be it true or false, let it do good or evil, the story must be told. Sorry am I to say,

that the tribe of the gad-abouts is a numerous one.

There are kind-hearted souls, who can never be happy themselves, unless they can make others so. Half a dozen such as these in a village, and a score in a town, do more real good, and fling around them more sunshine, than a hundred merely respectable inhabitants. Oh, how I love to fall in with a being of this description!

There are free givers, who have not a particle of charity. They will head a subscription, visit a benevolent institution, put largely in the plate at the church or chapel door, and plead the cause of the widow and the orphan. These things are done "that they may be seen of men," and "verily they have their reward."

There are passionate persons, so hot and peppery, so truly combustible, that a word will throw them into a blaze. Whether the offence be small or great, intended or accidental, it is all one. They are like loaded guns, which go off when the least thing touches the trigger. Of such a one as this it was aptly said,

> "He carries in his breast a spark of ire,
> That any fool may fan into a fire."

There are thoughtful men who remain at home, and grow wise; and there are thoughtless wanderers who go abroad, and come back ignorant. It is not what the eye sees, but what the mind reflects on, that supplies us with wisdom.

There are persons who, acting from sudden impulse, make use of such high-flown exclamations on trifling occasions, that they have no suitable words for occurrences of importance. They know nothing of the positive and comparative, but always make use of the superlative. The squeaking of a mouse and the fall of a church spire would call forth the same ejaculation. The offenders of this class are usually feminine.

There are indolent indulgers of themselves, so lethargic that they can make no effort, except on occasions of extraordinary necessity, like the glutton that gorges himself to supply his hunger, and then relapses into his accustomed torpidity.

There are busybodies, whose own business seems not to be of half so much importance to them as the occupations of others. These sift trifling matters to the bottom; make much of little things, and do a plentiful deal of mischief to all around them. They gain the credit of knowing every body and every thing. Some court them, some fear them, and some despise them; but every one dislikes them.

There are susceptible, affectionate, and impulsive spirits, who quickly manifest their kind-hearted feelings, but do not retain them. Like the spark that gives a momentary warmth and brightness, and is suddenly extinguished, their emotions come and go with the occasion that calls them forth. With many of this class have I held communion.

There are well-meaning, weak-minded simpletons, who cannot say, No! but agree in every thing with every body; such sentences as these are ever in their mouths:—"You are right, sir!" "True! true! true!" "Exactly so!" "It cannot be otherwise!" "Undoubtedly!" "To be sure it is!" "That is what I say!" "There is no question about the matter!" "I see! I see!"

There are silent and reflecting observers of men and things, who commonly hear and see, and say nothing. They neither approve nor condemn audibly, and many imagine that they have no opinion; yet there are times when they can speak. When you meet with such an one, hold him, and let him not go; for he is worth his weight in gold.

There are speakers fond of fine words: they are so self-sufficient and ill instructed as to confound simple language with a deficiency of intellect, thereby undervaluing what is really an attainment of a high order, and only to be acquired by much study and practice. Students of this kind abound.

There are thankless repiners, who always remember to complain of the least of their troubles, and always forget to rejoice and thank God for the boundless blessings he has so liberally bestowed. A thankless spirit is a curse to its possessor.

There are true cocoa nut friends, who with a rough outside possess great kindness of heart. These speak rather with their hands than their tongues; with their deeds, than with their words. If you have such a friend, value him; for you may go far, and not find another.

There are polished and plausible persons who have ever fair words at their disposal. They promise freely, but perform slowly. There is a silky softness in their persuasions, that ill prepares

you for disappointment. Have a care, my friends, the velvet-like paw of a cat conceals talons that are dangerous.

There are rude, unmannerly guzzlers, who take a pride in making themselves at home wherever they go, to the great annoyance of all who are not of the same stamp with them. They who show no respect to others are utterly undeserving of it themselves.

There are hard-hearted, callous-minded, money-getting, mammon-clutchers, on whom a tale of distress has no more effect than a ball has on the stone wall against which it is thrown. Where the soul is absorbed in getting, the heart has little pleasure in giving. These mammon clutchers are a numerous family.

There are habitual and industrious Bible readers, who set a value on the word of God, above all earthly things. It is a stronghold where they go for safety; a treasure house where they obtain riches, and a never-failing source of wisdom, encouragement, doctrine, reproof, and correction in righteousness. If you know any of this class, keep up your acquaintance with them.

There are poetical sentimentalists, who revel in the beauties of creation, and prefer worshipping God in the green fields on the sabbath, to meeting in his house with his people. Their sentiment may be fine, and their poetry excellent; but their piety is of a very doubtful character. If we truly love God, we truly desire, whatever may be our infirmities, to obey God, "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together," according to his word.

There are proud and supercilious sceptics, who affect to pity simple-minded Christians, preferring pride and destruction to humility and peace. They feed on husks, and refuse the fatted calf; they sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind; and they live without the hope of eternal life, and lay up thorns for a dying pillow. I am afraid that the number of this class is on the increase.

There are mercy-loving men, who practise kindness to man and beast, and refrain from treading on a creeping thing. Mercy is a glorious attribute! freely have we received of it, freely let us bestow it. A friend of this sort in a shadowy hour is as balm to a rankling wound.

There are ill-natured and imperious churls, who are more willingly employed in giving pain than pleasure. They have no bowels of compassion, tenderness, and mercy, but love to reprove, to condemn, to afflict, and oppress. "The instruments of the churl are evil," Isa. xxxii. 7.

There are compassionate spirits, whose charity is without judgment; the semblance of woe is enough to call forth their pity. With them an impostor in rags is always more successful than a poor woman decently clad, or a distressed man in a whole coat. I have half a dozen people in my eye, while I make this remark.

There are unstable, whining, weak-headed changelings, who are not to-day what they were yesterday, nor will they be to-morrow what they are to-day. As well may you desire the weathercock, on the church steeple, to keep to one point, as expect them to be steady in their purposes. The less you have to do with friends of this kind, the better.

There are narrow-minded men, ay, and women too, who have humanity enough to do a deed of kindness, but not generosity enough to abstain from upbraiding the receiver of it. With one hand they give, with the other they smite. You never hear the last of any act they perform. For a pennyworth of goodwill they exact a pound's worth of acknowledgments. Their little drops of honey are mingled with much wormwood and gall.

There are grateful spirits that, come good or ill, are always "singing of mercy." To them the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. A spirit of this kind is worth a sea full of sapphires!

There are prating old men, who talk much about themselves: often are they grave when they should be gay; frequently do they give advice to their neighbours abroad, while they stand in need of it at home, and continually, while they appear to others as strong, wise, and good, do they feel themselves to be weak, ignorant, and sinful. Come, come, I have hit at last upon something so much like my own character, that I must stop awhile, and muse upon it. If any thing that I have brought forward is suitable to your case, if, in this budget of odds and ends, you should find a cap that will fit you, put it on and wear it awhile for the sake of Old Humphrey.

THE LARCH.—No. I.

(*Pinus Larix.*)

EXPLANATION OF CUT.—*a*, male catkin. *c*, calyx and stamina. *d*, female catkin, or immature cone. *e*, embryo, magnified. *f*, single scale of the cone, with its winged seeds. *g*, cone.

NATURAL ORDER. Abietinæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Monœcia, Monadelphia.

Barren flowers in an ovate, sessile, deciduous catkin. Calyx cup-shaped, sessile, containing the receptacle to which the stamens are attached; anthers yellow. *Fertile flowers* in an elongated, cylindrical, sessile catkin; scale acute, coloured, a mid-rib rising from between the two embryos at its base. Cones oblong-ovate, about one inch in length, brown when ripe. Scales persistent, roundish, slightly waved at the margin. A tall pyramidal tree, deciduous, blossoming in March or April.

"The larch has hung all its tassels forth."
MRS. HEMANS.

To include the larch, which is neither indigenous to our island, nor long naturalized among us, in a series of papers on the trees of England, may, to one uninformed on the subject, at first appear to be erroneous. Yet among the whole range of our sylva, it would be difficult to specify any tree in the present day so extensively cultivated in our land, or one which yields a more abundant and valuable supply of useful timber. Like the Scotch fir, of which we have already spoken, the larch is classed among the natural order *Abietinæ*, a family equally distinguished by the peculiar and yet similar appearance of its members; the strength, durability, and general utility of the timber they afford; the resinous secretions they exude; the extensive and wide-spread regions which they cover; and their remarkable adaptation to those exposed and elevated situations which, but for these valuable timber trees, would appear as useless blanks on the face of creation.

In this numerous and universally diffused family, the larch holds no mean station. It is inferior only to the pine in the utility of its products, or the extent of country which it inhabits; and in many repects is greatly its superior. "It bears," says Sang, "the ascendancy over the Scotch pine in the following important circumstances: it brings double the price, at least, per measurable foot; it will arrive at a useful timber size in one-half or a third part of the time in general which the fir requires; and, above all, the timber of the larch at thirty or forty years old, when placed in soil and climate adapted to the production of perfect timber, is in every respect superior to that of the fir at one hundred years old."

The larch is the only member of this family which sheds its leaves annually. Hence it may be considered as the connecting link between evergreen and deciduous trees: like the latter, it loses its foliage in autumn, and renews it in the spring, while its woody cones, resinous secretions, erect and spiry trunk, and pendulous or horizontal frond-like branches, identify it with the former. It differs from the Scotch fir in the arrangement of its leaves, which, instead of being inserted spirally in pairs upon the branches, are disposed in groups round a central bud; the cones, too, of the larch are erect, those of the fir drooping.

There are but two species of the larch—the one indigenous to Europe, the other to America: of the former there are several varieties, though the difference between them is very trifling. It is found only in the south of Europe, on the Alps, the Apennines, the Carpathian mountains, and those in the south of Russia. The altitude at which it will grow, and even produce valuable timber, is far beyond that of any other tree cultivated among us. On this point the statements of the duke of Athol, the most extensive and experienced of British larch growers, is very strong. "One of the greatest advantages of planting larch, is derived from its peculiar property of thriving in very elevated situations. The Scotch pine thrives at an elevation below nine hundred feet, but the larch extends to sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and it may ascend higher. This is an important fact in a

national point of view; much of the mountain land of Great Britain, which is at present worthless, may grow timber to supply her navy and merchant shipping, without at all interfering with the land which produces her cereal crops, or even her fine pasture land." From the experience of forty-three years, he states his decided opinion, that at an height of from twelve hundred to sixteen hundred feet, an acre in seventy years will grow four hundred trees, yielding an average of at least one load of timber each.

The average height to which the larch attains is from eighty to one hundred feet, though it frequently exceeds one hundred feet. The trunk is straight and tapering, and its diameter small in proportion to its length. The branches are long, and spread at first horizontally, though they afterwards droop, so that the tree acquires a conical shape. The leaves, which are short and linear, spread from the sheath which incloses them, and are sometimes recurved at the tip: they are of a very light green, and grow in clustered tufts round a central bud. The catkins appear at the same time with the leaves; those containing the stamens are globular, and vary in colour, being white, yellow, pink, red, or dark, or light yellow, in the different species. The red or pink flowered larch is that most commonly planted. The cones also vary in colour, from white to red, while young; when full grown they acquire a brownish tinge, and are about one inch in length. The scales are roundish, and rather notched at the margin.

Although the larch will grow in almost any soil and situation, the value and durability of its timber entirely depends on its being planted in coarse gravelly soil, and in a dry and clear atmosphere, not too closely together. On rich ground, and in sheltered situations, though it grows rapidly, and its external appearance is no way affected, it is attacked and soon destroyed by the rot. This disease commences at the root, and spreads rapidly upwards through the centre of the tree, enlarging by degrees, till the interior of the trunk becomes tough and spongy, and ultimately hollow within, like a pump. A peat, clay, sandy, or wet soil has generally been found to produce the rot; yet, even in such situations, though the timber produced is utterly unfit for naval use, yet if cut down just as the rot is beginning to appear, it will be useful for many minor purposes. Matthew, who has given much attention to the subject, observes, that sound rock or gravel, even though nearly bare of vegetable mould, and some of the stones of enormous size, are favourable to the growth of the larch, as well as rough ground, as chasms, or ravines, and steep and rugged hills. In such situations the loose soil allows the roots free passage, and the moisture they imbibe from rain or the mountain streamlets percolates through them without stagnating; the dryness of the surface not producing cold by evaporation, sooner heats in spring, while the elevated and exposed situation refreshes and nourishes the plant during the heat of summer. A clear and dry atmosphere is also essentially necessary to the prosperity of the larch. It is a well established fact in vegetable physiology, that the leaves of every plant perform the very important office of elaborating and rendering fit for nutrition the sap absorbed at the roots, by exposing it to the influence of light and air, and exhaling through the innumerable, though invisible, *stomata*, or pores, with which they are endowed, those noxious or useless particles which may have been imbibed. To the vegetable creation the leaves discharge the same necessary office as the lungs to the animal creation, which receive the blood which has circulated through the human system, purify it from any impurities it may have contracted, and restore it to the heart, thence again to perform its vital functions. The leaves of the larch are remarkably fine and minute, and therefore present but little surface for the action of the solar ray, and have comparatively few of the *stomata;* hence, if the tree is planted where the moisture of the atmosphere would even diminish or clog this evaporation, or where the fertility of the soil supplies nourishment faster, or in a larger quantity, than the leaves can digest, it must suffer. Professor de Candolle, therefore, observes: "Larches generally thrive on the declivities of mountains, seldom on flat places; because on declivities there is always a little dampness in the earth, descending from the surface above; and at the same time, the trees, on account of the inequality of their bases, have more space at their tops, and are better exposed to the light; whereas flat places are often too dry, and the trees being all of the same height, overshadow each other. Declivities, and, in general, ele-

vated countries, suit larches best, because the action of the light is more intense there than in low countries." An inland situation, too, all writers on the subject agree in recommending. The sea, as the professor observes, produces dampness in the air from the moisture it exhales, while the saline particles deposited on every object within its sphere, would clog the *stomata*, and retard evaporation. The duke of Athol, whose experience was his only guide, has published the results of his forty years' observations, and these completely corroborate the theory here alluded to.

TANJORE IN 1806.

The reader will be interested by the following letter from Dr. Buchanan to the Rev. John Newton, written from Tanjore. Most of the particulars were printed by Dr. Buchanan in his "Christian Researches in Asia," but they are here given in a graphic and concentrated form.

Tanjore, 1st Sept. 1806.

My dear Sir—It is seldom that any thing occurs in India worthy of being communicated to you, but the subject of a letter from this place will, I doubt not, be interesting.

It is now about four months since I left Bengal, having purposed to travel from Calcutta to Cape Comerin by land. I had conceived the design of this journey some years ago: being desirous of obtaining a more distinct knowledge of the present state of the Hindoos and Mohammedans in various parts of India; also of the Protestant and Romish missions in the Deccan; of the ancient Syrian Christians in Travancore; and of the Jews at Cochin. I have now nearly accomplished my tour, and though some principal objects remain to be explored, I have already obtained such valuable information on many important subjects, as amply compensates for the labour and peril of so long a journey.

When in the province of Orissa, I visited the celebrated Hindoo temple of Juggernaut. One of the students of the college of Fort William has now the superintendence of the pagoda, and is the collector of the tax on pilgrims. I passed about ten days in making observations on it. Juggernaut appears to me to be the chief seat of Moloch in the whole earth, and the centre of his dominion in the present age. The number of his worshippers is computed by hundreds of thousands. Four thousand pilgrims entered the gates with me on the day previous to the grand festival of the Rutt Jattra, at Juggernaut. I first saw human victims devote themselves to death, by falling under the wheels of the moving tower in which the idol is placed. There I saw the place of sculls, called Golgotha, where the dogs and vultures are ever seen, expecting their daily corpse. There I beheld the obscene worship of Moloch in open day, while a great multitude, like that in the Revelation, uttered their voices, not in hosannas, but in yells of applause at the view of the horrid shape, and at the actions of the high priest of infamy, who is mounted with it on the throne. There is nothing harmonious in the praise of Moloch's worshippers; but rather a hissing approbation. Exhausted and disgusted with the daily horror of the scene, I at length hastened away from the place with some trepidation. Three days afterwards, when I was on the banks of the Chilka Lake, I beheld the towers of Juggernaut afar off: while I viewed them, its abominations came to my remembrance, and I cursed it in the name of the church of God. How different is that valley of Hinnom, from the scene which now presents itself to me here among the Christian churches of Tanjore! Here there is becoming dress, humane affections, and rational converse. Here the feeble-minded Hindoo exhibits the Christian virtues in a vigour which greatly surprised me. Here Christ is glorified. And this is the scene which now prompts me to write to you.

But I ought first to inform you, that I have visited other places where the gospel is preached to the Hindoos.

I had intended to have been at Vellore on the 8th of July, which was two days before the massacre; but the providence of God retarded my steps. I was visited by a fever, which confined me for some time in a caravansera.

Lord Bentinck, the governor of Madras, desired I would suggest what might occur to me in my progress through the Deccan, as most likely to ameliorate the state of the newly-converted Christians. In some places they have suffered persecution. This persecution has, however, been thus far useful

that it shows the serious change of mind in the Hindoo who can bear it: for it is often alleged in India, that the Hindoo can never be so much attached to Christ as the Brahmin is to his idol.

When I was at Tranquebar, I visited the church built by the pious Ziegenbalg. His body lies on one side of the altar, and that of Grundler on the other. Above are the epitaphs of both, written in Latin, and engraved on plates of brass. The church was consecrated in 1718, and Ziegenbalg and Grundler both died within two years after; I saw also the dwelling house of Ziegenbalg, which is yet in the state he left it. In the lower apartment are yet kept the registers of the church. In them I found the name of the first heathen baptized by Ziegenbalg, and recorded by himself in 1707. I also saw old men whose fathers had seen Ziegenbalg. I first heard in Ziegenbalg's church, and from the pulpit where he preached, the gospel published to the Hindoos in their own tongue. On that occasion they sung the 100th Psalm to Luther's tune. To me it was an affecting scene. Tranquebar, however, is not what it was. It is only the classic ground of the gospel. European infidelity has eaten out the truth like a canker. A remnant indeed is left; but the glory has departed to Tanjore.

When I entered the province of Tanjore, the Christians came out of the villages to meet me; and here, first, I heard the name of Swartz pronounced by a Hindoo. When I arrived at the capital, I waited on Mr. Kolhoff, the successor of Mr. Swartz. Here, also, I found two other missionaries, Rev. Dr. John, and Mr. Horst, who were on a visit to Mr. Kollhoff. They told me that the company's resident, Captain Blackburne, had apartments ready for my reception, and that he had despatched a letter to me (which missed me) some days before, informing me, that the rajah of Tranjore was desirous of seeing me. I asked the missionaries how the rajah came to hear of me. They said, that the resident had got a copy of my Memoir, and of Mitchell's Essay.

On the same day I paid my respects to the resident, who informed me, that the rajah had appointed next day at twelve to receive me. On our entrance (the resident accompanied me to the palace) the rajah arose from his sofa, and advancing some steps, took me by the hand, and seated me on his right. After a short conversation, he led me up stairs to a magnificent saloon, fitted up in the English and Indian taste, and embellished with the portraits of Savajee, his great ancestor, and the other kings of Tanjore. Immediately on entering, he led me up to the portrait of the late Mr. Swartz. Finding that I liked music, he entertained me with the vina, and the harp; and while the music played, he discoursed of that good man, and of his present happiness in a heavenly state.

I then addressed the rajah in the presence of the resident, and thanked him, in the name of the Christians in Europe, and in Bengal, for his kindness to the late Mr. Swartz, and to his successors; and particularly for his recent acts of benevolence to the Christians residing within the province of Tanjore. He has erected a chuttrum, or college for Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Christians. Provision is made for the instruction of fifty Christian children.

Having heard of the fame of the ancient Shanscrit and Mahratta library of the kings of Tanjore, I requested his excellency would present a catalogue of its volumes to the college of Fort William. The Brahmins had formerly remonstrated against this being done; but the rajah was now pleased to order a copy to be made out, and I have it already in my possession. It is voluminous, written in the Mahratta character; for that is the language of the Tanjore court.

When I was about to take leave, the rajah, to my great surprise, presented to me a miniature of himself, elegantly set, about six inches in length; and also four pieces of gold cloth. In the evening he sent his band of music, of twelve men, namely, six performers on the vina, and six singers, to the house of the resident, where I dined. They sung and played "God save the king," with variations, in just measure, applying the Mahratta words to the Maha rajah, their own most excellent prince.

Next day I sat some hours with the missionaries, consulting on the general state of the mission. They want help. Their vineyard is increased, and their labourers are decreased. They have hitherto had no supply from Germany in room of Swartz, Joenicke, and Gericke, and have no prospect of a supply. It appears to me that the glory has de-

parted from Germany, and that God has given it to England.

Last Sunday and Monday were great days with the Christians at Tanjore. It being rumoured that a friend of the late Rev. Mr. Swartz had arrived, the people assembled from all quarters on Sunday morning. Three sermons were preached in three different languages. At eight o'clock we proceeded to the church built by Mr. Swartz, within the fort. It is larger than your church of St. Mary Woolnoth. From Mr. Swartz's pulpit I preached in English from Mark xiii. 10, "And the gospel must first be published among all nations." The resident, and other gentlemen, civil and military, at the place, attended; and also the missionaries, catechists, and English troops.

After this service was over, the native congregation assembled in the same church, and filled the aisles and porches. The service commenced with some forms of prayer read by an inferior minister, in which all the congregation joined with loud fervour. A chapter of the Bible was then read, and a hymn of Luther's sung. Some voices in tenor and bass gave much harmony to the psalmody, as the treble was distinguished by the predominant voices of the women and boys. After a short extempore prayer, during which the whole assembly knelt on the floor, the Rev. Dr. John delivered an eloquent and animated sermon, in the Tamul tongue, from these words, "And Jesus stood and cried," etc. As Mr. Whitefield, on his first coming to Scotland, was surprised at the rustling of the leaves of the Bibles, which took place immediately on his pronouncing his text, so I was here surprised at a noise of a different kind, namely, that of the iron pen engraving the palmyra leaf: many persons had their ollas (leaves) in their hands, writing off the sermon in Tamul short hand. Mr. Kolhoff assured me, that some of them are so expert in this, that they do not lose one word of the preacher. And the sermon of the morning is regularly read in the evening to the schools by the catechist from his palmyra leaf.

Another custom obtains, which I may mention. In the midst of the discourse, the preacher puts a question to his congregation, who respond without hesitation in one voice. The object is to keep attention awake, and the answer is generally prompted by the minister himself. Thus, suppose he is saying, "My dear brethren, it is true you are now a despised people, being cast out by the Brahmins. But think not that your state is peculiar. For the Pharisee, and the worldly man, is the Brahmin of high and low caste in Europe. All true Christians must lose their caste in this world. Some of you are now following your Lord in the regeneration, under circumstances of peculiar suffering; but let every such one be of good cheer, and say, 'I have lost my caste, and my inheritance among men; but in heaven I shall obtain a new name, and a better inheritance, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'" The minister then adds, "My beloved children, what shall you obtain in heaven?" They immediately answer, in one voice, "A new name, and a better inheritance, through Jesus Christ our Lord." It is impossible for a stranger not to be affected at this scene. Children of tender years inquire of each other, and attempt the response.

And this custom is deduced from Ziegenbalg, who proved its use from long experience.

After the Tamul service was ended, I retired, with the missionaries, into the vestry, or Swartz's library. Here I was introduced to the elders and catechists of the church. Among others came Sattianaden, the celebrated preacher, who is yet found faithful. He is now stricken in years, and his black locks have grown grey.

As I returned from the church, I saw the Christian families returning in crowds to the country, and the mothers asking the boys to read passages from their ollas.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we went to the little chapel in the mission garden out of the fort, built also by Mr. Swartz, and in which his body now lies. This was a solemn service. Mr. Horst preached in the Portuguese language, from these words, "Ye, who sometime were afar off," etc.

I sat on a granite stone which covered Swartz's grave. The epitaph is in English verse, and written by the present prince, who has signed his name to it, "Serfojee, rajah." The organ here accompanied the voice of the multitude, and the preacher addressed the people in an animated discourse of pure doctrine.

In the evening, Mr. Kolhoff presided

at the exercise in the schools; on which occasion the sermon of the morning was repeated, and the boys' ollas examined.

In consequence of my having expressed a wish to hear Sattianaden preach, Mr. Kolhoff had given notice to the congregation, in the morning, that there would be Divine service next day (Monday) at the little chapel, at nine o'clock. Accordingly, the place was crowded at an early hour. There appeared more of a Divine unction in the assembly, on this occasion, than in any of the former. Sattianaden delivered his discourse with much natural eloquence and action, and with visible effect. His subject was, the "marvellous light." He first described the Pagan darkness; then the light of Ziegenbalg; then the light of Swartz; then the efforts making in all lands to produce light; and lastly, the heavenly light, "when there shall be no more need of the light of the sun, nor of the moon," etc.

In quoting a passage, he desired a lower minister to read it. Sattianaden listened to it as a record, and then proceeded to the illustration. The responses by the audience were frequently called for. They concluded with a fervent prayer for a blessing on the church of England.

After service, I went up to Sattianaden, and took him by the hand; and the old Christians came round about weeping. He said, he was unworthy to preach before his teachers. The people asked me about Bengal, saying, they had heard good news from thence. I told them the news were good; but that Bengal was exactly a hundred years behind Tanjore.

Mr. Kolhoff is a man of meek spirit, but of ardent faith, labouring in season and out of season. His congregation is daily increasing. When I was taking leave, he presented to me an agate snuff box, set in gold, which belonged to Mr. Swartz; also the Hebrew Psalms and Greek Testament of that venerable apostle. I intend to offer the Greek Testament to the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Calcutta.

Soon after leaving Tanjore, I passed through the woods inhabited by the collaries, or thieves, who are now humanized by the gospel. They were clamorous for a minister, supposing that I could send them one. They have eight churches, and no European minister.

Tritchinopoly, Sept. 6, 1806.

I thought to have despatched this letter from Tanjore; but I have not had time to conclude it.

At this place is the church first built by Swartz, and called by him, "Christ's Church, Tritchinopoly." It is about the size of yours; but the arches supporting the roof, are each twenty feet in length, and the pillars are only one foot two inches in thickness. At this station there are a great number of English, civil and military. On Sunday morning last I preached from these words, "For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." Dr. John, who followed me to this place from Tanjore, preached afterwards to the Tamul congregation.

Next morning a sergeant called on me, who said he had seen the heavenly light in the east, and wanted Bibles for the pious English soldiers. There is a great cry for Bibles in this country, by the native Christians and Europeans. Mr. Pohll, the German missionary here, told me that he could dispose of a thousand Bibles.

I proceed from this place to Madras, where the Roman Catholics cover the land. Mr. Pohll tells me, that one of their priests, who was lately in this vicinity, preached the atonement with great clearness and force; in consequence of which he was removed by his superiors. I shall endeavour to find him out. Some of the Romish churches are very corrupt, mingling Pagan superstitions with Romish ceremonies. But it is yet true, that the Jesuits have hewed wood and stone, and drawn water for the Protestant mission.

In my letter to you of last year, I wrote to you under the impression that you were about to retire from public duty. But I learn from Mr. Thornton that you are yet enabled to dispense the word of life. That this blessing may be continued to your people, is the prayer of,

My dear sir,

Your affectionate son,

C. Buchanan.

ON DOGS AND CATS.

Cruelty to animals is a reproach to any one, who is hard-hearted enough to give way to it. Little kindness can be expected from him who wilfully sets his foot on a cat's tail, or kicks an unoffending cur. But we may be opposed to cruelty, and yet be friendly to discipline; and I do think that a trifling attention in

this respect to domestic animals would greatly improve their manners. Who can enjoy a meal in comfort with a dog's mouth on his knee, watching for every piece he eats, or with a cat rubbing against his legs, mewing aloud, as though she had been famished for the last fortnight? I am fond of talking with dumb creatures, putting such words in their mouths as I think they would use if they were blessed with the power of speech. Let me give an account of a fancied conversation that I held with some dogs and cats yesterday.

I had walked a long way, and was both weary and hungry, when I came to a public house by the way-side, which had a trough of water before the door. On a board the words were printed, "Good entertainment for man and horse," so I thought to myself, this opportunity of getting a mutton-chop, or a beef-steak, for my dinner must not be lost. In a few minutes I was seated in the little parlour of the public house, with a piece of cold roast beef before me.

Being, as I said, very hungry, I felt thankful for such a seasonable supply, and ate of it heartily; but before my meal was half finished, a black pointer dog burst open the door by leaping against it with his fore paws; bounce he came into the room, and, seating himself right before me, looked up in my face with an expression which seemed to say, "You seem very comfortable, sir, and I dare say the beef is very good; if you have no objection I should vastly like to join you." Our conversation went on thus.

"Why, Mr. Blackskin, I am, as you say, very comfortable, and I should like you to be comfortable too, but I intend to pay for the beef that I eat, and it will hardly be fair towards your master, should two of us eat his beef, and he receive payment for only one."

"That's all right, sir, but as I have got no money, and as you would not like, perhaps, to pay for both, I shall be content with a slice or two, and that you know will make but little difference in that large joint. Just one slice, sir, if you please, rather under done; cut it where you like, one part will do for me as well as another."

"Really! really! I hardly know what to say to you. It is your master's place to see that you are well fed; but, however, here is one slice for you. There! I hope you are now satisfied."

"So far from it that I think, if you will take the matter into consideration, it will appear unreasonable to expect that a big dog like me should be contented with so little a piece. It is very excellent beef; a slice cut from the same place, cut a trifle thicker, would be very acceptable. If you will take measure by my mouth, and the breadth of my chest, you will suit me to a tittle."

"This will never do! I by no means feel comfortable at what I am doing. You must not ask me again. Here is one more slice, but it must be the last."

Now, whether it was the scuffle made by the black pointer, with his feet, in catching the meat that I jerked with my knife from my fork towards him, or his smack that was heard in the kitchen, I cannot tell, but in an instant, a liver and white spaniel dashed into the room, and, seating himself by the side of his friend, by the expression of his longing eyes thus accosted me.

"You seem to me, sir, to be a kind-hearted gentleman, and you have got a capital joint before you. How long you may have been feasting my friend Blackskin I cannot tell, but as I am as good a dog as he is, and quite as hungry, I hope that, in a spirit of fairness, you will be as liberal towards me, as you have been towards him. Do not trouble yourself to cut it in thin slices, but give me my share in a lump at once. Do not hesitate; the knife is ready in your hand."

It was all in vain that I assured him of the utter impossibility of my acceding to his request, inasmuch as I had already done my conscience some violence in proceeding so far, that it was altogether unreasonable to expect that two dogs and a man should partake of the beef, when there was to be but one paymaster—for he argued the point so tenaciously, that I was fain to compromise the affair, by giving him one slice in liquidation of all real or ideal demands he could have against me. But here I got myself into a double difficulty, for Mr. Blackskin at once contended that the slice I had cut was much thicker and larger than what had been bestowed upon him, while, on the other hand, Mr. Liver-and-white entertained an opinion quite the reverse, being satisfied that his slice must have been considerably thinner and smaller than the one his companion had received.

It was a delicate matter for me to

constitute myself judge and jury in a case in which my character for impartiality and justice was so deeply implicated; and how the affair would have been adjusted is uncertain, had I not been suddenly placed in a new position by the arrival of a fresh claimant, in the shape of a tortoiseshell cat. In she came, with her tail waving gracefully in the air; but perceiving at a glance how matters stood, she instantly half lowered her tail, at the same time raising the hairs on her neck and back to a degree somewhat inconsistent with the meekness symbolized by her velvet paw and furry skin. Taking precedence of the two dogs, and staring at me with her big round eyes, she thus drew me into conversation.

"I will trouble you, sir, for a bit of the beef. Had you reflected for a moment, you must have been convinced that there was such a creature as a cat on the premises, in which case you would not have been so lavish with your favours on two ill-mannerly curs, but have reserved them for me. I have been a cat in this house for seven years, and if either pointer or spaniel shall dare to rob me of my rights I'll——"

Here she turned round to the two dogs, spreading out one of her paws in a way that made them draw back a little. She was indeed on the very point of indulging, not only in hasty sounds, but angry deeds. Now, I abhor contention and strife, and to put an end to it, threw down a piece of meat to Mrs. Tortoiseshell, thinking thereby to avert the coming storm; but, alas, things were to go cross with me. Before the piece had disappeared, a half-grown tabby kitten sprang forward, and seizing the meat in the mouth of her mother, bore it a full half yard distance to devour it, making all the time that loud and rapid purring which in cats is called swearing. For this unseemly conduct not a single reproof did she receive from her mother.

I had now Mrs. Tortoiseshell and Miss Tabby, as well as the black pointer and the liver-and-white spaniel for my guests, their speaking faces and glistening eyes all fixed upon me. Miss Tabby, with her tail to her mamma, was the first in "pride of place," and the two dogs sat on their haunches, a little in the rear of Mrs. Tortoiseshell. Dull indeed must I have been, to have misunderstood the conversational glances of the whole group.

"You will kindly remember that I have had but one piece," said the spaniel. "But that piece was much larger than the two bits that I had," observed the pointer; "and besides, I am much the bigger dog of the two." "Stand back, will you," cried the mother cat, "or I will put my private mark on your noses, for you have no business in the parlour at all—cats for the parlour, and dogs for the kennel, if you please."

Saying this, Mrs. Tortoiseshell again appealed to me for a little beef, as her daughter had in a somewhat ill-mannerly way deprived her of what I had bestowed. Here Miss Tabby advanced a step nearer, with the firm determination that not one morsel should go into her mother's mouth while she remained in the room. At one moment I wished the whole group were a mile off, and at another, that I had the privilege of cutting away at the joint before me, for their benefit, till they were all satisfied. To bring matters to a crisis, I cut four slices of the beef, and letting out one dog at a time, gave him his portion, taking care also that each cat had her piece. After which, ringing the bell, I directed the attention of the landlady to the joint of beef, telling her I had cut freely, and that she must charge me accordingly. Thus ended my adventure with the dogs and cats, and I left the pot-house with the full conviction that if it be a duty on the part of a guest to behave kindly to the domestic animals of the house he enters, it is a duty also on the part of the host to protect his guests from the annoyance I had endured.

Also, as I passed a poor blind man at the door, and put sixpence into his hand, I thought to myself, that the beef might have been much better bestowed on him than the dogs and the cats: I hope I shall remember this another time.

REBUKES.

Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice. Private rebukes are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind, and deaf, and dumb.—*Feltham.*

CULTURE OF THE JUDGMENT.

The greater genius and power of memory any one possesses, the more careful should he be not to neglect the cultivation of his judgment.—*Bengel.*

The Mujelibe.

THE MUJELIBE.

The Mujelibe was first supposed by Pietro Della Velle to be the Tower of Belus. This traveller examined its ruins, A. D. 1616, and he characterizes the mass as "a mountain of ruins," and again, as a "huge mountain." He is supported in his opinion by D'Anville, Rennell, and other high names; but none of them, except Kenneir, possessed any distinct information concerning the Birs Nemroud.

The Mujelibe, or, "overturned," is one of the most enormous masses of brick-formed earth, raised by the art and labour of man. According to Rich, the mound is of an oblong shape, irregular in its height, with its sides facing the cardinal points. The measurement of the northern side being two hundred yards in length; the southern, two hundred and nineteen; the eastern, one hundred and eighty-two; and the western, one hundred and thirty-six. The elevation of the south-east or highest angle, he says, is one hundred and forty-one feet. The western face of the building is most interesting, on account of the appearance which it presents. It is a straight wall, that seems to have cased and parapeted this side of the magnificent pile. The south-west angle is rounded off; but whether it was so formed, or it has been thus worn by the hand of time, cannot be stated. On the summit, it is crowned with something like a turret or lantern. The other angles are not so perfect, but it is probable, they were originally thus ornamented. The western face is the easiest, and the northern the most difficult of access. Every portion of this mighty structure, though erected as if it would resist the utmost shock of time, has been torn by the rains, which here fall in torrents, with the force and body of water-spouts, in a terrific manner. The eastern face, particularly, is worn into a deep channel, from the summit to the base. The summit is covered with heaps of rubbish; in digging into which, layers of broken burned brick, cemented with mortar, are discovered, and whole bricks, with antique inscriptions on them, are not unfrequently found. The whole is covered with fragments of pottery, brick, bitumen, pebbles, vitrified scoriæ, and even shells, bits of glass, and mother of pearl. Dens of wild beasts (in one of which Rich found the bones of sheep and other animals) are very numerous among this ruin; and in most of the ravines are numbers of bats and owls. Yes, these mighty buildings, which were once, perhaps, the chambers of royalty, are now the haunts of jackals, and other ferocious animals, reminding us of the awful prediction of the prophet:

"Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there;
And their houses shall be full of doleful creatures;
And owls shall dwell there,
And satyrs shall dance there.
And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses,
And dragons in their pleasant palaces."
Isa. xiii. 21, 22.

It may be mentioned that the Hebrew word *Sheirim*, rendered "satyr" here, is translated by Dr. Henderson "wild goats," and it literally signifies "hairy ones;" a signification still preserved in the Vulgate. In Gen. xxvii. 11, 23, in Lev. iv. 24, xvi. 9, it is applied to the goat; and in Lev. xvii. 7, 2 Chron. xi. 15, to objects of idolatrous worship, perhaps in the form of goats, and translated "devils." It is probable, that in the verse quoted, and in Isa. xxxiv. 14, some kind of wild goat is intended; but it may be interesting to observe, that Rich, who explored these masses A. D. 1812, heard the oriental account of satyrs while thus employed. He had always imagined the belief of the existence of such creatures to be confined to the mythology of the west; but a Tehohadar who accompanied him accidentally mentioned that, in this desert, there is an animal resembling a man from the head to the waist, and having the thighs and the legs of a goat and a sheep. He also informed him that the Arabs hunt it with dogs, and eat the lower parts, abstaining from the upper, on account of their resemblance to the human species. The belief of the existence of such creatures, however ideal, is by no means rare in the vicinity of the Babylonian wilds.*

THE ADAPTATION OF FISHES TO THEIR MODE OF LIFE.

Fishes constitute the lowest class of the vertebrate section of the animal kingdom, and, as is well known, are structurally adapted for the water, of which they are naturally tenants.

The number of known species is immense, and the variety of form, size, and colouring which they exhibit, is almost as unlimited as their number. Most are carnivorous, preying upon the smaller of their own class, and upon worms, insects, crustacea, and mollusca; but some feed, in part, and some few perhaps exclusively on vegetables, as fuci, etc.

When we reflect upon the general conformation and the structure of this extensive class of animals, with reference to the element in which they pass their existence, we find much which excites our admiration. A bird is formed for traversing, on powerful pinions, the wide regions of the air; but the bird is far heavier than the thin element into which it raises itself, and through which it speeds its way; but the bird must rest upon the ground. On the contrary, the fish is nearly of the same specific gravity as the medium in which it dwells; and the effect of gravity is therefore almost counterbalanced by the buoyancy of that medium: we say *almost*, because the fish is somewhat heavier than a volume of water equal to itself; especially if the water be not that of the sea, or of saline lakes. The least movement of the fish, however, is sufficient to compensate for this trifling difference; and hence, suspended as it were in its native element, and constructed for swimming, as a bird is for flight, the fish does not require, like the latter, extensive wings for its support, which have to be vibrated, by means of voluminous and powerful muscles. The action of organs far more slight, far more circumscribed, comparatively, suffices both to raise the fish in the water, and to guide and steady its movements. But this suspension of the fish in the water, with but the least exertion on its own part, with but a gentle agitation of its fins, is greatly conducive to the animal's advantage, as it regards its progression. The bird has not only to sustain itself by beating the air with its wings, but by the same strokes, also, to make its way. In the fish, on the other hand, the undivided energies of the instrument of progression (namely, the caudal extremity of the body, and the vertical fin with which it is terminated, and which acts as a vigorous paddle) are devoted exclusively to the work of propelling the animal onwards; and this being the case, it is the more necessary that the instrument in question should be very powerful; and as water is far more dense than air, and requires, therefore, more force, in order to overcome its resistance, hence, also, it is, that the fish has that compressed oval form, pointed anteriorly, and tapering behind, with which we are all familiar, and which is so conspicuous in the rapid salmon, or mackarel, but which in slow moving fishes, or such as creep on the bed of the sea, is more or less departed from. To the same end is the surface of the fish tensely covered with an un-

* From "Assyrians and Chaldeans," published by the Religious Tract Society.

wrinkled skin, clothed not in hair or feathers, but defended by smooth and glossy scales, lying as flat as possible, and with their free margin directed backwards, all regularly overlapping each other, like the slates of a roof. Besides this, the surface is lubricated by a mucous fluid, which in some, as in the eel, where the skin, from the extreme minuteness of the scales, appears naked, is particularly abundant, and facilitates not only the aquatic progression of the animal, but enables it to creep through small orifices, and insinuate itself into the holes, to which it retires for safety and concealment.

While we allude to the adaptation of these animals for the water, and to their formation for traversing it, with the least possible impediment arising from their own structure, we are called upon to notice an internal organ, respecting which there have been many conjectures, but which most naturalists consider to act the part of a float, enabling them to rise with despatch from great depths, while at the same time it is so under control, as to permit them to re-descend, without causing any obstruction. We allude to that apparatus commonly termed the swimming-bladder, or sound. The swimming-bladder is an elongated membranous sac, variable in form and extent, running along the under surface of the spinal column, and firmly attached to it. It is filled with air, evidently the secretion of a delicate tissue, which lines it internally. In many instances the swimming bladder has no orifice, being closed entirely; but in other instances, as the salmon, sturgeon, herring, carp, etc., the sac communicates with the œsophagus, by means of an orifice, which allows the escape of the air, when the sac is compressed by the action of the abdominal muscles. We have said, that the air contained in this curious sac is secreted by the apparatus itself; and this opinion is demonstrated by various facts. By some naturalists, indeed, it has been imagined, that the air was, in some unaccountable manner, abstracted by the fish from the surrounding water, and transmitted through the gullet into the air bag; but the impossibility of air being thus introduced, when no communication exists between the gullet and this air bag, is in itself at variance with such an hypothesis; and besides, we have yet to learn by what organ or apparatus, either in the mouth or the gullet, or the stomach of fishes, such abstraction of air from the water is effected. Besides, the air contained in this sac is a gas, which does not enter into the composition of water; and, moreover, it is not atmospheric air, which the water has absorbed, and which it contains mingled with its proper particles. In most instances, it is pure nitrogen; but sometimes this gas is mixed with oxygen, and in some cases the oxygen predominates. Dr. Priestley was the first who turned his attention to this subject, and found that the air bag, or swimming bladder in the roach consisted, in some instances, of azote, or nitrogen, unmixed; in others, of nitrogen, with a small proportion of oxygen. Subsequently, Fourcroy pursued some experiments relative to the gas contained in the air bag, and found it in the carp to consist of almost pure nitrogen. Still more extensive and accurate experiments were undertaken by M. Biot; he found both nitrogen and oxygen in the air bag, but he was unable to detach either carbonic acid or hydrogen: He ascertained, also, that the proportion of oxygen increases, according to the depth at which the fish habitually dwells; though in the sea water itself, whether taken from the surface, or from the greatest depths possible, there is no difference in the proportion of its constituents. More lately, (in 1809,) M. Configliacchi repeated M. Biot's experiments, and confirmed their accuracy. It is then proved, that the air contained in the apparatus in question, inasmuch as it is neither atmospheric air nor hydrogen, but usually nitrogen; and moreover, as it is found to fill the air sac, when this has no aperture, must be the product either of the lining membrane of the sac, or of a red glandular body within, which is sometimes extensive.

In fishes, where the air bag has no orifice or safety valve for the exit of the gas it contains, it is liable, under certain circumstances, to burst; as, for example, when the fish is suddenly drawn up from a considerable depth into the air, and the pressure of the water to which its body had been subjected, instantaneously removed, thereby allowing a rapid and energetic expansion of the previously compressed gas. This effect is frequently produced on codfish, and even in perch and other fishes; and the gas rushing into the general cavity of the abdomen, not only distends it greatly, but even

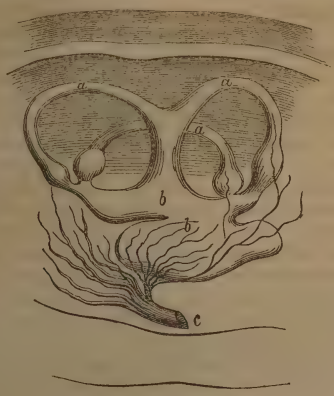
pushes up the gullet and stomach into the mouth.

A question here suggests itself, Is the swimming bladder an organ which really deserves this appellation, as influencing the fish in locomotion?—in cleaving the water, either of the river, the lake, or the sea?—in sinking to the bottom, or rising to the surface? There is considerable doubt on the subject. Some physiologists have supposed the apparatus in question to be in some way or other an auxiliary to the gills or the aëration of the blood: and others have advanced a step farther, and regarded it as the representative of the lungs of mammalia, or rather of birds, in which latter the lungs are fixed to the vertebral column, and ribs; but this is a visionary speculation. Most regard it as an apparatus for altering the specific gravity of the fish, and therefore of use in enabling the fish more easily to rise or descend. The compression of this sac, either by the muscles of the abdomen, or of a special muscular apparatus acting upon it, will, of course, force the gas into a smaller space, the specific gravity of the fish increasing in a corresponding ratio: and, on the contrary, the relaxation of these muscles, the pressure being thus removed, will allow the expansion of the gas; and thus the specific gravity of the animal will become lighter: in the former case, its tendency will be to sink, in the latter to rise. Plausible as this theory is, it is not quite satisfactory: in favour of it, however, it may be observed, that flat fish, such as soles, turbot, etc., which reside always at the bottom of the water, are in general destitute of this air vessel; and further, that when in a fish possessing it, it is punctured, and the gas escapes, the animal sinks immediately to the bottom, and is unable, by the exercise of its fins, again to elevate itself. On the other hand, there are many fishes which are remarkable for their rapidity, and for the facility of their movements, in which this apparatus does not exist. The sharks, for example, which plunge down, and rise with extraordinary velocity, and roam at various depths, are destitute of it. The common mackarel, (*Scomber scomber*,) which is remarkable for activity, and which pursues its prey at the surface, is not furnished with this apparatus, while in a very closely allied species (*Scomber pneumatophoris*) it is present. But while the swift shark and the active mackarel are destitute of this air vessel, the conger and the common eel, which habitually reside at the bottom of the water, and burrow in mud, are furnished with it, and it is often extensively developed; perhaps, indeed, but for its presence, the massive conger would be unable to swim, or pursue its prey. On the whole, the evidence is in favour of the generally ascribed use of this air vessel; but, as we have said, the theory is not quite satisfactory, as we cannot explain the reason why some fish, habitually residing at the bottom of the water, should have this organ, and others not; and why, while most fish which roam at various depths possess it, others equally active, and equally capable of descending, or rising, should want it.

It is from the air vessels, or sounds of various fishes, that isinglass is prepared. Those of the codfish and the ling are frequently employed; but those of the sturgeon are in the greatest request, and furnish the best material.

The tenants of an element more dense than our atmosphere, less capable of conveying sound, or of transmitting rays of light, often indeed turbid, from the admixture of extraneous matter, and moreover but little adapted for the diffusion of odorous particles, fishes, as may be anticipated, have not the organs of the senses so delicate, so refined, so discriminating, as have the higher vertebrata. Unlike mammalia and birds, which communicate their instinctive feelings by cries and modulations of voice, these creatures are mute: many, besides, live at a depth where the roaring of the billows, while the surface is tempest-tost, cannot reach their realms of silence; to such beings, a keen sense of hearing would be useless. Accordingly, we find the auditory apparatus comparatively rude, (if the term be allowed,) and less developed than in birds and mammalia. The whole organ, indeed, lies deep beneath the skin, and is furnished neither with an external ear, nor a tympanic cavity, and, consequently, neither with a tympanum, (the drum of the ear,) nor with the chain of little bones, which, in the higher vertebrata, communicates between the tympanum and the interior parts of the labyrinth. There is, moreover, no Eustachian tube. The ear of fishes, in fact, consists only of a labyrinth, composed of three semicircular canals, (*a a a*, in the following sketch,) communicating with a

vestibule, *b b*, all membranous, and lodged in a wide cavity on each side



of the cranium, and surrounded immediately by a glassy mucilaginous fluid: to each of these canals the auditory nerve *c* sends a filament, which ultimately spreads in the form of a beautiful network over the inner lining of the vestibule. The vestibule and the canals are filled with a mucilaginous fluid, and the former contains certain calcareous bodies, of an enamel-like texture and extreme hardness, termed otolithes, or earstones, suspended by means of delicate filaments; they are generally three in number; their form differs greatly in the various species, but in every individual of the same species they are themselves the same.

In the cartilaginous fishes, as the shark, etc., these otolithes have neither the enamel gloss, nor the hardness which characterize them in other groups, and they resemble moistened starch, and consist of chalk, with a portion of gelatine.

There is no cochlea, as in the human ear, into which the vestibule opens; and from this circumstance, and also from the want of a tympanum, it is supposed that these animals cannot distinguish the differences of tone; that all sounds which they do hear, are to them nearly the same, varying only in intensity, according to the more or less violent vibration of the fluid contained in the labyrinth, and the agitation of the otolithes. But the vibration of this fluid must depend, as there is no external orifice, upon the vibrations of the walls of the cavity in which the labyrinth is lodged, and these walls must be affected by the vibrations of the water in contact with their external surface. That noise produces in fishes a powerful sensation may be admitted; but, as we have said, it is questionable, whether their ear appreciates differences of tone, as it does in birds and mammalia.

The olfactory organs of fishes probably possess a corresponding ratio of sensibility to those of hearing; and it appears to be rather by the sight than the smell that they search for or pursue their prey. We know that they seize artificial flies, and imitations of other fishes, of frogs, and of mice, etc., which, were they guided by the smell, they would not do. We are aware that some physiologists regard the sense of smell in these animals as very acute, and as furnishing them with a most important test, in their acquisition of food. Dr. Munro (Comp. Anat. p. 127, 1783,) says, "If you throw a fresh worm into the water, a fish shall distinguish it at a considerable distance; and that this is not done by the eye is plain, from observing, that after the same worm has been a considerable time in the water, and lost its smell, no fishes will come near it; but if you take out the bait, and make several little incisions into it, so as to let out more of the odoriferous effluvia, it shall have the same effect as formerly. Now it is certain that, had the creatures discovered this bait with their eyes, they would have equally come to it in both cases. In consequence of their smell being the principal means they have of discovering their food, we may frequently observe them allowing themselves to be carried down the stream, that they may ascend leisurely against the current of the water; thus, the odoriferous particles swimming in that medium being applied more forcibly to their organs of smell, produce a stronger sensation."

It is not, indeed, pretended, that fishes do not use their smell in the selection of food, some, it is reasonable to conclude, more so than others; but it is certainly not their principal means of discovering it. We have frequently watched trouts in a river, motionless, with their head directed against the stream, and evidently watching, not smelling, for their food; and we have seen them not only dart at flies settling on the surface, or at small fishes wandering near, but at an artificial fly which the angler has thrown within their reach; we know, too, how passing clouds, throwing a fleeting shadow on

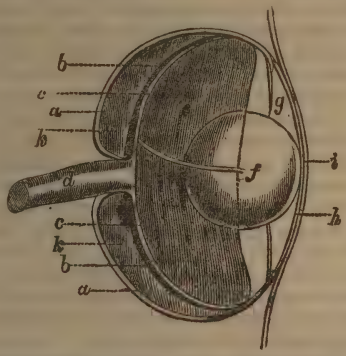
the water, alarms them, how they retire if the angler renders himself conspicuous; how the weak avoid the strong, and how the strong pursue the weak;—all this involving sight, but not smell. Unlike what we find in the higher vertebrata, the organs of smell do not communicate with the back of the mouth; they consist of two cavities, near the anterior part of the mouth, lined with a fine mucous membrane, variously folded, in order to increase the extent of sentient surface, which is supplied by filaments of the olfactory nerves. The nostrils are simple orifices, for the admission of the water, which, as there is no outlet for it to pass through, immediately after entering, remains longer than does the air passing through the nasal cavities of quadrupeds; and hence the succession of impressions on the olfactory organs of fishes is less rapid and less changing.

With respect to the sense of taste, it is confessedly at a low degree: the tongue, though supported by a large *os hyoides*, is but imperfectly developed; it presents no distinct papilla, but is covered with the same skin as that which lines the rest of the mouth; and often, indeed, furnished with teeth. Fishes do not masticate their food, they seize it, and swallow it at once; they have no salivary glands.

The eye is the most important of the organs of the senses which fishes are endowed with. It enables them to perceive the approach of their foes, the presence of their food, and obstacles in their course through the water. It is, however, as already intimated, easily deceived by appearances; and hence these animals will bite at artificial flies, or other lures, and even at a bit of red cloth, mistaking it for flesh. The eye is unprovided, as a general rule, with eyelids, but is capable of being slightly turned in various directions, and is governed by six muscles; as these animals live in a fluid medium, with which the eye is always washed, they have no lachrymal glands; but the cornea, which is slightly convex, is protected by a delicate continuation of the common skin of the head which passes over it. The sclerotic coat is of great thickness and firmness, and generally contains cartilaginous plates, imbedded in its tissue; and in some fishes, it is converted into a cap of bone. As the eye in these aquatic creatures is adapted to bring the rays of light to a focus upon the retina, in a denser medium than the air, the power of the crystalline lens is therefore increased to the uttermost; and the aqueous humour, which being nearly of the same density as the surrounding element, would have but a feeble power in deflecting the rays of light towards a focus, is just a sufficient quantity to allow of the free suspension of the iris. The vitreous humour, moreover, though the rays of light passing through it are more refracted, than while passing through the aqueous, would still be insufficient; and it is, therefore, that the crystalline lens is the chief agent in bringing the rays to a focus on the retina. Instead of being simply convex, as in terrestrial vertebrata, it is globular, and though perfectly transparent, at the same time very dense. But as the focus of this lens will be short, in proportion to the increase of its refractive power, the approximation of the retina to it is necessarily much closer than in mammalia; and this approximation is accompanied by a diminution of the vitreous humour. Both the vitreous and the crystalline lens are, in many fishes, kept in their place by a very delicate slender membrane, derived from the retina, which traverses the vitreous humour, and is inserted into the capsular covering of the lens. The structure of the lens of fishes, which has been recently investigated by sir David Brewster, is very curious. This philosophic investigator found that the hard central portion of this globular body is composed of a succession of concentric, transparent, spheroidal laminæ, the surfaces of which, though apparently smooth, have an irradiant lustre, as we see in mother-of-pearl, and from the same cause, namely, the occurrence of regularly arranged lines, or striæ. These lines, which mark the edges of the separate fibres composing each lamina, converge from the meridian, as it may be called, of this globe, to the two poles: these fibres are flat, tapering as they approach the poles, or parts of convergence; the breadth of the fibres of the external layer is about the 5,500th of an inch, and they are locked together by an array of toothlike projections. The number of teeth in each fibre he computed to amount to 12,500. Now the whole lens contains about 5,000,000 of fibres; and, consequently, the total number of these minute teeth amounts to 62,500,000,000. The annexed rude sketches show the arrangement of the

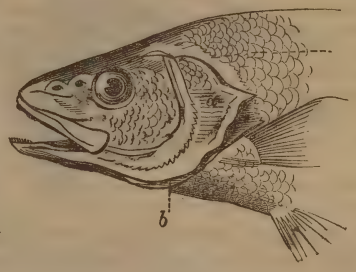
fibres, and the appearance of their denticulations. As among other ani-

mals, there is a very great difference in the magnitude of the pupil of the eye, and also of the eye itself. In one instance, that, namely, of the anableps, there is a double pupil in each eye. Fishes which reside in the depths of the ocean, from one to two or three hundred fathoms below its surface, where the light of day scarcely reaches them, or which makes at most but an obscure twilight, have the eyes large, like those of nocturnal quadrupeds or birds; while on the contrary, in such as live in mud, and burrow in the oozy slime of rivers, or low shores, the eyes are small, and often rudimental; in the myxines there are no traces of eyes. The following sketch will serve to show the



general structure of the eyes as they exist in the present class of animals: *a a*, the sclerotic coat; *b b*, the choroid coat; *c c*, the retina, expanding from the optic nerve, *d*; *e*, the vitreous humour; *f*, the crystalline lens, with its membranous support; *g*, the aqueous humour; *h*, the cornea; *i*, the continuation of the skin covering the cornea; *k k*, a large body, between the choroid and the sclerotic, which is very vascular in its structure, and envelopes the optic nerve; it is of a deep red colour, but its use is quite unknown: some have imagined it to be glandular, others muscular; but it seems rather to consist of a tissue of blood vessels.

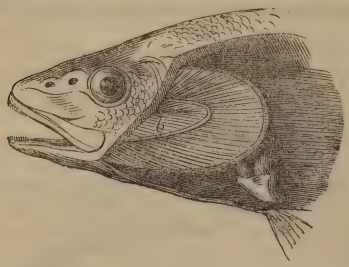
We may now notice the respiratory organs of fishes, in connexion with the heart. The respiratory organs of fishes consist essentially of the gills, or branchiæ, which are defended externally, an operculum or gill lid, capable of being opened at pleasure, and when opened, exhibiting a wide semilunar fissure, laterally seated between the head and body, on each side. In this great fissure, which freely communicates with the mouth, the gills are placed; but besides the true operculum, there exists a membrane more or less developed, termed the gill flap, or membrana brancheostega, supported by a series of slender bones, arising from the os hyoides, or bone of the tongue: this gill flap forms the lower margin of the operculum, under which it is generally folded, and which it assists in covering the gills. Being moveable, like a fin, independently of the operculum, it may assist the mouth, in throwing a current of water over the gills, or it may effect this when the mouth is occupied in seizing food:—see sketch *a*, the operculum, or gill lid;



b, the membrana brancheostega, or gill flap of the common herring. On raising this apparatus, we see beneath it the gills, of a beautiful red colour, composed of cartilaginous arches, varying, in different species, in the degree of their flexure, with their convexity posterior: this convexity is fringed with a series of vascular fibrils, set like the plumelets composing the vane of a feather; and when minutely examined, they are found to be covered with a velvet-like membrane, over which myriads of wonderfully minute blood vessels are spread, like

a delicate network. The number of these fringed branchial arches is ordinarily four on each side; they are united below to the os hyoides, and above to the bones of the head, and are moveable, and allow of the currents of water, driven down by the action of the mouth, to flow freely through them, so as to lave every fibril. The concave, or anterior margin of each arch is always more or less studded with tubercles, or tooth-like projections; and those in the herring, and some others, are lengthened into slender spines. Their use appears to be, to prevent food taken into the mouth, from being forced out through the gills, with the streams of water sent through them. See the next engraving, in which the gills of the herring are displayed in their natural situation, with the operculum entirely removed: *a*, the gill fringes on the posterior margin of the arch; *b*, the anterior slender spires directed forwards.

The heart in fishes is entirely devoted to serving the branchiæ with blood; it consists of an auricle and a ventricle, with the addition of a capacious reservoir, for the reception of the blood returned from the body, previously to its admission into the heart. It is seated beneath the bones of the pharynx and the branchial apparatus, *c*



The course of the circulation is as follows:—the blood being received into the

auricle *a*, from the sinus above mentioned, is thence carried to the ventricle *b*, through an orifice guarded by valves; and thence it is sent through the branchial artery *c*, which is enlarged, and extremely muscular at its base, to the branchiæ, or gills, where the artery divides into as many branches as there are arches, and each branch runs in a groove along the convexity of each arch, sending off a still finer branch to every fibril; this again ramifying into a mesh of most delicate tubes. These tubes gradually terminate in capillary veins, which ultimately merge in a vein on the arch, in the same groove as that in which the artery is seated, and then leaving the gills, they assume an arterial structure, and uniting together, mount towards the spinal column, and form an aorta, whence the duly oxygenated blood is carried, by the action of this aorta, to all parts of the system. But even before leaving the gills, these veins begin to present an arterial character and function, and give arterial vessels to the head and parts adjacent, before they have conjoined to form the aorta.

There is, then, no systemic heart in fishes, as mammalia; it is simply a branchial heart, and the aorta performs the functions of the left ventricle in mammalia, as well as that of the aorta also. The connexion of the heart with the gills will be now understood. It is in the fine blood vessels of the fringe of the branchiæ that the blood is subjected to the action of the oxygen of the water, and from these gills the vital fluid is immediately carried to the general system.

The number of aquatic respirations in fishes is between twenty and thirty in a minute; and the surface of the branchia, over which the blood is distributed for subjection to the action of the water, is surprisingly great; more so, indeed, than might at first be imagined. Dr. Munro calculated, that the whole gills of a large skate presented a surface equal to 2,250 square inches, or to the whole external surface of the human body.

The cartilaginous fishes present many differences in the structure and arrangement of the gills, from the ordinary groups; but to follow out the subject would lead us beyond our limits. Here, then, we close, but surely not without having perceived something in the various points of organization described, demonstrative of the power and wisdom of the God of creation, whose glory and praise are in all his works.

THE YEZIDEES.

THE passage of the Tigris transferred me from Mesopotamia into Assyria, and I stood upon the ruins of Nineveh, "that great city," where the prophet Jonah proclaimed the dread message of Jehovah to so many repenting thousands, whose deep humiliation averted for a time the impending ruin. But when her proud monarchs had scourged idolatrous Israel, and carried the ten tribes into captivity, and raised their hands against Judah and the holy city, the inspired strains of the eloquent Nahum, clothed in terrible sublimity as they were, met their full accomplishment in the utter desolation of one of the largest cities on which the sun ever shone. "Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her?—She is empty, and void, and waste.—Thy nobles shall dwell in the dust: thy people is scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them," Neh. ii. 10; iii. 7. 18.

Where her gorgeous palaces once resounded to the strains of music and the shouts of revelry, a few black tents of the wandering Arab and Turkomân are now scattered among the shapeless mounds of earth and rubbish, the ruins of the city, as if in mockery of her departed glory; while their tenants were engaged in the fitting employment of weaving "sackcloth of hair," as if for the mourning attire of the world's great emporium, whose "merchants" were "multiplied above the stars of heaven." The largest mound, from which very ancient relics and inscriptions are dug, is now crowned with the Moslem village of Neby Yunas, or the prophet Jonah, where his remains are said to be interred, and over which has been reared, as his mausoleum, a temple of Islâm.

Soon after leaving the ruins of Nineveh, we came in sight of two villages of the Yezidees, the reputed worshippers of the devil. Large and luxuriant olive groves, with their rich green foliage and fruit just ripening in the autumnal sun, imparted such a cheerful aspect to the scene as soon dispelled whatever of pensive melancholy had gathered around me while treading upon the dust of departed greatness. Several white sepulchres of Yezidee sheikhs attracted attention as I approached the villages. They were in the form of fluted cones or pyramids, standing upon quadrangular bases, and rising to the height of some twenty feet or more. We became the guests of one of the chief Yezidees of Baasheka, whose dwelling, like others in the place, was a rude stone structure, with a flat terrace roof. Coarse felt carpets were spread for our seats in the open court, and a formal welcome was given us, but it was evidently not a very cordial one. My Turkish cavass understood the reason, and at once removed it. Our host had mistaken me for a Mahommedan, towards whom the Yezidees cherish a settled aversion. As soon as I was introduced to him as a Christian, and he had satisfied himself that this was my true character, his whole deportment was changed. He at once gave me a new and cordial welcome, and set about supplying our wants with new alacrity. He seemed to feel that he had exchanged a Moslem foe for a Christian friend, and I became quite satisfied of the truth of what I had often heard, that the Yezidees are friendly towards the professors of Christianity.

They are said to cherish a high regard for the Christian religion, of which clearly they have some corrupt remains. They practise the right of baptism, make the sign of the cross, so emblematical of Christianity in the east, put off their shoes and kiss the threshold when they enter a Christian church; and it is said that they often speak of wine as the blood of Christ, hold the cup with both hands, after the sacramental manner of the east, when drinking it, and, if a drop chance to fall on the ground, they gather it up with religious care.

They believe in one supreme God, and, in some sense at least, in Christ as Saviour. They have also a remnant of Sabianism, or the religion of the ancient fire worshippers. They bow in adoration before the rising sun, and kiss his first rays when they strike on a wall or other object near them; and they will not blow out a candle with their breath, or spit in the fire, lest they should defile that sacred element.

Circumcision and the passover, or a sacrificial festival allied to the passover in time and circumstance, seem also to identify them with the Jews; and altogether they certainly present a most singular chapter in the history of man.

Their system of faith has points of

strong resemblance to the ancient Manichean heresy; and it is probable that they are a remnant of that heretical sect. This idea derives support from the fact, that they seem to have originated in the region where Manes first laboured and propagated his tenets with the greatest success; and from the coincidence of the name of their reputed founder or most revered teacher, Adde, with an active disciple of Manes of the same name and place of abode. If Adde of the Yezidees and of the Manicheans was one and the same, the circumstance at once reconciles their remains of Christian forms and sentiments, with the testimony of the Syrian and Nestorian Christians around them, to their Christian origin, and throws important light upon the early history of this remarkable people. Their Christian attachments, if not their origin, should at least plead strongly to enlist the sympathies of Christians in their behalf, while it holds out cheering encouragement for us to labour for their good.

That they are really the worshippers of the devil can only be true, if at all, in a modified sense, though it is true that they pay him so much deference as to refuse to speak of him disrespectfully, (perhaps for fear of his vengeance;) and, instead of pronouncing his name, they call him the "lord of the evening," or "prince of darkness;" also, Sheikh Maazen, or Exalted Chief. Some of them say that Satan was a fallen angel with whom God was angry; but he will at some future day be restored to favour, and there is no reason why they should treat him with disrespect. It may be found that their notions of the evil being are derived from the Ahriman of the ancient Magi, and the secondary or evil deity of the Manicheans, which was evidently ingrafted on the oriental philosophy. Some of the ancient Nestorian writers speak of them as of Hebrew descent.

The Christians of Mesopotamia report that the Yezidees make votive offerings to the devil, by throwing money and jewels into a certain deep pit in the mountains of Sinjar, where a large portion of them reside; and it is said that when that district, which has long been independent, was subjugated by the Turks, the pasha compelled the Yezidee priest to disclose the place, and then plundered it of a large treasure, the offerings of centuries. The Yezidees here call themselves Daseni, probably from the ancient name of the district, Dasen, which was a Christian bishopric in early times. Their chief place of concourse, the religious temple of the Yezidees, is said to have once been a Christian church, or convent. The late Mr. Rich speaks of the Yezidees as "lively, brave, hospitable, and good humoured;" and adds that, "under the British government, much might be made of them." Can nothing be made of them under the gospel? and will not the effort be made? Mosul is a central position from which to approach them, and they may well form an important object of attention for a mission in that city. The Nestorians claim them as a branch of their church; and there are other reasons why they might well be included in our labours for the improvement of that people. Many of the Nestorians speak the Koordish language, which is spoken by the Yezidees, and they would prove most important and valuable coadjutors in our labours for their conversion, while, at the same time, an opportunity would at once be afforded for the development of the missionary zeal which once so greatly animated the Nestorian church, and which we aim and expect, by the blessing of God, speedily to revive.

The precise number of the Yezidees it is difficult to estimate, so little is known of them; but it is probable that we must reckon them by tens of thousands, instead of the larger computations which have been made by some travellers who have received their information merely from report. Still they are sufficiently numerous to form an important object of attention to the Christian church; and I trust, as we learn more about them, sympathy, prayer, and effort will be enlisted in their behalf. It will be a scene of no ordinary interest when the voice of prayer and praise to God shall ascend from hearts now devoted to the service of the prince of darkness, "the worshippers of the devil!" May that day be hastened on.—*Dr. Grant.*

THE LARCH.—No. II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extensive plantations of this valuable tree, which now abound in every part of our island, it is

scarcely two hundred years since we find it spoken of "as rare and nursed up, but with a few, and those only lovers of variety." Evelyn mentions it as if there were then but one in the country, "of goodly stature, growing at Chelmsford, in Essex." Like every other invention, or introduction, that is more beneficial to posterity than calculated to excite public attention or renown, the exact period and circumstances attending the first introduction of the larch into Scotland are involved in much obscurity. History records the exact date and hour at which a bloody victory was achieved, and the minutest circumstances of the career of some famous sovereign, or mighty conqueror, dignified as the great, the glorious, the renowned; while events fraught with blessings to mankind, are permitted to transpire unacknowledged, unrecorded. But history, thus written, is but a transcript of the natural heart of man, and confirms the Scripture declaration, that "the carnal mind is enmity against God." How widely different is the estimate formed by Him who knoweth the hearts of all men, of characters and circumstances from that which man would make! It was in the days of the "mighty men which were of old, men of renown," that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." It was not the triumphs of a Cesar, or the resistless conquest of the Macedonian madman, that the Saviour consigned to immortal and universal fame; but the simple act of a humble female, who did "what she could" to manifest her love to his name. It is to "patient continuance in well doing," he decrees the reward of "glory, and honour and immortality;" and those whom before an assembled universe he will own as his blessed ones, and call to inherit his kingdom, are not the rich, the noble, or the wise,—the triumphant hero, the man of science, the patriot, sage, or poet; but they whose labours of love, through faith in his name, have extended to their suffering fellow creatures.

The popular account of the introduction of the larch into Scotland, where it first became naturalized among us, states, that about 1727, several orange trees, and other plants, from Italy, were sent to the duke of Athol, and all planted in the hothouse at Dunkeld. Among these were seven larches, which naturally languished in such a situation, and, to all appearance, died. They were thrown into the garden on a heap of rubbish; but being there refreshed by the pure air, the fostering rain, and mountain breezes, they revived, took root in the ground, and became flourishing plants. Another account states, that the larches at Dalwick, planted by the grandfather of the present sir J. Nasmyth, are the oldest in Scotland, having been planted in 1725, while it was not till upwards of ten years after that a Mr. Menzies brought with him, either in his portmanteau, or on his saddle, a few small plants of the larch, as presents to the duke of Athol, five of which he left at Dunkeld, and eleven at Blair Athol. But Headrick, in his survey of Forfarshire, mentions three larches of extraordinary size, standing at Lockhart, on the Clyde, near Lanark, though so covered with lichens, that they exhibited scarcely any signs of vegetation. The tradition concerning them was, that they were planted there by the celebrated Lockhart, of Lee, who having been employed by Cromwell, as ambassador to France, after the Restoration retired for safety abroad. He spent some time in the north of Italy, and having there observed the great use made by the Venetians of larch timber for ship and house building, on his return home, brought some plants in pots, which he nursed for some time in a greenhouse, till they all died under this treatment, excepting these three, which, in desperation, he at last planted out in the garden. Contradictory and difficult to reconcile as these statements are, it is, however, universally owned, that by whomsoever imported, or how first brought into Scotland, the dukes of the house of Athol were the individuals who first made extensive larch plantations in the country, and devoted personal attention and patient investigation, to introduce and multiply the tree among us. If it be true that the man who causes an ear of corn to grow where it never grew before, deserves to be called a benefactor to mankind, these noble individuals, (and more especially the late duke,) whose enterprising efforts, and unremitted exertions, have shown how the barren mountain sides and waste moorlands may be converted into plantations and forests yielding abundant wealth to their possessors, have purchased for themselves a more honourable title, and enwreathed their brows with a yet more noble and durable coronet, than those bequeathed by their princely ancestors; for what

glory and honour can be compared to that of rendering an incalculable and imperishable benefit to the land of our birth? The history of these plantations, at Athol and Dunkeld, is interesting in no common degree; but our limits will not permit even an abridgment of the account of them, published in the transactions of the Highland Society, drawn up from documents furnished by the late duke. Suffice it to say, that no name stands so deservedly high, on the list of successful planters, as that of John, duke of Athol. His grace planted, between the years 1786 and 1826, only forty years, no less than eight thousand and seventy-one acres, of heretofore barren ground, solely with the larch. Before that time, from the scarcity of plants, and doubt as to the results, the larch had been only planted among other trees, and never at a greater height than six hundred feet. But though the first adventurers in larch plantations, the praiseworthy example has been long since followed, and even surpassed by other landed proprietors. In 1820, the Society for promoting Arts, etc., awarded to the duke of Devonshire, a gold medal, for planting 1,981,065 forest trees, of which 980,128 were larch.

The present value of larch timber is from 1s. to 2s. 6d. per cubic foot. An English acre of larch, contains about three hundred trees, at twelve feet apart; and allowing each tree to contain only one load of timber, namely, fifty cubic feet, at the very lowest computation, would produce about seven hundred pounds of clear profit. Besides this, where the object is to obtain clean straight timber for naval purposes, from two to three thousand plants are originally planted to the acre, and gradually thinned out in the course of thirty years. The average produce of these thinnings would be about twelve pounds an acre, of which, after defraying the expenses of thinning, and the original outlay in planting the ground, seven pounds would remain clear profit. It is computed that three thousand loads of timber are required to build a seventy-four gun ship; ten acres of larch, therefore, would supply the quantity, and if we take into account, that the ground on which it is grown, is unfit for any other purpose, it will be seen that we have not overrated the value of this tree.

Nor is it merely in the pecuniary returns from its timber, that the larch abundantly repays its planter. By the annual decomposition of its leaves, it creates, in the course of time, a soil fit for pasturage, where none existed before; or where the ground was solely covered with heath and furze, they are eradicated by means of its close and matted shelter. No tree is equal to the larch in improving the ground on which it stands. In oak coppices, the pasture is only worth five or six shillings an acre for a few years after every clearing; under the beech or spruce fir, it is deteriorated; but beneath the larch, where the ground was not worth a shilling an acre, the pasture, after the first thirty years, when the trees are finally thinned out, is worth from eight shillings to ten shillings an acre. In the account of the Athol plantations is a statement, proving that, independently of the value of the timber on it, the pasturage alone, thus improved, will more than repay the whole original outlay in fencing and planting, even when calculated with five per cent. compound interest. The process by which this improvement is effected is interesting, as described by sir T. D. Lauder. "The larch being a deciduous tree, sheds upon the earth so great a shower of decayed spines every autumn, that the annual addition, thus made to the soil, cannot be less than from one-third to one-half of an inch, according to the magnitude of the trees. The result of planting a moor with larches, then is, that when the trees have grown so much as to exclude the sun, and diminish the air and moisture on the surface, the heath is soon exterminated; and the soil gradually increasing by the decomposition of the spines or leaflets, annually thrown down by the larches, grass begins to grow as the trees rise in elevation, so as to allow greater freedom for the circulation of air below." The grasses thus produced, are at first coarse and unfit for pasture; but as the trees are gradually thinned, others succeed, which possess a softness and luxuriance not often acquired in open situations.

As an ornamental tree, the larch is no despicable addition to the English sylva. Its light and elegant form, feathering to the ground like a pyramid, of the loveliest green, and enlivened, in the early spring, by its tufts of crimson-coloured catkins, which, in form, colour, and size, have been compared to wood strawberries, contrasts well with the rugged scenes which it delights to beautify and

benefit. "We have introduced," says Phillips, "no exotic tree that has so greatly embellished the country in general. Its pale and delicate green cheerfully enlivens the dark hue of the fir and the pine, and its elegant spiral shape, contrasting with the broad-spreading oak, is a no less happy contrast; whilst its stars of fasciculate foliage are displayed to additional advantage when neighbouring with the broad-leaved chestnut, the glossy holly, the drooping birch, or tremulous asp." When planted singly on a lawn, too, it is a beautiful and interesting object at every period of the year, from the all-reviving season, when at the genial voice of spring

> "The larch has hung all her tassels forth,"
> HEMANS,

till it stands before the winter's ruthless blast to unveil the regular and symmetrical arrangement of its tapering branches, which are of a lively brown, and streaked with a golden tinge. The remarkably death-like character it then displays, is peculiar to this tree, and renders the sudden transformation of its spring-tide appearance yet more beautiful. Even Wordsworth allows that a young larch tree shows some elegance in form and appearance, though he strongly censures the uniform and unpicturesque appearance produced by the little variety of its form, and the unvaried tinge of its leaves. Being for the most part planted at regular distances, and in unbroken masses, its picturesque effect is, no doubt injured, by the very circumstances which enhance its pecuniary value. Yet, on the rugged sides of the Alpine and Tyrolese mountains, and even upon our Highland clifts, it often assumes the form and bearing of a truly majestic tree.

The largest larches, in Britain, are believed to be those at Dunkeld and Mongie. The largest, at the latter place, is one hundred and two feet high, and its branches extend over a space above one hundred feet diameter. Of the five originally planted at Dunkeld, two only are now standing; the largest of these measured, in 1831, ten feet six inches in circumference, at five feet from the ground; the trunk was one hundred feet in height, and its contents estimated at three hundred and sixty-eight cubic feet." These majestic trees, interesting on account of their apparently accidental preservation, and as being the harbingers of the noble plantations which now cover the whole surrounding districts, are no less so, on account of their locality; for their branches overshadow the venerable remains of the abbey of Dunkeld, and the bleak and barren hill once covered with the renowned Birnam wood. Of the other three trees, originally planted, one was accidentally felled while yet young; the second, containing one hundred and forty-seven cubic feet of timber, was felled in 1809, and sent to Woolwich dockyard; and the third, of one hundred and sixty-eight cubic feet, was purchased on the spot, by a Leith ship-builder, for three shillings per foot. The nine larches at Dalwick, are yet standing; one of them, known as the tall larch, is eighty feet high, and the trunk fifteen feet in circumference at the ground. Another, designated as the crooked larch, is a remarkably picturesque tree; its main limb having been struck by lightning, one of the side branches has, with a remarkable curve, assumed its place. The tree does not exceed fifty feet in height; but the trunk is of extra size, measuring nineteen feet at the roots, fifteen feet beneath the junction of the limbs, and thirteen feet yet higher.

The larch tree is considered, by Dr. Candole, as less subject to disease than any other alpine tree. At one time, the English larch plantations were much infested and injured by the ravages of a small insect (*Coccus laricis*) which covered them like a hoar frost. It lives on the resinous sap of the tree, and deposits its eggs at the angles formed by the last year's buds. The trees affected by this blight, appear to have their foliage covered with a whitish substance, which adheres to the touch; and after the leaves have fallen, they appear covered with black stains. Serious apprehensions were entertained as to its results; but since 1815 they have gradually disappeared.

It appears strange, that a tree so interesting in appearance, and the associations connected with it, should have been almost entirely overlooked by our poets. But though unrenowned in song, the Christian student of the works of nature will view the larch with no uninterested, unbenefitted gaze. The eyes of his understanding have been illuminated, and to him

"Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. He may read, and read,
And read again; and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct."

For nought that bears the impress of a hand Divine, is dumb to his attentive ear, or veiled to his observant gaze. He looks upon the larch, an exotic plant, yet so naturalized to our atmosphere and soil, that by means of its valuable products, the rocky cliff and sterile acclivity become as a plumy forest, and are rendered more intrinsically valuable than

"Rich Peru with all her gold,"

or the diamond treasuries of Golconda. Herein he traces an emblem of the Divine principle of grace, that wonder-working power, heaven born in its origin, and heaven tending in its effects, which, when implanted in the sinner's stony heart and barren nature, renders them as a garden enclosed, a fertile soil. The wilderness becomes as a fruitful field, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as a rose; when the incorruptible seed, the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever, has been implanted there by the heavenly Husbandman, nurtured by his fostering power, and strengthened and refreshed by the gentle and fructifying showers of the sacred Spirit. Thus the human heart, once yielding only briars and thorns, fit to be burned, is changed into a garden enclosed, bringing forth fruits of righteousness, to the glory and praise of Him who has planted, watered, and takes pleasure in the work of his hand.

THE EVANGELICAL REFORMATION.

The covenant of Sinai had formed a sort of starry heaven for that national church. The Shechinah was their sun; the holy days, their moon; and prophets, priests, and kings their stars: but Jesus shook them all off, that he himself might fill their place. He is our bright and morning Star, and the glorious Sun of righteousness with healing under his wings. He removed the covenant of Sinai, to give place to the new covenant. The covenant of Sinai had no remission of sins in it. It was only a small vessel, trading only with the land of Canaan. It carried some here, and shut out many even from the temporal privileges of that country; but it never delivered one soul from eternal death; but the new covenant will bring all its subjects to their incorruptible inheritance.

Relationship to Abraham, or being of the seed of Abraham, according to the flesh, as the prerequisite qualification to church membership, instead of regeneration, or a change of heart, was shaken, and entirely removed. For "now the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire;" however near he may be related to Abraham, he has no right to the privileges of the church of God under the gospel dispensation. Think not, therefore, to say within yourselves, that you have Abraham, or any other good man, for your father; but bring forth fruit meet for your repentance, always recollecting that the religion of Christ is a personal concern; that you must give an account to God for yourself, and not for others; neither can your relationship with any other avail you anything in the day of judgment. Ye must be born again. Ye must experience a real change of heart, which will manifest itself in your general conduct. You must be born, not of blood, nor of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.—Wherefore, henceforth know we no man after the flesh," 2 Cor. vi. 16, 17.

Also the circumcision made with hands in the flesh, as a mark of membership in the Jewish church, is taken away, to give place to the circumcision of the heart, so that those who have experienced the cutting knife of conviction and conversion shall not be lost like thousands of those who have been circumcised in the flesh, but never were pierced into the heart, like the murderers of the Prince of life.

The seat of government was removed from Mount Zion above; and the sword that had been useful in the hand of old Joshua, is put in its scabbard, according to the command of our Jesus, to give place to the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; that two-edged sword, which cometh out of the mouth of the Messiah, by which he subdues his enemies, and establishes his kingdom.

The priesthood, according to the order of Aaron, was removed to give place to the priesthood according to the order of Melchizedeck. The priests, according to the order of Aaron, were all put out of office by Death, the king of terrors, before the work was accomplished; but Jesus put on his priestly garments according to the order of Melchizedeck, and death could not strip him of them. He died in his office, and by one sacrifice made an end of sin. He is able to save to the uttermost, because he ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Also the middle wall of partition that kept the poor Gentiles far off, was shaken and demolished. The merit of the sacrifice of Christ more than filled the temple; the whole land of Judea was too small to contain it. Therefore, it burst forth into the land of the Gentiles, in living streams and rivers, that can never be frozen in winter, nor dried up in summer.

In short, all the vessels of the sanctuary were taken away by the Lord of the temple—the golden table, the golden candlestick, the molten sea, the twelve oxen—to give place to the twelve apostles, to proclaim the washing of regeneration, justification, and sanctification, by the blood and water that gushed from the wounded side of the High Priest of our profession. The cherubim of glory upon the mercy seat were taken away, to give place to the mercy seat in the blood of Christ. The priests, the altar, and all the Jewish sacrifices were turned out; for Jesus, the sum and substance of all the shadows, suffered and died without the camp. Behold, the glory is gone from the temple, and rests upon Jesus on Mount Tabor, in the presence of Moses and Elias, Peter, John, and James, and a voice from heaven was heard saying, Hear ye him, go after him, follow him through evil and good report. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son," Heb. i. 1, 2. "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," Col. ii. 9. Behold him nailed to the cross, and hear him cry with a loud voice, "It is finished." The power of that voice which made Sinai of old to shake, is now making the earth tremble to its centre, and the sun is putting on his mourning apparel. Gabriel, come down from heaven, and explain the hieroglyphic to the spectators on Calvary! The darkening of the natural sun, as if he were setting in his full meridian, figuratively denotes the setting of the sun of the empire of Satan, sin, and death; and the Dayspring from on high, rising upon the dead, and awakes them in their graves; and on the morning of the third day, you see the Sun of righteousness rising from the night of death, as a sure testimony that your debt is paid, that you might have life in his death, and riches in his poverty, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light by the gospel.—*Christmas Evans.*

COME BACK AGAIN.

Come back again, if you have moved ever so little; nay, if you have only set your foot, or turned your face towards an evil thing. Come back again, or you will find, what all have found who have trod the paths of iniquity, "There is no peace to the wicked."

Come back again, if you have erred and strayed from the performance of a single duty; if you have gone in pursuit of a single forbidden pleasure. Come back again: the path may be flowery, but your hands and your feet, ay! and your heart also, will be pierced with thorns; the fruit may be sweet in your mouth, but in your belly it will be bitter as wormwood.

Come back again, if you have injured a fellow sinner intentionally or unintentionally; make restitution according to your ability. Go not forward in the error you have committed. If you go on, your peace will be sorely wounded. If you come back again, your hurt may be healed.

Come back again, if evil companions have led you astray. The joy they promise will turn into sorrow, the happy life into a miserable death. If you will have self-reproach and destruction, and despair, and mourning, then may you pursue your course; but if you desire pardon and peace, and hope, and faith, and joy, come back again to the path whence you have wandered.

Come back again, if sickness and pain have been the means of subduing your spirit, so that you think God in wrath is afflicting you; if you think he has for-

gotten to be gracious, call to mind his past mercies, think of his present forbearance. Come back again; for he can bid you take up your bed and walk, he can heal your body and soul.

Come back again, if worldly care has absorbed your soul, and poverty come upon you. Remember that the silver and the gold are His, and the cattle on a thousand hills. He that has taken away, can bestow more abundantly. Come back again to Him who can give more than you can ask or think. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Come back again to Him, that your latter end may be better than the beginning.

Come back again if you have neglected the Scriptures, the sabbath, and holy things. However long you may have erred, and hardened your heart against the Holy One, despising the way of his commandments, come back again; like the prodigal, to your Father and Friend. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him." Come back again if you, like the fool, have said in your heart "There is no God." If you have openly defied the High and Holy One, come back again from your perilous path, lest a millstone fall on your head, that will grind you to powder.

O raise not your feeble arm against Almighty power, let not a mortal man contend with his Maker. Rush not on the thick bosses of his buckler.

Come back again if you are walking in shadows instead of sunshine, if you are doubting the faithfulness of God in his promises to repentant sinners, if you are desponding with fear when you should be exulting in the hope set before you in the gospel. Come back again, and call upon the name of the Lord; for he will be better to you than your fears. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth."

Come back again if you have been led from the good old way of salvation, if some new thing has been proposed to you, and in a measure dazzled your eyes, captivated your affections, and misled your judgment. If you are looking to something as more necessary than faith in a crucified Redeemer, and unreserved trust in His merits and mercy, O come back again to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. Come back to the simplicity of the gospel of peace. Come back to the plain declarations of the unadulterated word of God. Listen not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Why will you be wiser than your Bibles, why will you wander from your peace? Come back again whatever may be your trouble, your infirmity, your folly, or your sin. If it has led you from the Saviour of sinners, it is an enemy to your soul. Come back again from fear to hope. Come back from sorrow to joy. Come back from the prospect of eternal death, to the promise of everlasting life.

GENTLE REPROOFS.—No. V.

THE BASKET OF APPLES.

In walking, with a flower in my hand, along one of the many thoroughfares in the suburbs of London, through which the population of one district must of necessity pass to get to another, I came suddenly upon a father and his child, the latter just learning to walk. The man kept a fruit stall in front of his little dwelling; and he had put a basket of apples on the ground as a temptation to his child, who, with no small difficulty, was tottering towards it. "Now, steal an apple, Willie!" said the man, playfully, "steal an apple, Willie!"

"Thou shalt not steal!" said I, holding up my finger to the child, and throwing down my flower. As I passed on, the child picked up the flower, and the father took up the child into his arms.

All this occurred, as it were, in a moment. Had I stopped to expostulate, the man might have thought me severe; but as I passed on without further remark, I cannot but hope that my gift of a flower to his little one, may reconcile him to my gentle reproof, and that he will not again instruct his child to break the eighth commandment.

JOY.

There is more joy in the penitential mournings of a believer, than in all the mirth of a wicked man. I appeal to you that have had melted hearts, whether you have not found a secret content and sweetness in your mourning? So far from wishing to be rid of your meltings, you rather fear the removal of them.—*Crisp.*

Pilgrims approaching the Holy City.

PILGRIMAGES.

Dr. Robinson, when alluding to the early part of the eleventh century, says:

A wild idea had prevailed in some minds, that the Saviour's second coming was to take place in the year 1000; and others now saw in the disorders of times a prognostic of the near approach of antichrist. Under the influence of these circumstances, and perhaps of the concessions of the khalifs, multitudes of all ranks and classes flocked to the holy city. It was no longer single pilgrims, with staff and scrip, a monk or an abbot, or even perhaps a bishop with a few companions, who wended their way to the promised land, and were sustained wholly or in part by the alms of the pious; but henceforth, also, the common people and laity in great numbers, and especially noblemen and princes, often with a large retinue of armed followers, assumed the garb of pilgrims, and found their way into the East. Even noble ladies did not shrink from the hardships and dangers of the pilgrimage. Many of the pilgrims desired to find their death in the Holy Land. It was, perhaps, in order to keep back these throngs, or more probably in order to derive the greater profit from them, that the Muslims about this time demanded of every pilgrim the tribute of a piece of gold, as the price of entrance into the holy city.

Among the remarkable pilgrimages of this period, was that of Robert, duke of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror, which was undertaken in A.D. 1035, in spite of the remonstrances of his barons. Having settled the succession upon his illegitimate son, William, and leaving him under the protection and guardianship of the French king, he set off with a large retinue of knights, barons, and other followers. He himself, like every

pilgrim, went barefoot and in palmer's weeds, with staff and scrip. In passing through cities, he sent his train forwards, himself following alone in the rear in all humility, and bearing patiently the insults of the rabble. He took the way through Italy to Constantinople, where his piety and charity obtained for him the respect of the emperor and the Greek nobles. The former tendered him presents, and forbade his subjects to receive payment for articles furnished to the Norman duke; but the pilgrim refused the gifts, and ordered his people to pay for every thing. The emperor commanded that no wood should be furnished to him, in order that he might be compelled to receive it free from the royal magazines; but Robert purchased a large quantity of nuts, the shells of which he used as fuel.

During his journey through Asia Minor, he fell sick, and caused himself to be transported in a litter by Saracens. Meeting a Norman pilgrim, who was returning home, he inquired if he had any message to send. "Tell my people," said he, "that thou hast met me where I was borne of devils into paradise." Before the gates of Jerusalem, Robert found a crowd of needy pilgrims, too poor to pay the entrance money, and awaiting the arrival of some wealthy and generous fellow pilgrim, who might open for them the holy city. For each of these he paid a golden byzant. The Muslims admired his devotion and munificence; and an Emôr caused all that he had paid for the pilgrims to be restored to him; but Robert immediately distributed it among the poor pilgrims, and made to the Muslims also costly presents. He died on his way home, at the city of Nicea; and the relics that he had collected, were deposited in the abbey of Cerisy, which he had founded.

About this time, the conversion of the Hungarians to Christianity, which took place gradually at the close of the tenth and in the first half of the eleventh centuries, opened a new route for pilgrims to the holy sepulchre; since they could now traverse the whole distance to Constantinople by land, through a Christian country. One of the first to avail himself of this route, was the bishop Zietbert of Cambray, in A.D. 1054. He was attended by so great a company of pilgrims, that the party was called *exercitus Domini*, "the Lord's host." The king of Hungary at first distrusted the intentions of this numerous body, having been but little accustomed to the sight of pilgrims; but he afterwards treated them with kindness. The pilgrims travelled by land as far as to Laodicea, in Syria; and then took ship on account of the insecurity of the country. But being driven back by a storm, and learning from other pilgrims, that the Christians were then excluded from the holy places in Jerusalem, and treated with indignity, the bishop and his companions returned to France. The same route was followed by count William of Angoulême, about A.D. 1062, attended by some of his counsellors, several abbots, and a large company of noblemen. They too were treated with great courtesy by the king of Hungary in their passage through his dominions.

But the most celebrated pilgrimage of this period, was that of several German bishops in A.D. 1065, which is mentioned by all the chroniclers of that age. The party was composed of Siegfried, archbishop of Naintz, and the bishops Günther of Bamberg, Otho of Ratisbon, and William of Utrecht, followed by no less than seven thousand persons both rich and poor. Among these, was Ingulphus, the English secretary of William the conqueror, who with others joined the party from Normandy, attracted by the fame of the immense preparations. The bishops travelled with great pomp, carrying with them dishes and vessels of gold and silver, and also costly tapestry, which was hung up around their seats whenever they made a halt. Bishop Günther of Bamberg was celebrated for his personal beauty, as well as for his talents and learning; so that wherever the pilgrims came, a crowd ran together to get a sight of the handsome bishop, and made sometimes so much disturbance, that his companions had to urge him to show himself to the people. They set off in the autumn of A.D. 1064, taking the route through Hungary to Constantinople, and reached Syria in safety. But the rumour of their wealth, and the pomp with which they travelled, had preceded them, and excited the cupidity of the wandering predatory hordes, with which Palestine has ever been infested. On the day before Easter, they were attacked by

a large body of these Arabs in the vicinity of Ramleh, and, after losing many of their companions, were compelled to take refuge in a neighbouring village, where was a decayed castle or place enclosed by a wall, in which they could defend themselves, and where they were besieged by the Arabs.

On the third day, exhausted by hunger and thirst, they made known their readiness to capitulate. The chief sheikh, with sixteen others, was admitted into the castle, but rejected all proposals for the purchase of their freedom and safe escort, and would hear of nothing but an unconditional surrender. Unwinding his turban, and making with it a noose, he threw it around the neck of bishop Günther, exclaiming, that he was his property, and he would suck his blood, and hang him up like a dog before the door. The bishop felled him to the earth with a blow; the sheikh and his followers were seized and bound; and the pilgrims, elated by this turn of affairs, continued the contest with renewed vigour. The prisoners were exposed upon the walls, where the combat was hottest and the shower of arrows thickest; and a person with a drawn sword was stationed by each, threatening to cut off his head, if the Arabs did not cease from the attack. The son of the chief shiekh now held back his followers, in order to save his father's life; and meantime, the governor of Ramleh came up with a force in aid of the pilgrims, at whose approach the Arabs fled. The prisoners were delivered over to the governor; and he recognized with pleasure in the sheikh a rebel chief, who had for many years given great trouble to the Egyptian khalif, and several times defeated the forces sent against him. The governor now caused the pilgrims to be escorted in safety to Jerusalem, and back again to the sea, receiving for his civility and aid a present of five hundred gold byzants. But of the original host of seven thousand pilgrims, only two thousand lived to return to their native land; and the bishop Günther also died on the way back, in Hungary. Ingulphus and others returned through Italy; and he observes of his own companions, "That they sallied from Normandy, thirty stout and well-appointed horsemen; but that they repassed the Alps, twenty miserable palmers, with the staff in their hand, and the wallet at their backs."

"I COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT IT."

So said one of my uncle's under gardeners, whom old Anthony was endeavouring to convince that his daily potations of strong ale, and especially the occasional accompaniment of a glass of spirits, were not only unnecessary, but injurious; not only superfluous, for the matter of strengthening him for labour on which he laid great stress, and protecting him against injury from the changes of weather to which his calling exposed him, but were actually chargeable with producing that languor and depression of which he often complained, and for which he deemed them a sovereign remedy: moreover, as having much to do with a scanty wardrobe, an empty purse, and certain domestic disquietudes, all of which and sundry other evils he ascribed to the badness of the times, the heavy pressure of taxes, and the mismanagement or bad temper of his wife.

"To be sure," said Anthony, "we do live in fearful times; things are strangely altered, even since I was a boy; and yet I don't know that we have any right to complain. The wise man tells us that we should not say that the former times were better than the present. Those who are steady and industrious, and put their trust in God, are somehow or other helped to get along now, and they did no more formerly. But however the times may be, people in general are much more heavily taxed by their folly and vanity and vice than the amount of king's taxes and parish taxes put together. You think it hard that a working man like you should give sixpence in the pound of all his earnings towards poor's rates, and perhaps sixpence or a shilling more for duty upon leather and glass and many other useful articles used in every family, which you really cannot well do without; but did it ever strike you, John Wilkins, that you spend more than a shilling or eighteenpence in the pound on what you are not at all obliged to purchase, and which is not at all useful, or in any way conducive to the welfare of yourself or your family?" "Why, true, sir," replied

John, with some hesitation, "I know people say it does no good. The doctor has told me so again and again, and I don't myself know that there is much good in it; but I have been used to it so long, that I could not live without it."

"Well, I dare say you feel so, John; but to my thinking, it is a great pity to let anything, that is not in itself necessary, so get ahead of us as to make us fancy that we can't do without it. But, at all events, I would try whether or not that was a mere fancy. You most likely passed the first years of your life without such things; and, if you would but try, it is likely you might find your latter years greatly improved by going back to the good old fashion. At any rate, try it for a week; I'll answer for it, it will not kill you in that time."

Some time afterwards, when I was again visiting at my uncle's, I asked Anthony, whether or not he succeeded in persuading John Wilkins of the possibility of living without spirits and strong beer.

"No, sir," said Anthony, shaking his head, "it is hard to convince a man against his will. John could not be induced to try whether or not he could live without those things; but, poor fellow! he finds now that he cannot live by them. Without being what is commonly called a drunkard, he has taken enough to ruin his health, and is now apparently very near his end: he has not been able to work for a long time, and his family would have been almost starved, but for the kindness of our master. Poor John! he falls a martyr to thinking he could not live without it, and leaves his family destitute of many needful comforts which have been sacrificed to keep him supplied with his unnecessary indispensable: and then, what is worst of all, it is to be feared, he thought more about indulging his pleasure, than about saving his soul. Whenever trifles are treated as matters of great importance, it almost always follows, that things of real importance are regarded as trifles; and, for that reason, a wise man will be very jealous of the thing of which he thinks he cannot live without it."

The case of poor Wilkins was several times spoken of in-doors as well as out. My uncle was, in every sense of the word, a kind friend to him as long as he lived, and to his family after him. Wilkins had been a general favourite. He was a fine athletic man, active, clever, and obliging: every one of the servants spoke well of him for his kind willingness to serve and assist them, and Frank and myself remembered him as having often contributed to our pleasures. He had the good will and the good word of every body. My uncle, as well as old Anthony, thought it the more necessary to interpose a caution where his example might be dangerous. I recollect his saying, how very different matters would have been, if John Wilkins, instead of indulging the notion that he could not live without it, had formed and maintained the resolution that he *would* do without it. This he illustrated by two facts that had come under his own cognizance. "A somewhat celebrated man, with whom," said my uncle, "in my youth, I was more than once in company, had been for many years a great snuff taker. He never forgot his snuff-box many minutes together, and fancied that it was absolutely essential to his comfort, if not to his very existence; but he was convinced to the contrary, and wisely acted on his conviction. Whether he accidentally lost his box, or whether his pocket was picked, so it was, that, going along St. Paul's-church-yard, he missed his snuff-box, and instantly resolved that he would never take another pinch of snuff; nor did he ever suffer himself to break that resolution. I need not say," continued my uncle, "that he was never the worse for it; and that when the first effort of self-denial was achieved, the inclination to resume the nasty habit gradually subsided, and left him at full liberty to enjoy his moral triumph. He who has commenced a practice that has grown into a destroyer of his time, or that in any way enthrals his energies and resources, if he desire to end it, must snap it in an instant. If he strive to abate it by degrees, he will find himself relaxing by degrees. Delusions strong as hell will hold him fast, unless he achieve, not the determination to destroy, but the act of destruction. The will and the power are two. S. knew this; and therefore when he resolved to break off snuff-taking, he never allowed himself to take another pinch. Had he taken one, he might, in all probability he would, have taken one more, and then only another; and afterwards only a little bit in a paper; and then he would have died as he lived, a snuff-taker. No, he appears to have discovered the grand secret, that 'a man's self is the great enemy of

himself;' and hence his intolerance of self-indulgence even in a small degree." We were interested in this example of strength of mind, and I hope learned from it to aspire after that ascendancy over ourselves, without which, true greatness and goodness of character cannot exist.

My uncle gave us another instance. "Some years ago," said he, "a most malignant and contagious fever broke out in this neighbourhood. Its ravages were chiefly confined to the poor in a particular district, characterized by some unfavourable local circumstances, and still more by the dirty and depraved habits of the families resident there. Several deaths had occurred, and fearful apprehensions were entertained of the spread of the calamity, when our medical men suggested the desirableness of attempting to stop the contagion, by removing all the inhabitants, and thoroughly cleansing and purifying their dwellings, clothing, and persons. A liberal subscription was immediately raised, and two buildings, remote from each other, and from the seat of infection, were fitted up; one for the reception of the sick, where they were supplied with every comfort, and attended by nurses from the county hospital, under the direction of the medical men, who thus gained a fair field for the exercise of their professional skill, by the patients being removed from an infected atmosphere, from the real privations of poverty, and from the improper indulgences of self-willed ignorance. Most of them under proper treatment recovered. The other new building was appropriated to the reception of the apparently uninfected inmates of 'the dirty cottages;' for that was the name which their dwellings had acquired. On their entrance at the asylum provided for them, their persons were subjected to ablutions, to which most of them had been entire strangers: all woollen garments were destroyed, and linen ones washed; and every thing furnished that was needful for cleanliness and comfort. Meanwhile, the dwellings were cleaned and whitewashed; a stagnant pond cleaned out; each cottage furnished with drain, tank, and other appliances of decency, of which they had before been destitute. Every thing was attended to that could stimulate and encourage the occupants when they should reassemble in their dwellings to commence a course, of which it might be supposed they had now tasted the comforts and advantages, as compared with their former habits.

"During their temporary residence at the asylum, which lasted several weeks, until it was considered that all remaining danger of infection had passed by, the people were liberally supplied with wholesome food; but they were restrained from some improper indulgences to which they had been accustomed. At this, most of them at first raised bitter complaints; declaring, like poor Wilkins, that they had been used to their 'drop of spirits,' and could not live without it. However, by firmness and conciliation on the part of those who had the management of the concern, they were reconciled to their privations, and soon assumed a hue of health, vigour, and cheerfulness, unknown before. Some, indeed, only waited for the removal of present restrictions to return to their former courses; but in the case of two families, it proved the turning point of life. 'We thought,' said one of the parties to another; 'we thought we could not live without it; but now we know the difference; it would be better to die rather than to return to it.' There is reason to believe that the resolution was taken up on good grounds: it has hitherto been steadily maintained; the aspect of both the families is in every respect completely changed by it; and *their* dwellings, at least, are redeemed from the disgraceful epithet 'of the dirty cottages.'"

The expression of the poor man, that it would be better to die in forsaking bad habits, than to live in adhering to them, led Mr. Mortimer to mention a case which had come under his own knowledge of a highly talented gentleman, who had suffered himself to be beguiled into the seductive and dangerous habit of taking opium. By the pointed, affectionate, and well-timed remonstrance of a friend, he was led to perceive the criminality and danger of the course he was pursuing. He possessed Christian principle, and he was enabled to call it into exercise. When once his eyes were opened to the truth, he stedfastly resolved, in the strength of Divine grace, to break the snare *coute qu'il coute.* He was told even by a medical friend, that abruptly to discontinue the use of the powerful sedative, might occasion dangerous irritation of the nerves and spirits. "Be it so," replied he, "I am convinced of my duty; and I commit my life and

my reason to Him against whom I have sinned, by yielding to a habit prejudicial to both. He is rich in mercy, and he can preserve both; and if so, may His grace enable me to devote to his service, what has hitherto been shamefully alienated from it. But, should he otherwise appoint, the last energies of my life and reason will be best employed in an effort to forsake what I clearly perceive to be offensive in his sight; and may he graciously pardon and accept." He was enabled to adhere to his purpose. There is no doubt that he experienced many struggles and much suffering, known only to that gracious High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. But the suffering gradually wore away, while the solid satisfaction remained and grew; and the individual was distinguished by high degrees of Christian consistency, enjoyment, and usefulness.

On the whole, it seemed pretty plain, that a bad habit, however inveterate, may be broken through, if it is but set about in the right way. "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength: but wisdom is profitable to direct," Eccles. x. 10.

But there are innocent and rational indulgences, to which persons have been long accustomed, and which they imagine they cannot live without, till change of circumstances convinces them, that

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long."

There was an excellent Christian lady, a friend of my uncle's, at whose house I have often visited. When she was living in the first style of affluence and elegance, (a style to which she had been all her life accustomed, and which, she very naturally thought, she could not do without,) I recollect her being greatly disquieted at the loss of a favourite personal attendant, who married away. She could not find a new servant as expert and conformable to her tastes and habits as the old one had been; and she thought it was impossible to live with such clumsy, awkward people about her. She could not endure herself in the country beyond a certain day in October, nor in London beyond a certain day in May. The lease of the town-house expired; and she was absolutely distressed at the impossibility of finding another in which she could live. All she looked at, she pronounced totally ineligible: there was not a room fit for a library, a drawing-room, or a best bed-chamber; or, if the apartments were sufficiently capacious and elegant to meet her taste, there was a deficiency of some other convenience which she could not possibly live without; and it would at that time have seemed to her like the sentence of death, to intimate to her that she must dispense with her carriage, or her conservatory; or put up with pleasure grounds less extensive, or a retinue of servants less numerous than she had been accustomed to.

"Mrs. W.," said an eminent minister who visited the family, and who was also on terms of intimacy with my uncle—"Mrs. W. is a pious woman, but far too dependent on circumstances. That must have been a strangely erroneous education that could subject a woman of her native capabilities and dignity of mind, to the dominion of such trifles as ought to have an ascendency only over the vain and silly. Our friend is not conscious of having her heart set upon money; she is too liberal in the distribution of her property for such a suspicion once to enter her mind; but it is too evident that her heart is set on the indulgences which money procures.

"Even her charities, in which her kind heart delights, are among the number. They have never cost her the exercise of self-denial. But should a reverse in circumstances put it out of her power to give at pleasure, or to spend at pleasure, I really think she would go demented."

"Perhaps," replied my uncle, "it might prove the very occasion of rousing her energies, correcting her foibles, and elevating her affections. Such a reverse is not in her case very probable; at least, I trust her character may be improved without requiring the exercise of any discipline so severe."

The reverse, however improbable, was experienced. Years afterwards, I had the privilege of meeting my uncle and the minister referred to in the house of the same lady. It was not the same house; neither the splendid residence in —— Square, nor the elegant mansion in Brookdale, surrounded with delightful gardens, verdant lawns, and extensive pleasure grounds.

It was at a small house in a country town. The dwelling consisted of one parlour, about fourteen feet square, another much smaller; a kitchen, and three bedchambers, with, I believe, an attic. The furniture was neat, but simple; there were a few, a very few cherished

relics of by-gone grandeur; and there was a bookcase with a few choice volumes of divinity, the remains of a library which, years before, a room of thirty feet long was inadequate to contain; and, instead of a train of domestics of every name and degree, there were two female servants: one, whose business it was to perform all the various duties of household service; the other, a girl, who, having been in infancy left a destitute orphan, Mrs. W., in the days of her prosperity, had compassionated and provided for, and who now requited her benefactress by rendering her voluntary services as personal attendant and needlewoman. And there sat the fine old gentlewoman, her aspect as dignified and majestic as ever; but her looks were now silvered with age, and her cheek wore an expression of placidity and mellowness unknown before. A few antique ornaments, an inlaid writing table and workbox, and a richly bound Bible, were recognized as having formed part of the furniture in the boudoir at Brookdale; and a beautiful Italian greyhound which still crouched at the feet of his mistress, I well remembered to have caressed when a puppy. There was something touching in reflecting on the vicissitudes of human life; and I observed on the countenances both of my uncle and the minister, an expression of respect and sympathy. But it was soon dispelled by the easy, cheerful conversation of her whose circumstances had excited it. I do not know that I ever listened to a more interesting and instructive conversation than that between the venerable lady and her two old friends. It seemed, indeed, to be on all sides the utterance of the heart, mellowed and purified by deep-toned piety. Some hours elapsed without the slightest allusion to any change of circumstances, and, I believe, almost without a thought passing the mind of either party, whether their meeting was in one of the splendid saloons in —— Square, or Brookdale, or in the humble parlour at ——. The appearance of the servant to lay the dinner-cloth, and the necessity of displacing the company to make room for lifting out the table, led to a brief apology for the small size of the room, and the inconvenience of being obliged to employ the same apartment as dining parlour and drawing room. My mind reverted for a moment to the expression she had formerly uttered, "I could not live without it;" but there was no such expression now. It seemed as if she reproached herself for having even alluded to so trifling a grievance, or deemed it worth one passing sigh; and immediately in a tone of cheerful gratitude, she spoke of the numerous mercies and comforts with which she was surrounded, and invited us to walk in her delightful little garden. It was of a size corresponding with that of the house, scarcely a plot in comparison with those which its proprietor once owned; yet she showed us the few choice flowers, and two or three fruit trees, and pointed to a delightful view from a little grassy mount; and all with an air of satisfaction and enjoyment, far more entire than she had discovered when surrounded by more than heart could wish. There was a myrtle which at first sight appeared dead, but on a closer inspection, was found to be putting forth new shoots. "I am pleased at this," said the old lady; "I really thought the winter had entirely killed my myrtle, which I valued as a memorial of departed friendship. It is an indulgence I little expected, to see it revive; but thus it has been with many of those minor mercies, with which our gracious heavenly Parent so liberally indulges his children. Having been long habituated to the indulgence, we imagine it essential to our well being, and forget the hand by which it is bestowed. Then it is removed, or threatened, to teach us submission and dependence, and, when the 'soul is even as a weaned child,' it is sometimes most unexpectedly restored. O, sir," said she, addressing herself to the minister, "God has been very gracious in the dispensations of his Providence to me, enabling me to enjoy what he bestows and continues, and teaching me that I can do without what he sees fit to withhold."

"Yes, my dear friend, God has dealt very graciously with you, in still permitting you to be surrounded with all that is needful for your temporal comfort and enjoyment; and incomparably more so still, in sanctifying the dispensations of his Providence to you, and teaching you that lesson of high Christian attainment, in whatsoever state you are 'therewith to be content,' and enabling you to experience that you can do all things, or resign all things, through Christ which strengtheneth you."

We were summoned to dinner. The repast was simple, but admirably served.

It needed no apology, and Mrs. W. had too much good sense and taste to offer any, though it is probable her mind, as well as the minds of her guests, for a moment reverted to the elegance of her table in by-gone days. But if it were so, I can venture to say that, in point of real enjoyment, no one of the party was disposed to raise a comparison unfavourable to the entertainment of one dish and one attendant.

We were to sleep at Mrs. W.'s, the gentlemen having made a day on their way, returning from London, for the purpose of visiting their old friend. Next morning we were to proceed to my uncle's. In the afternoon, a walk was proposed, to visit some Roman antiquities. Before we started, our venerable hostess, with a very slight degree of embarrassment, apologized for having only two spare bed-rooms at command, and those of very confined dimensions; and expressed a hope that her young friend (myself) would kindly consent to accept the accommodation offered by her next door neighbour. The arrangement was quickly effected, and the subject dismissed with regret that it should have occasioned one moment's perplexity, but yet with a feeling of admiration at the power of Christian principle in producing conformableness to circumstances, manifested in very minute particulars, which are often apt to irritate and goad the pride and petulance of the unsanctified mind.

As we pursued our walk, the respectful and grateful manner in which our friend was accosted by all who knew her, both rich and poor, together with some other circumstances that casually came under our notice, clearly indicated that she was not less benevolent, less useful, or less respected than when the exercise of benevolence required no effort of contrivance or self-denial. On the whole, I shall never forget the pleasure of that interview, nor, I trust, ever lose the impression then made on my mind, of two interesting truths which are too much practically disregarded—That happiness consists in a right state of the heart, and is comparatively little in the power of outward circumstances, either to confer or to disturb; and, That religion, when it operates aright, tends to soften and correct the little imperfections of temper and character, as well as to separate from pursuits that are grossly and glaringly vicious. Mrs. W., in the time of her prosperity, was reckoned a pious woman, but what a vast improvement had taken place in her character, under the advancing influence of genuine piety, called into exercise by circumstances which for the present seemed not joyous, but grievous, but which afterwards wrought the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Heb. xii. 11.

"My dear sir," said the minister to my uncle, as we pursued our journey, "you were right when you anticipated the probability of affliction being employed to check the corruptions and call forth the graces of our friend. It was well worth bestowing a little time, and making a little circuit in our journey, to witness such an example of the power of Divine grace. It forms a living comment on the text, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," Psa. cxix. 71.

Man, as a social creature, is very dependent on the pleasures of social intercourse. It is wisely and mercifully ordained by the Creator that it should be so. The social affections greatly facilitate the discharge of a most important class of our duties, and form the source of some of our purest pleasures; so remarkably has our benevolent Creator connected the enjoyment of his creatures with whatever of active effort on their part he has made requisite to the carrying out of his plans. It is thus that a mother's ceaseless cares and toils are sweetened; and thus is secured to her children the enjoyment of those succours for which in the arrangements of Providence they are made dependent on her. And not in that particular relation alone; in every social character we sustain, those duties are most easily and most effectually performed, which are stimulated by love. But then, in the present imperfect state, it is no easy or common attainment to love ardently, without loving too much; to take delight in the relations of life, without placing an undue dependence on them; exalting them into the place of God, and imagining we cannot live without them. Sometimes the loudest professions of fondness prove shallow and short-lived, and soon yield to indifference or forgetfulness. Sometimes when the feelings are strong, and uncontrolled by the regulating influence of religious principle, when thwarted by circumstances, they break forth with turbulent and destructive violence. Sometimes the strongest and tenderest feelings are brought into lowly subjection to the power of Divine grace; and the saint of

God, though keenly wounded in the tenderest part, is enabled meekly to submit, and say, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good:" 1 Sam. iii. 18. I call to mind an instance of each.

The death bed of a Christian mother was surrounded by seven grown up children, the eighth was abroad. All felt deeply, for they were an affectionate family. But the agony of the youngest son was most violent and uncontrolled. All the others composed themselves to listen to the dying counsels of their venerated parent, and to render every little attention that might alleviate her sufferings. Meanwhile Henry paced the house like one distracted, and sometimes roared aloud. He refused to take either food or rest, reproached the composure of his brother and sisters, which he called apathy, and declared that he should never see another happy hour; he could not live without his mother. My uncle being a friend of the family, and one of the executors, had occasion frequently to call at the house. They mentioned to him with deep anxiety the excessive grief of their brother, which they feared might endanger his life or his reason. My uncle assured them their fears were groundless, and expressed his firm persuasion that a very short period would elapse before they would see their brother the same jovial, frivolous creature as ever; and the prediction was fully verified. His grief was like a summer flood, and his goodness,—for he made many vows of becoming what he knew his mother anxiously wished him to be,—his goodness was like the early cloud, and the morning dew.

There was a family left in indigent circumstances to whom my uncle was in many ways a kind friend. He made arrangements with an excellent lady for placing one of the girls in her school as an articled pupil. The foolish mother could scarcely be brought to consent to so advantageous an offer; not that she had employment for her child at home, or the means of educating or maintaining her, but 'it seemed so hard parting with her—she could not live without her.' At length, she was induced to comply, and the girl was sent to school. She valued and improved the advantages offered her, she obtained an excellent education, and was qualified to become a teacher of others, by which she has ever since honourably supported herself. But her mother, who could not endure to part with her, though she received from her child many a dutiful and affectionate letter, never answered one; until at length the poor girl, in the fulness of filial and sisterly affection and joy, wrote to say, that by employing her leisure hours in fancy work, for sale, she had saved money enough to bear the expense of a journey home, and had obtained of the governess leave of absence for a fortnight, during the summer recess. She then received an answer, that it would not be convenient to receive her!

A lady of my uncle's acquaintance was dotingly fond of all her children, particularly of one fine little boy. At six years of age, this child was taken from her by death. She was a stranger to the power of religion, and had no resource in trouble; nor were the efforts of Christian friends at all successful in directing her attention to the only true source of relief and comfort. She turned a deaf ear to all they could suggest, and yielded herself alternately to frantic grief and sullen gloom; hanging over the remains of the lost object of her affections, and refusing to yield them up for interment. At length it became necessary to separate her from the corpse. When this was effected, she seemed to lay aside her grief, and ordered a carriage to convey her to a toy warehouse, where she procured a very large doll, which she brought home and dressed in the clothes of her departed child, and seemed to transfer to the inanimate thing all her fondness and attention. She continued to do so for several months, and sunk into a state of hopeless derangement, which lasted as long as life.

I remember an affecting parting between a venerable Christian lady, and a beloved daughter, whose lives had been so bound up in each other, that it seemed as if nought but death could separate between them. But a train of circumstances led both to concur in the conclusion, that it was the will of God, that the daughter should leave her native land, and go among the heathen. There is no doubt that the sacrifice was conscientiously made, and that He who graciously accepted it, more than made up all privations by his own presence and communications. In company with my uncle, I visited the old lady, when her daughter had been gone from her ten or twelve years. She spoke of her with the most ardent affection, but yet with such cheerful serenity and freedom from

anxiety as is seldom experienced by a tender parent, when a beloved child is absent, though only at a few miles distance, and for a few weeks. She spoke of their frequent meeting in spirit at the throne of grace, and of their next meeting being in heaven, "and," she observed, "there is a much shorter passage to heaven, from both India and England, than from the one to the other." Through that passage she was very soon afterwards called, and as she went, she recorded her experience of the truth of the promise, that no one shall resign the dearest earthly connexions for the sake of Christ and the gospel, but shall receive manifold more in this present time, as well as in the world to come life everlasting, Luke xviii. 29, 30.

"I could not live without it." Such is human caprice, that this has not unfrequently been asserted of a person, or thing, concerning whom or which, at no very distant period, the same individual has declared, that they were the plague of his life, and that he could have no enjoyment of life until they were got rid of.

"I could not live without it." Ah! such is the deplorable tendency of human nature to degenerate, that we have known instances of persons, who once said and thought that they could not live without prayer, without reading and hearing the word of God, without seeking the salvation of their souls, but who can now live in as utter regardlessness, and indifference to these things, as if they had never had an idea of their importance.

"I cannot live without it:" growing experience of the insufficiency of the world, and the all-sufficiency of God, should teach us that the sentiment belongs not to any created enjoyment, however dear, and valuable, and lawful. Whatever we may possess, and however essential we may have deemed it to our comfort and well being, we must give up at the command of God, and we may live, and live happily without it if we possess his favour, which is life, and his loving kindness, which is better than life, Psa. xxx. 5; lxiii. 3. "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him." "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us," and then, "although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." "I shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make me drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light." Psa. lxii. 5; iv. 6. Hab. iii. 17, 18. Psa. xxxvi. 8, 9. C.

CLIMATE AND MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.
No. II.

The tombs of Egypt have furnished in abundance the monuments of her ancient greatness. In Upper Egypt the dead were deposited in immense caverns hollowed in the rocky mountains that form the western boundary of the valley of the Nile. In Lower Egypt, where the mountains disappear, deep pits were dug and lined with bricks, or hewn in the rock for this purpose. These sepulchral caverns would seem to demonstrate the literal truth of the remark of Diodorus Siculus respecting this extraordinary people, that they spent more upon their tombs than upon their houses. Some of these are common cemeteries of vast extent, in which the mummies, or embalmed bodies of the poorer classes, (sometimes in coffins, but generally with no other receptacle than the thick swathing of linen in which they were always enveloped,) are piled with great care and regularity, and in incredible numbers. Others are family vaults, which have been prepared expressly for individuals and their connexions, belonging to the wealthy and privileged orders of the priesthood and the military. These also are very extensive in some cases, consisting of a succession of chambers with galleries leading to them, having the walls every where stuccoed and covered with paintings representing scenes partly relating to the funeral, or to their mythological belief regarding death, but principally to the operations of common life. The deceased is represented surrounded by his family, banqueting, listening to music, observing the evolutions of dancing girls, or the feats of activity and dexterity of tumblers and jugglers. Then again he is in the open country, amusing himself with hunting, fowling, or fishing. In another place, he is in the fields, superintending the various operations of agriculture, or taking the account of his herds and flocks. The

tombs of other individuals have preserved the representations of various processes in the mechanical arts. The making of wine, weaving, tanning, and other similar arts, are all in actual progress. Masons, brickmakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., are hard at work. The forging of arms, the building of chariots and ships, the arts of sculpture and painting, are depicted with every appearance of minute fidelity. There is scarcely an art of common life which is not represented in the tombs, all these representations being accompanied by explanatory inscriptions in hieroglyphics. The artist seems to have had the design of banishing, as far as possible, the idea of death from the tomb, for every thing in it savours of life, except the corpse. It was the custom of the Egyptians to prepare and decorate their tombs during their lifetime, and this fact affords us the only explanation which can be given of so singular an anomaly.

The contents of these tombs are also of a character equally interesting and important. The mummies are sometimes enclosed in sarcophagi, or stone coffins, made of granite, basalt, or alabaster, and covered with figures and hieroglyphic inscriptions engraved in intaglio, that is, hollow, like the cutting of a seal. But one wooden case, or several fitting within each other, and superbly decorated with painting or gilding, are more frequently the receptacles of the mummies found in these splendid tombs.

These are by no means the most valuable part of their contents. It would seem to have been a custom with the Egyptians to deposit with their dead the tools or utensils of which they had made use when living, or any articles of luxury upon which they had set a particular value. Such objects are of very frequent occurrence in the tombs. Elegantly shaped vases of granite, alabaster, metal, and earth, abound in all great collections of Egyptian antiquities. The mason's and carpenter's tools in brass or iron; the chairs, tables, couches, and wooden pillows; the pallets used by the sacred scribes, with the colours in cakes, and the reeds or brushes; the models of boats, houses, and granaries, which give so much interest to these collections, and with which the British Museum is so richly supplied, have all been taken from the tombs. Books, in the ancient form of rolls, are also not unfrequently discovered; and, when their contents are well understood, they will probably form the most valuable part of these remains. They are generally found in the swathings of mummies, sometimes, also, enclosed in hollow figures of wood, or earthen jars. They are written upon a substance called papyrus, or byblus, which is made from the inner coat of a species of reed, once very common in the canals and lakes of Egypt. There is a large collection of these papyrus rolls in the British Museum.

The tombs of the kings, which were excavated in Bibanel-Malook, a secluded valley to the west of Thebes, far surpass those of private individuals in the magnificence of their decorations. The study of their paintings and inscriptions has already made some valuable additions to our knowledge of the history and arts of ancient Egypt. Sixteen of these tombs are now known, all of which have been long ago pillaged of their contents.

Thus, from the very peculiar nature, both of the customs of Egypt and of its climate, we know more of the minute details of common life among its ancient inhabitants, than perhaps of any other nation of antiquity. These remains have also furnished the materials whence its history (our knowledge of which was before derived only from a confused collection of fragments handed down to us by the Greek authors) has been already greatly elucidated, and will probably, before long, be to a considerable degree restored.

We have already seen that Egypt has, on many past occasions, greatly subserved the purposes of the Divine mercy; and there is a certain uniformity in the Divine dealings which justifies the expectation that the same instrumentality will generally be employed for the accomplishment of the same end; and, therefore, that on future occasions Egypt may powerfully aid the cause of the gospel. This consideration is of itself enough to excite the attention of the Christian to all that relates to that country; nor can he hear without deep interest that a vast mass of facts has been providentially preserved to us concerning the manners, customs, and arts of common life of its ancient inhabitants, from whom God's chosen people derived their civilization, and whose history for full two thousand years runs closely parallel with that of Israel. For it is no presumptuous interpretation of

the purpose of God in his providence, to observe that an inquiring, searching spirit, demanding the proof of every thing, predominates in the minds of men at the present day, and from thence to infer the importance of this opening of a new and hitherto unexplored field of inquiry, and the value of the powerful array of unanswerable evidence in favour of the Scriptures, which doubtless will be obtained from it. These, and similar considerations, encourage the hope that the philosophy of this age will be the instrument, in God's hands, wherewith he will oppose its infidelity.—*From Antiquities of Egypt, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. XI.

TWENTY-FIRST CLASS. MONŒCIA.

If the freshness and exquisite beauty of the green leaf and the blooming flower excite our admiration, and extort from us ejaculations of astonishment and joy, the fall of the leaf, and the fading of the flower, are not less calculated to arrest our attention. Strange, some may say, that so much beauty should be allowed to wither and die! but passing strange is it, that the dry, shrivelled seeds, which at this season are gathered, or which are sown by the flowers themselves, should, when the winter has passed, burst into life and loveliness. What is too wonderful to be effected by Him who works these wonders! But hark! the November blasts are blowing.

"There is a fearful spirit busy now:
Already have the elements unfurled
Their banners; the great sea wave is up curl'd;
The cloud comes; the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go;
And quickly will the pale-red leaves be hurl'd
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love the moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of autumn; for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
And in sublime mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
Accordant to the billows' loftier roll."

In this twenty-first class, *Monœcia*, are placed the plants on which some of the flowers have stamens only, without pistils, and others of the flowers have pistils only, without stamens; but all on the same plant, or, as it were, in "one household," as the term *Monœcia* implies. There are seven orders. 1. *Monandria*, with "one stamen," as ditchweed. 2. *Diandria*, with "two stamens," as melothria. 3. *Triandria*, with "three stamens," as reed mace. 4. *Tetrandria*, with "four stamens," as birch. 5. *Pentandria*, with "five stamens," as amaranth. 6. *Hexandria*, with "six stamens," as cocoa nut. 7. *Polyandria*, with "many stamens," as the oak.

In the first order, is placed ditchweed, (*Zannichelia palustris*,) an indigenous annual, abundant in ditches and marshes in this country, blowing in July, without petals. The fertile, or stamen-bearing flowers, have a one-leaved calyx; the anthers are four celled; and the seed vessel is dentated on the back.

As illustrative of the third order, we may select the numerous species of sedge, (*Carex*,) most of which are marsh plants, resembling coarse grass. There are above one hundred species, and about half the number indigenous to Britain, so that the student may be almost certain to find one or other of them in every spot of marshy or wet ground which he chooses to examine. The sharp leaved, (*C. actua*,) is common on banks of rivers and in ditches, having creeping roots, increasing so rapidly, as soon to fill up any piece of water. It is a very useful plant for making the seats of common chairs, and in the hop growing counties, for tying up the young hops to the poles. Linnæus gives an interesting account of the use made of this plant by the Laplanders. A Laplander, he tells us, preserves himself from the violence of cold, in the following manner. He wears trowsers made of the rough skin of the reindeer, which reach to his ankles, and shoes made of the same material, the hair turned outward; this grass, cut down in the summer, dried, rubbed betwixt the hands, and afterwards combed and carded, he puts into his shoes, so as not only wholly to enwrap his feet, but the lower part of his legs also, which, thus defended, never suffer from the severest cold: with this grass he also fills his hairy gloves to preserve his hands. And thus are those hardy people enabled to bear the frost. As this grass, in the winter, drives away cold, so, in summer, it checks the perspiration of the feet, and preserves thom from being injured by stones in travelling; for their shoes are extremely thin, being made of untanned skins. It is difficult to learn, on inquiry, what the particular species of grass is which is thus in request with these people. It is, however, always a species of carex, and we understood, chiefly the *carex acuta*.

Maize, or Indian corn, (*Zea mays,*) belongs to this order, and is an annual indigenous to America, first introduced into Europe in 1562, and though too tender for our climate, it thrives well in Germany, Italy, and France, and better still in warmer latitudes. It forms the staple crops of grain in many parts of America. The stamen-bearing flowers are in distinct spikes from the pistil-bearing flowers. The calyx is a two-flowered blunt husk; the corolla a blunt chaff. In the pistil-bearing flowers, the calyx is a two-valved chaff; the corolla a two-valved husk; the seeds solitary, adhering to a long column. The leaves are entire, and very long, broad, and flag-like.

The reed muce, or great cat's-tail sedge, (*Typha latifolia,*) is not an uncommon plant of this order, in canals, deep ponds, and the pools of slow-running streams. The stamen-bearing flowers have a cylindrical hairy catkin; the anthers, three together, are each filaments. The pistil-bearing flowers have a cylindrical catkin, with one seed on a feathered footstalk. It is frequently mistaken for the bulrush, (*Scirpus lacustris,*) but this does not send up a flower spike so large and conspicuous as the *Typha.* There is another smaller species, (*T. minor,*) which is by no means so common as the preceding; but a patch of it may be seen near the Dartmouth Arms, Sydenham, in a portion of the old Croydon canal, which has not been drained of its water by the railway operations.

The floating bur reed (*Sparganium natans*) of this order, may be found in most ditches and slow-running streams. It prefers a muddy and clay bottom, such as Burwell fens, Cambridgeshire, and the Norwich river. It blossoms in July, having a three-leaved calyx and no corolla; the seed vessel is dry, containing one seed. The leaves are drooping and flat. The branching bur-reed (*S. ramosum*) is very similar in appearance, grows in nearly the same localities, the leaves being very tall and triangular at the base.

In the fourth order we know of no plant more common than the stinging nettle, (*Urtica dioica,*) a creeping rooted perennial, abundant on ditch banks and waste places, and blowing from July till October, rising about three feet high. The blossom is greenish, the clusters of flowers in pairs much branched, mostly having stamen bearing flowers on one side, and pistil bearing flowers on the other. The seed vessel is one seeded and shining. The leaves are egg oblong, taper pointed, heart shaped at the base, and deeply saw toothed on the margin. The young shoots, when they have from four to six leaves in spring, are boiled as a pot herb, and are very wholesome, from the astringent principle which they contain. It was, at one time, attempted to manufacture the fibres of the stem into linen, and it is not improbable, that this might be successfully accomplished by perseverance, these fibres being strong, long, and fine. The plants would, of course, require to be steeped, like hemp and flax, in order to rot the bin or interior portion of the stem, that the fibres might be easily detached. There are two other species of nettle, common in this country, being of small size, and annual growth; their stings much more pungent than that of the larger perennial nettle.

The birch (*Betula alba*) is a well-known tree, belonging to this order, peculiar for its white bark and the fragrance of its leaves. It blows in April and later, with catkin-formed flowers, the bractea being three flowered, the stamens from ten to twelve; the pistils two in number; the seed organ two celled, one of which is barren; the seed is flattish, with a membranous margin. The leaves are triangular, egg oblong, pointed, doubly saw-toothed, smooth, and shining. The dwarf birch (*B. nana*) is a small species, common on barren heaths and the lower parts of mountains. The weeping birch (*B. pendula*) is a native of Cumberland and Wales, in both of which the writer has seen it growing abundantly in the ravines of mountains and the declivities of glens. It is very common in our shrubberies, being much admired for the light airy elegance of its drooping branches. The essential oil of various sorts of birch is extracted from the bark, and employed to give a peculiar odour to Russia leather.

The box tree (*Buxus semper virens*) belongs to this order, and is a native of this country, found on dry chalky hills, such as Boxhill, near Epsom, in Surrey; but it may be commonly met with by the botanical student in gardens and shrubberies, though many of the plants there do not produce flowers, till the trees are of a considerable age and size. The flowers appear in April,

having a three or four-leaved calyx, and a corolla of two or three petals. The seed vessel has three beaks, three cells, and two seeds in each cell. The wood of the box is much used by turners, and is almost the only wood employed in the extensive art of wood engraving, the supply being chiefly from Asia Minor and other parts of the Levant where the box attains a large size. At Boxhill, however, are trees fifteen feet high, and some grow to twenty feet high in this country; but it is a tree of very slow growth. The box used for garden borders is only considered to be a dwarf variety of the common box. This variety rarely flowers in this country.

The wild amaranth (*Amaranthus blitum*) belongs to the fifth order, often to be met with on compost heaps, dung-hills, and other rich soil. The flowers which appear in August are inconspicuous and greenish red, the calyx having from three to five leaves, no corolla, and three to five stamens. There are two species very common in gardens, prince's feather, (*A. hepaticus*,) and love-lies-bleeding, (*A. candatus*,) the latter with red or with yellowish white flowers in an elegant drooping spike or tail, whence the specific botanical name is derived. The leaves of this species are said to be used in India as spinach, but their reddish colour does not render them very tempting; and those the writer has seen cooked in this country were dry and of no very agreeable flavour. It is not known what plant Young refers to in the verse,

"Ye amaranths and roses like the morn."

In the seventh order, we find several very common trees, as well as small plants. The oak (*Quercus robur*) belongs to this order, and abounds in most of our native woods in all parts of the island, even in the Highlands of Scotland, such as Glendornel, in Argyleshire, where the oak covers some miles of the mountain declivities. It blows in April and May, about the same time as the leaves appear, the flowers being greenish without petals; the nut, which is termed an acorn, is oblong one celled, one seeded, and surrounded at the base by the enlarged cup-shaped fruit scale. The leaves are placed on deciduous foot stalks, are lobed, oblong, smooth, and widening towards the tip. The footstalks of the fruit are two or three inches long, in which this differs from another very common species, (*Q. sessiliflora*,) in which the fruit has no fruit stalk at all, but sits close to the branch in clusters of six or seven acorns.

The common beech (*Fagus sylvatica*) also belongs to this order, and, notwithstanding the authority of Julius Cesar is against the fact, as he says Britain has not the beech, there can be little doubt of the tree being originally a native of our forests, where it attains a height of from fifty to seventy feet, and flowers from April till May, the blossoms being greenish white, without petals. The beech nuts, which are called mast, contain one seed, invested with the bractea, thick, large, leathery, and rough. The leaves are egg oblong, smooth, and shining, indented and fringed on the margin. There is a variety with purplish brown leaves, propagated by grafting, and not uncommonly introduced into shrubberies as a curiosity. Swine are very fond of the mast, on which they thrive and fatten, and the abundance of the beech in Wiltshire is one cause of that county being celebrated for its bacon. The beeches in the park at Compton House, Wilts, are the widest spreading, as those at Burskimming, in Ayrshire, are the loftiest which the writer has met with in any part of Europe.

TWENTY-SECOND CLASS. DIÆCIA.

In this class are arranged the plants in which some flowers have stamens only, and others have pistils only; but are separate plants, or in "two households," as the term *diœcia* implies. There are eight orders, distinguished precisely as in the twenty-first class.

In the first order, there is no common plant; but in the second, there is the willow, (*Salix*,) which consists of a very great number of species and varieties, more perhaps than have yet been well ascertained by botanists. The inexperienced student will find it exceedingly difficult to distinguish the sorts, unless they are pointed out to him by a master. One of the most marked species, well known to every body, is the weeping willow, (*S. babylonica*,) a native of the dry and sandy soil on the banks of the Euphrates, as Mr. Buckingham informs us, but usually planted in this country near to water.

The willow boughs are downwards spread,
Low bending o'er the watery bed—
Hast thou no cause to hang thy head?
To mourn that earth thy spirit wins,
And sigh in sorrow for thy sins?

The willow through the summer days
Exults in shining silver sprays—
Where are thy cheerful songs of praise,
To manifest, for favours given,
Thy boundless gratitude to Heaven?

The willow rarely blossoms here; at least the writer never could meet with the blossom in many years' observation. It does not thrive well far north, the climate being too cold for it; but in the south of England it will readily attain a height of thirty feet. It is a curious contrast to the herbaceous willow, (*S. herbacea*,) a native of some of our highest mountains, and which the writer of this found abundant on the Col de Balm, in the Alps, as high as the line of perpetual snow, and also at the foot of Benvoirloch, in Scotland.

In the fourth order, is the mistletoe, (*Viscum allum*,) an evergreen, which grows, as it is well known, on the hawthorn, the apple, and other trees, and will not grow at all when planted in the ground. It flowers in May with a white blossom, of four petals, bulging at the base. It is doubtful whether this plant grows in Scotland. It may be propagated on trees, by sticking the berries on the bark, and M. Dutrochet even succeeded in making it germinate on window glass.

In the fifth order, we find the garden spinach, (*Spinacia oleracea*,) whose native country is unknown. It blows, according to the time of sowing, throughout the spring and summer months. The blossom is green; the stamen-bearing flowers having a fine parted calyx, and the pistil-bearing flowers, an undivided calyx, containing, when hardened, one seed. There are several varieties, particularly the narrow-leaved, and the broad-leaved, of which the first is the hardiest for standing the winter.

MUSIC OF THE CHINESE.

The music of the Chinese contains many internal marks of great antiquity, and is therefore well deserving of a little investigation. By surveying some of their musical instruments, and by ascertaining the mode in which they are tuned, we get a glance at what the science was two or three, and perhaps four thousand years ago. For, by a reference to some of their books, it would appear, that one of their instruments in its present form is as old as the deluge. Every thing, therefore, about its shape, compass, powers, mode of tuning, etc., must be very curious and very instructive.

The instrument mentioned in the foregoing paragraph is called the *kin*, and may be styled in English the scholar's lute, since it is generally played upon by men of learning. The one in the possession of the writer is nearly four feet in length.

It is made of the *woo-tung*, or *dryandra cordifolia*, and is so neatly japanned as to present a seamless superficies on all sides. Thirteen studs of nacre, or mother of pearl, correspond to the dots upon the upper side of the figure, which are intended to direct the fingers in the positions that they ought to occupy upon the strings. By means of these studs, the length is divided into two, three, four, etc. equal parts, so that the notes of their music appear to have had a mechanical origin, and not one founded in nature. We are apt at first to think, that a certain mysterious law of our being renders a particular succession of intervals agreeable to our ear; but when we investigate the history of the art and trace its phenomena to first principles, we find ourselves within the well-known borders of arithmetic, and can account for the pleasure we feel by comparing the numbers 1, 2; 2, 3; 3, 4, etc. with each other.

The Chinese *kin* has seven strings; that is just as many as the Mercurian harp had before "Pythagoras added the eighth." To us, however, it may appear singular, that the interval of a ninth should be included within the compass of seven strings. But so it is, for the half notes in our scale are skipped over, so that we have nothing but whole tones and minor thirds. In playing, the left hand presses down the string, while the right plucks it. The chief peculiarity in the style of performance, consists in the shifting and sliding movement of the left hand, while the string is sounding. To manage this with grace and variety forms the most admired perfection of the player. In order to acquaint himself more completely with the nature of the instrument, the writer took lessons of a native gentleman, and found the

initiation very troublesome at first, but was repaid in the end by the information he obtained. The notes are pretty when touched by a native; but there is a wild and melancholy dronishness about them, which, when heard amid the rural retreats of a Chinese, might make an imaginative person think, that he was suddenly carried back some two or three thousand years to behold mankind making some of their first essays towards art and improvement.

There are two or three other kinds of lute, which have many strings, and may by help of bridges be adapted to any scale the musician may think proper to adopt. They are strung with wires, and please even the fastidious ear of the foreigner. Three different kinds of guitar are in common use; one which has three strings, and is called the *san heen*, yields a dull sound, and is consequently played as an accompaniment or bass to the *pepa*. The strings are tuned at the interval of a fourth from each other, and so correspond to the middle and outer strings of the ancient seven-stringed harp. This is a plain indication of its high antiquity, and indirectly corroborates a view derived from other sources, that the most ancient system or scale was a fourth. The *pepa* is shaped like a pear, and is made of the *wootung* wood like the kin. It has four strings, which are turned at the distance of a fourth, a tone and a fourth from each other. And thus they present an outline of the harp, after Pythagoras had set his improving hand to it. We have, therefore, two kinds of lyre often referred to in ancient history, still existing in their counterparts among the natives of the celestial land. But these are only two among many other things in that country, which, if nicely investigated, would throw great light upon remarks scattered over the annals of other times. It may please the Almighty, ere long, to break down the middle wall of partition, and lay open that country to scientific research as well as to Christian enterprize, and then many a relic will be encountered to suggest curious hints as to what art and science were in their infancy.

The third sort of guitar is the *yue kin*, which has a round body and is made of the *swan-che* wood. It is strung with four strings, which stand in pairs, and are tuned as unisons to each other. The interval of a fifth is interposed between the pairs. When touched by an expert hand, its sounds are very lively and exhilarating; but the airs are so peculiar, that use and the powers of association must assist the judgment before the foreigner can sympathize with the native in deciding upon their merits. A long time would not be required to gain the necessary habit, if a true spirit of philanthropy prompted the heart of the stranger. A kindness for the Chinese would soon unfold itself into an attachment for their customs, when they were without blame, and lead the stranger to take an easy and spontaneous share in the taste and predilections of the native, an accomplishment that would not prove superfluous; for an observation to the purpose about any indigenous piece of art or science, or a few touches upon one of their musical instruments, would bespeak a favourable hearing for statements of the highest importance, when a serious reproof, or a fervent appeal, had failed to do so. Men are strangely affected by things that are native and familiar to them, and amazingly delighted when they meet a foreigner who is disposed to humour them in any of their peculiar attachments.

The Chinese have an instrument, the *yang kin*, which may be regarded as an humble apology for the piano forte, or virginal. It is in truth that noble contrivance in its embryo state. It is strung with fourteen double wires, which pass over two bridges, so that there are several notes in duplicate. It is struck with two very delicate hammers prepared from the bamboo. The performer accompanies himself in a series of fifths, a practice condemned by harmonists on this side of the world, but seems to be very agreeable upon the *yang kin*, owing to a different temperament in the order of tuning the strings. The violin exists among them in its rudimentary state. It consists of a stem, which has a hollow cylindrical piece of bamboo, about the size of a half pint measure at one end, and two pegs at the other. To these pegs two small strings are attached, and are then conducted over a minute bridge, which rests upon the bottom of the cylinder. The strings are tuned at the interval of a fifth from each other, as they are in our violin. The hairs of the bow pass between the strings, which enables

the player to pass from one to another with a minimum of effort. But while it affords the practised hand an advantage, it is a great stumbling block in the way of the learner, who is from unskilfulness perpetually chafing the wrong string, and so mixes up the sound desired with one that is unspeakably rough and screeching. But undismayed by difficulties, a great many young men among the lower ranks spend their leisure in fretting the strings of this puny instrument, till time has enabled them to secure the mastership of one solitary air, with which not a few seem to be very well contented.

The clarinet, or *heang teih*, is a loud and powerful instrument. It is blown with a reed, as is the clarinet in use among our military bands. The bell, or lower end, is made of brass, and is adorned with silken tassels, which add to its beauty, without diminishing the effect. The Chinese are very fond of the deafening sounds produced by it, and have recourse to them on all exciting occasions of joy, sorrow, or religion. If a native musician is invited to give a foreigner some instruction as to the nature and use of the instruments known among his countrymen, he will try the whole assortment set before him in their turn, but at length fastens upon the clarinet, and, with looks full of complacency, continues to blow such a peal from the sonorous tube, that the pupil is at length obliged to beg his master to indulge him with a truce.

The flute is made of bamboo, and has six holes for the fingers; but is, like the clarinet, destitute of a key. Its sounds are soft and plaintive, and would be very sweet in the hands of a good performer. But the Chinese are, like our country musicians, very well contented with mediocrity, and therefore seldom exert their powers to reach any thing like an excellency in the art.

G. T. L.

INORDINATE ATTACHMENT TO THE WORLD.

Much of the preaching of Jesus was occupied in adjusting the claims between heaven and earth; so frequently did he return to this theme, and so conspicuous a place did he assign to it in his discourses, that it may be said to be one of their distinguishing features. A prevailing characteristic of man, as portrayed in Scripture, is an inordinate attachment to the world. Sin having expelled from his heart the love of God, the love of the world has rushed into the vacuum, and made it impossible for any but Omnipotence to dislodge it. Having lost that organ of spiritual vision, which, by keeping another world in view in rivalry with this, would have preserved the balance of his affections even, the present is left to tyrannize over him with all the advantage of a power which is ever visible, ever at hand, soliciting him and making itself necessary to him in a thousand different ways; while the only rival which it has to dread is not only invisible, but incalculably remote; and having thus sustained the loss of a world, having thus become reduced in spiritual wealth by the loss of a whole order of ennobling objects, he not only pours out his affections on the unworthiest things that offer, but he has literally idolized the most contemptible. Most graphically is he represented in the word of God as bearing the image of the earthy; his very mind has become materialized; instead of being pictured over with celestial imagery, it only contains the portraiture of the world; in all its chambers of imagery are depictured and burned in the debasing abominations of the earth. The mind, which with one sweep of its pinions should have reached the stars, settles down in the dust; his affections, which were meant to rise and be diffused over an infinite circumference of which God is the centre, let themselves down, and labour to accommodate themselves to an indivisible point, a fugitive atom. As if an anchor were fixed in the centre, his bosom is enchained to the earth. The material particles of which the globe consists, do not obey the law by which they cohere more constantly, than man endeavours to accommodate himself to the world as his centre of moral gravity.

Now the Saviour addressed himself to the task of correcting this evil. Entering the mart of the busy world, where nothing is heard but the monotonous hum of the traders in vanity, he lifts up his voice like the trump of God, and seeks to break the spell which infatuates them, while he exclaims, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Were all sublunary glory laid at your feet, let a few years

expire, and death would force you away from your world; and then a few years more, and your world, and all that is in it, would be burned up; but your soul, your immortal soul—what can compensate for the loss of that?" He calls for that nobler world they had lost from their hemisphere, and brings it again within the range of their vision. He takes them to the threshold of the Infinite, and shows it flushed in one part with living glories, and in another burning with the fiercest flames of wrath; while he assures them that, in one or the other of these states, they will shortly be fixed for ever. Watch, therefore, saith he, for ye know not when the time is, Matt. xxv. 13.—*Harris.*

OLD HUMPHREY IN HIS ALTITUDES.

As my heart feels bigger than usual in my bosom, and as I am in one of those moods when, if there be aught that is high and holy within, it struggles to come forth, I have seated myself at my study-table, and taken up my pen, to see if, haply, I can fling on my paper any of those elastic and spirit-stirring thoughts, which, at times, raise us above our common standard.

There are glorious moments that now and then shed their influence over me; moments when my spirit springs away, as if disembodied on some undefined and imaginary enterprise ennobling to humanity, elevated and pure, philanthropic and disinterested. Few and far between are these golden glimpses and high-wrought aspirations, but yet they do come, filling with sunshine my whole heart and mind. In these seasons, I am weary of being nobody, and doing nothing; my heart yearns for higher and holier objects than those which have occupied me: the pigmy would be a giant, the sparrow on the house-top an eagle soaring in the air, and the lowly worm of the earth an angel; ay! an archangel of the heavens!

But though there is much that is delightful to be found in this earth-spurning, sky-scraping attitude of mind, and though it is not the poor pitiful ambition of holding up my head or my actions higher than those of my neighbours that influences me, yet am I constrained to believe, after some reflection on the matter, that there is much of infirmity and pride mingled with these high-wrought emotions. In such seasons, the real language of the heart is, perhaps, "If God would send me flying through the world like an angel, I would do every thing for Him; but while he requires me to creep along a lowly pathway, or confines me to one little spot, that I may do one little thing, I can do nothing." There is a turning on the heel from the humble path of obedience, to the proud highway of hot-hearted zeal. "I do well to be angry." "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" Jonah iv. 9; 2 Kings v. 12; or, in other words, "Is not my way better than God's way?"

It may be that some of you are acquainted with this state of feeling, and if so, be on your guard against high-mindedness! To be satisfied to do that which the High and Holy One has appointed us to perform is true wisdom. As all angels cannot be archangels, so hewers of wood and drawers of water must not expect to be builders of the temple; footmen should not be riders on horses and drivers of chariots, neither can common-place Christians hope to be employed on uncommon enterprises. To know and to do the will of our heavenly Father, should be the highest pinnacle of Christian desire. When our ambitious yearnings go mounting in the air like sky-rockets, like sky-rockets, alas! they soon come tumbling down again. We shall do well to remember, that diamonds are bedded in dross, and that in like manner our purest heavenly desires are embedded in the dross of a sinful earthly heart.

Pride, make of it what we will, is a sad enemy to our peace, and a proud man is a target at which a fool may fire without missing his mark. It may be said of spiritual pride as truly as of any other, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," Prov. xvi. 18. Whenever, impatient of his common duties, a Christian man unreasonably desires to be promoted to higher occupations, taking the highest room before the Master says to him, "Friend, go up higher," depend upon it that spiritual pride is at work in his heart. You see what pains I take to prove myself guilty; but, disguise it as we may, truth is truth, and, as I believe that these high-minded emotions of mine spring more from pride than from any other principle, they deserve no quarter at my hands.

But now having dealt honestly by myself, let me ask, how is it with you? If plain-dealing be medicine to my mind, it may operate medicinally on yours, and, to confess the truth, I have no predilection to flog myself, and to let you go free. If you ever do get into one of these high-minded, discontented moods, watch over yourselves narrowly, lest it bring trouble and sorrow upon your hearts. It is unlovely, unreasonable, and unchristianlike to give ourselves airs, even in our desires, altering the wise arrangements of our heavenly Father, reversing the order of his glorious system, blotting out from existence what we like not, and retaining only what is suited to our views; taking the sweet, and refusing the bitter. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Job ii. 10. What right have we, instead of encouraging thankfulness for the changing seasons, to desire, because it may fall in with our present temper, an eternal spring, an unceasing summer, a perpetual autumn, or an everlasting winter? Oh for the hearty emanation from the heart as well as from the lip, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Never, perhaps, was Peter prouder than when indignantly he flung back the warning admonition of his Master, and replied, "If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise," Mark xiv. 13; and yet before the cock crew twice, he denied him thrice. Never was Saul more elated than when urgent on his high-minded mission, with hot, burning zeal, he bitterly breathed out "threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and yet it was then that he fell to the very ground, Acts ix. Often have I quoted, and often do I yet hope to quote the well-known lines of honest John Bunyan,

> "He that is down needs fear no fall;
> He that is low no pride;
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his guide."

Now, think not that I mean to censure or repress any lively emotions of zeal; any ardent desires to do more than ordinary for God's glory and man's good that may spring up either in your heart or in mine, for that is not the case. It is only when this zeal and these desires make us discontented with our station, and disqualify us for our plain, common-place, and intelligible duties, that I would suspect the presence of that pride which requires to be humbled. Oh it is a precious thing to possess an humble and willing mind, ready to do God's bidding, not only in carving the top stones of the temple, but also in hewing wood and drawing water.

The higher we climb, the greater is our danger; the faster we run, the more likely are we to stumble. It may be that a sudden sense of my peculiar infirmities has abated the sky-scraping attitude of mind in which I began to pen down these observations, and made me more than usually afraid of high-mindedness; but, it seems as though it would be, at this moment, a relief to me to take the lowest place; to sit in the gate with Mordecai, rather than with Haman to approach the throne of the king Ahasuerus. Old Humphrey is in his altitudes no longer, and his parting words are not, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, rejoice!" Phil. iv. 4; but rather, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," 1 Cor. x. 12. And, "Be not high-minded, but fear," Rom. xi. 20.

ANGELS AND MEN CONTRASTED.

How shocking is the folly and ingratitude of many who treat with lightness, disesteem, and contempt, the glorious gospel of man's salvation! Angels desire to look into the mysteries of grace; and men, more nearly concerned in them, esteem it a disparagement to bestow upon them one serious thought. They shut their eyes, despise and scoff, while angels gaze, and wonder, and adore. Thus absurd is the behaviour of many, who would pass for standards of wise conduct and deep penetration. They peruse with patience, perhaps with rapture, a genteel, though trifling play or romance. The mystery of godliness has neither form nor comeliness to attract their attention. When truths are explained, which angels esteem the noblest entertainment, their hearts say, What a weariness it is! To their depraved appetite, the husks that swine do eat, the empty vanities of time and sense, have a more exquisite relish than angels' food. "Lo, they have rejected the word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them?" Jer. viii. 9. Foolish and wicked, they disdain to fix their eye upon Him who is the study and the

delight of angels. But, indeed, this need not surprise us; angels are angels, men are men, blinded to, and consequently little concerned about the glory of God, or their own duty and true happiness. Yet, what need not amaze, should deeply affect us. It is not those only immersed in gross sensual pollutions, whom we have cause to lament. Men who spend their time more laudably in studying the works of nature, are often content with ignorance, or a superficial knowledge of God manifest in the flesh. Soon shall the heavens pass away with a great noise, the elements melt with fervent heat, the earth and all the things in it be burned up. The subject of the naturalist's researches shall be no more found. That mystery of God, even the Father, and of Christ, which now is as nothing with many, shall fill up eternity, and, to the blessed, be all in all. It is not by a transient glance of this glory of the Lord, but by gazing upon it, as they who through a glass steadily behold distant objects, that men are changed more and more into the image of the Lord, from glory to glory.—*Dr. Erskine.*

REST FOR THEM THAT LABOUR.

When man was first placed in paradise, every thing necessary for his wants had been provided. They were few and easily supplied; for "out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food:" thus, there was fruitfulness and beauty on every side, and man was happy. He knew nothing of fatigue, as he performed the duty assigned to him, to dress the garden and to keep it. And his mind was enabled continually to meditate on God, to survey the wonders of creation with delight, and without weariness to worship his Creator.

But when sin entered that fair abode, over the soul and body of man a dark cloud of desolation passed, and earth, smitten with a curse, produced thorns and briers. And now it is by the sweat of his brow that man obtains the bread that perisheth, and care, anxiety, and toil are, to a greater or less extent, the allotted portion of all.

How sweet is that rest to the weary labouring man, which affords relief to the physical frame. Still sweeter, and more welcome is the repose of the mind, when, after many conflicts, it at length becomes calm. We all know how grateful this is. But do we know what is better far than this, the rest of the soul from the burden of sin? this is the most important. O reader, have you enjoyed it?

It was that he might give this rest, the Son of God came down from heaven. As his eye glanced over the kingdoms of the earth, one dark scene of guilt and wretchedness met his view, and he came to alleviate the woes of men. In all his teachings, he spake words mild and compassionate, and knowing that he could assuage their sorrow, he invited them to his bosom, as an asylum for grief, and offered to receive them, and bless them for ever.

Now Christ, although he is no longer seen among men, still sympathizes with us, and is ready to help us; still feels the same compassion and desire to bless. Even now he cries, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. xi. 28.

The Saviour addresses those who are burdened with their sins, who have found them "a grief and thrall," a burden under which their spirits faint. He speaks to those who are "heavy laden," who have long transgressed the laws of God, and increased their guilt year by year. Their sins may have been many and aggravated, because committed against light and knowledge. Conscience upbraids them for past neglect; and their language is that of the prodigal, "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight," and their cry that of the penitent publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," Luke xv. 21; xviii. 13.

Is this your case, reader? If so, to you then the cheering words of Christ are addressed. And he invites you to come to Him as the Friend of sinners. He has offered an atoning sacrifice to God, on which, if you rely, you are assured of forgiveness, and adoption into the family of heaven. To him has been given authority to absolve from sin, and whosoever believes in him shall be pardoned. Now, Jesus alone can take away your guilt, ease your soul of its burden, and give you peace; therefore, you must go to him.

The Roman Catholic may say, "Do penance, confess to the priests, plead with the saints;" Christ says, "Come unto me." The worldly man may ad-

vise you to get rid of the anguish of mind under which you groan, by rushing into the scenes of earthly pleasure; and the mere moralist will tell you that correct conduct for the future will set you right with God; but Christ, the great and unerring Teacher, points out a different plan by which to obtain peace of mind: he says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

The rest which the Saviour promises is that hallowed calmness of mind, which is felt, when the soul, after having been tossed about as if on a troubled sea, has its fears hushed by the delightful assurance that its sins are forgiven. This calmness Jesus produces; for he says to the trembling sinner, who accepts his gracious invitation, and falling at his feet cries, "Lord, save me, or I perish," "Look unto me, and be ye saved." When fear of the wrath to come is removed, then the soul finds a peaceful rest.

But there is more than this included in the promise of Christ. He will give those who go unto him rest from the assaults of their spiritual adversaries. These harass and perplex their minds; but if they place themselves under his protection, he engages to make them more than conquerors over all that oppose them. The conflict may be severe, but strength shall be equal to their day; and frequent victories, and delightful, although not unbroken repose, while on earth, shall be followed by a final victory over the last enemy, and the enjoyment of an everlasting rest in the kingdom of God.

This rest which remaineth for the people of God in a happier land, will be interrupted by no assault of sin or sorrow. No cares will harass there, no trials distress. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," Rev. vii. 17.

You perceive the compassion and goodness of Christ in this invitation; and can you any more doubt his willingness to save you, if you seek him for that purpose? The truth of his promise has been attested by millions. Christians know something of this rest, even on earth, and are looking for a more perfect enjoyment hereafter in heaven.

And now, reader, will you flee to the Saviour, remind him of his gracious words, and seek the removal of the burden of your sins? He alone can take them away. Do not imagine that you are not included in his call. If you are heavy laden with the weight of guilt, you are addressed. Go to him: no one on earth can, and no one in heaven will place the least difficulty in your way, or prevent you from going to Christ, if you yourself are willing. Approach the cross; and as you see Jesus bleeding for your sins, your burden will fall. No matter how heavy it may be, or how long you may have carried it; a sight of Christ crucified, atoning for sin, will remove it altogether. Go as you are. You need not wait another hour, another moment. You will not make yourself more welcome or fit to go to him, if you do.

A.

DAMASCUS.

Damascus is one of the most ancient cities in the world, being the same place that is mentioned in the history of Abraham. It has been called "one of the four paradises of the east," and "the right hand of the cities of Syria." The emperor Julian, in one of his letters, mentions it as being "the true city of Jupiter, the eye of the whole east, preeminent in every thing—in the elegance of her sacred rites, the happy temperature of her climate, the beauty of her fountains, the number of her rivers, and the fertility of her soil."

It is said to contain 180,000 people, and even 300,000, with the villages in its immediate neighbourhood. It was for many centuries the capital of the kings of Syria. The city is long, but of considerable breadth. On entering it, I passed through a street upwards of a mile long, and broad in proportion. In the principal streets there is scarcely a single building that does not display some taste in the manner of its erection, and the mosques and public edifices are without number. There is nothing very splendid in the appearance of any one particular place, but there is a charm produced by the purely oriental character of the whole, that tells powerfully of the days of the caliphs, and gives something like reality to the fictions connected with their history. The houses are built of bricks burned in the sun, and

are composed of light-coloured clay. In the narrower streets, they have a mean exterior, but within they display all the magnificence of the east. A narrow passage opens into a court, surrounded by buildings, the walls of which are painted with alternate lines of blue, white, and red. In the centre is a marble fountain, and the air is scented with flowers, or shaded with trees of curious or beautiful foliage. At one side is a recess that reaches to the roof of the building, entirely open towards the coast, and spanned by a broad arch; and round it are splendid cushions, upon which visitors are received and the members of the family assemble during the hours of recreation. The rooms are finished with great care, having paintings upon the wall, and illuminated sentences from the koran, and in some instances there is no part to be seen that is not wrought in Arabesque. The streets are nearly all protected at their entrances by strong doors. The mosque of St. John is the principal resort of the Moslem worshippers. It was built by the caliph Walid, in 717, and seven years' revenue of the whole caliphate is said to have been consumed in its erection.

The bazars are exact representations of all that we are accustomed at home to attribute to places of this description. Among the multitudes who throng them are persons in almost every possible variety of dress. The rich turbans and flowing robes of the respectable merchants are finely contrasted with the rude sheepskin covering of the mountaineer, and the dark abba of the wandering Arab. The ladies dress in plain white when they walk out in the streets, and it is only when making purchases in the bazars that their faces can be seen. The Damascus blades are no longer of superior value. The principal manufacture is silk. An immense number of persons is employed in making up dresses, as it is from this place nearly the whole of Syria is supplied. The city has given name to the damson plum, the damask rose, and the damask silk, as they were all originally brought from this place.

Damascus is situated at the foot of one of the ranges of Hermon. Upon an eminence that overlooks the city, there is the tomb of a sheikh. The old man was approaching the place from the direction of the sea, and the road by which he came was one continued scene of desolation, with the exception of a few trees in the hollows, where the melting of the mountain snows had swollen the waters into streams. In a moment, without any token whatever of what was to follow, he came to the verge of the precipice, and beheld at his feet the pure white edifices of Syria's magnificent capital. He started back, as if struck by the sight of an angel, and exclaimed, "I will die here; I will proceed no further, lest I be unable to enjoy paradise." Tradition assures us that he kept his word, and never entered the city. From this situation the view of the city is one of the most interesting that can be conceived. The clay of the houses seems transformed into marble purity, by the illusion of the distance, and the whole appears like one congregated mass of minarets, turrets, and domes. Surrounding these, to the extent of many miles, are gardens presenting a mantle of the most gorgeous green, the uniformity of which is relieved by the dark cypress trees that rise from among them in all directions. There are few objects upon earth that come nearer to the ideal form that the mind gives to the New Jerusalem. The plain extends as far as the eye can reach, and at the time I mounted this elevation, and looked upon the enchanting sight it commands, the sky and the clouds were exhibiting those varied tints that make any prospect beautiful, and rendered this almost divine. I could just distinguish the waters of the Bahr-el Margi, in the extreme distance, by the reflection of the sun's rays from their surface, which added all that was wanting to the perfection of the scene. In the Canticles, the nose of the bride is compared to "the tower of Lebanon, that looketh toward Damascus;" and may not this expression refer to the prospect from this place, and mean, surrounded by the beauty?

The waters of the river Barrady are divided into seven streams, which are carried through the city. Numberless rills pass through the gardens, and to these they are indebted for their fertility. They are adorned with walks, summer-houses, and fountains; and the ladies spend in them a great proportion of their time. They are here in some measure free from the restraints of the harem, and they appear to have great merriment in making their remarks upon

passing objects, and perhaps in attempting, in their way, some little witticisms or severe irony. An incredible quantity of fruit is annually preserved, and exported to the city of Constantinople, and other parts of the Turkish empire.

The place is still shown where Saul was arrested by the voice of Jesus, as well as the house of Ananias, the house of Judas, with whom Saul lodged, and the wall whence the apostle was let down in a basket. The rivers of Abana and Pharpar cannot now be traced.

The people of Damascus have long been celebrated for their bigoted attachment to Islamism, and for their hatred and persecution of the professors of all other religions. Their principal source of revenue has been from the pilgrims, who assembled here from all the interior provinces of Asia to form the caravan for Mecca, and remained here some months. The number has sometimes amounted to 70,000. Last year and the present, no caravan was formed, in part owing to the distracted state of the country, and the commerce of the city suffered much in consequence.

There are about 4,000 Christians in the city, who live in a quarter by themselves. By some of the early missionaries a great number of Bibles and Testaments were distributed among them: these were afterwards collected by the principal of the Roman Catholic convent, and all committed to the flames; and it is said that three whole days were employed in the infamous occupation. When an English traveller arrives at the convent, he is first asked if he be a missionary, and then if he be concerned in the distribution of Bibles, and if he answer in the affirmative, he is refused admittance. All persons connected with this good work are excommunicated. Notwithstanding the efforts of Satan thus to hinder the spread of Divine knowledge, some seeds have been sown, both among Mohammedans and eastern Christians, that it is hoped will, before many days, bring forth good fruit unto the Lord. There was a man of Tarsus who came towards this city, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and a similar spirit appears yet to work among the people; but as we know that the same individual soon afterwards "preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God," we have encouragement to believe that the spirit of this people will also be changed, and that each one will ask in humility, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts ix.—*Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.*

COLOURING POLISHED STEEL BY ELECTRIC ACTION.

Among the many interesting applications of electricity at the present time, that is not the least important by which the surface of polished steel is covered with variously coloured rings and devices. The art has been called metallochromy, or the colouring of a metal. The process by which this is effected is exceedingly simple, so that the experiment may be performed by any person who has a voltaic battery of any construction, consisting of six or more pairs of plates. The experiment will be readily performed by following the directions to be now given.

Having charged the battery in the usual manner, fix the wires by which the poles are connected, as if any ordinary experiment were to be made. Then take a shallow dish, sufficiently large to hold the steel plate to be acted on; and in it make a concentrated solution of sugar of lead. It may be here desirable to remark, that as this substance is of a poisonous nature, great care should be taken to prevent accidents by its means; the solution should be thrown away immediately after it has been used, and the powder should not be left within the reach of persons who might be misled by its appearance, and use it for some other substance. The solution should be made in distilled or rain water, if possible, or it will probably be turbid, on account of a chemical action between it and some substance contained in the spring water. Should this be the case, filter the solution through blotting paper. In the vessel containing the concentrated solution of sugar of lead, place the steel plate, and bring into connexion with the lower surface the wire from the negative pole of the battery. Then bring the point of the positive wire into the solution immediately over the centre of the steel plate and a short distance above it, and in a few seconds a beautiful coloured ring will be observed, which, upon continuing the point in the same place, will increase in size and vary in colour, and a second, third,

fourth, and fifth ring will be formed within it, each presenting a most beautiful appearance, and forming together a resplendent coloured surface.

As there is some difficulty in keeping the point quite steady, it will be found convenient to attach a copper disc to the positive wire, and by bringing that over the steel plate instead of the point, the entire surface will be coloured at once and in a period of a few seconds. According to the concavity or convexity of the disc will be the colour produced.

By a very simple contrivance, the design may be regulated to the wish of the experimenter. Take a piece of card, cut out of the shape required, and place it over the steel plate, and upon this bring the copper disc, and the colour will be confined to the open spaces.

This simple and beautiful art will probably be extensively employed at no very distant period in the decoration of many metallic articles, especially those which are intended for ornament as well as use. The variety of patterns which can be produced are almost endless; the operation is rapid and almost incapable of error, and the cost is extremely small.

As to the origin of the coloured rings, a few remarks will be sufficient. They are supposed to result from the formation of a thin film of lead upon the steel plate. Without attempting to give any optical theory for the production of the rings, a few familiar instances of the same effect may be mentioned.

The beautiful colours of the soap bubble, glittering in the rays of the sun, are well known, and afford a pleasing example of the production of colours by thin plates, for such the film of which it is formed may be considered.

If, after breathing on a plate of glass, the moisture be removed by moving the finger over it, and the plate be again breathed on, a series of vivid colours, gliding over each other with great rapidity, and exceedingly evanescent, will be observed. If, after the disappearance of the colours, the experimenter again breathe on the plate, the colours will re-appear, and be much more vivid and beautiful than at first. These experiments are best made in cold and frosty weather, and the same result must have been often observed on the windows of a stage coach or other carriage after they have been closed for a sufficient period to admit of the vapour of the breath being diffused over the glass.

Thin films are frequently formed upon the surface of liquids when stagnant, which present similar coloured appearances. This must have been frequently observed upon pools and ponds of water. Drops of oil or spirit upon water also give similar coloured rings. But this effect will be best obtained by the following experiment. Pour into a saucer a little aqua fortis, and drop upon it some of the varnish used by engravers in the process of etching, and after thoroughly agitating the two fluids, as in an attempt to mix them, a film will appear on the surface, giving a brilliant appearance of colour.

These are instances of the production of colour by the decomposition of light with thin plates, and to the same class of phenomena the electric experiment already described must belong. H.

HINTS TO WRITERS IN PERIODICALS.

Much time, words, ink, and paper are wasted on introductions. Periodical writers should be brief and crisp, dashing into the subject at the first sentence. Sink rhetoric. Nobody cares how you came to think of your subject, or why you wrote upon it: of course the *exordium* is unnecessary. Commence with your leading thought, and avoid irrelevant digressions. You may be less scholastic, but you will be more original, and ten times more amusing. Take it for granted, that your article at the first is four-fifths too long. Cutting down requires resolution; but you gain experience as well as improve your article, by every excision. For the mode of doing it, begin by crossing out all explanatory sentences. Leave nothing but simple propositions. Young writers always explain a thing to death. Never commence an article till you know what it is to be about. Some writers have an incontinence of words, and will dilute you an idea to twenty pages.—*American Journal.*

THE ROCK OF AGES.

We must never lay that weight on an arm of flesh which the Rock of Ages only can bear.—*Henry.*

English Bible placed in churches.

THE SCRIPTURES IN PAST TIMES.

At a time in which the Scriptures are far more easily accessible than they ever were before, it is desirable to recur to periods in which the circumstances of the people of this country were very different. To go no further back than the reign of Henry viii., it will be found that when, by the strenuous exertions of Cranmer, the translation of the Scriptures, which had been long preparing, was completed, comparatively few copies only were dispersed; and after being for some time circulated freely, the influence of Papists prevailed, then it was directed, by royal proclamation, that none but gentlemen and merchants should presume to read the sacred volume; that it should be perused "quietly and with good order," and that there should be no disputation about its sense.

Under the auspices of his youthful successor, Edward vi., a better state of things appeared. All obstructions to the free circulation of the Scriptures were now removed, and all persons were invited and exhorted to examine the lively oracles of God for themselves. Copies of them were placed in the churches, and hither the people were accustomed to repair to peruse them. A serious change, however, took place on the death of the pious monarch, in the morning of life, and formidable obstacles arose to the progress of the Reformation he was desirous to promote.

It is well for us, that the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; let us remember however, that our responsibilities are proportioned to our advantages. Let us be concerned, not only to read, but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the truths contained in the inspired volume. In every examination of it let us seek the aid of the Spirit of truth, that we may be made wise unto eternal salvation, by faith which is in Christ Jesus, 2 Tim. iii. 15. Happy, indeed, are they to whom the Bible is thus blessed; but unspeakably fearful is the condition of those who reject its truths, and thus "trample under foot the Son of God."

SKETCHES OF THE LINNEAN SYSTEM OF BOTANY.—No. XII.

TWENTY-THIRD CLASS. POLYGAMIA.

If in the bleak season of December the woods are not adorned with foliage, nor the mead with flowers, there is no want of compensation to the eye of the Christian naturalist, for the loss that nature has sustained. Thousands of sprays, before hidden by their leafy coverings, are now made visible, presenting to the view the goodly frame-work of the forest trees, the mossy branches, and the feathery sprays; and myriads of falling snow

flakes, and hoar frost spangles, and floating rime entrance the eye of the gazer. The face of nature is changed, but if less beautiful, scarcely is it less interesting.

In the twenty-third class are arranged such plants as have both stamens and pistils, and also only one of these, both on the same plant, and on separate plants of the same species, as the term *Polygamia*, "many nuptials," is intended to imply. There are only two orders analogous to the twenty-first and twenty-second classes. 1. *Monœcia*, the hermaphrodite, or stamen-bearing and pistil-bearing flowers are united, accompanied by one stamen-bearing, or only pistil-bearing flowers, or both, all on one plant. 2. *Diœcia*.

White hellebore (*Veratrum album*, or *Helleborus albus*) belongs to this order, and is a perennial native of Europe, blowing in this country about the month of July, with pale greenish flowers, in long spikes. There is no calyx, the corolla has six petals, three of which, in the flower bud, enclose the other three; there are six stamens and three pistils, and the capsule is three sided. The root is spindle shaped and fleshy, with strong fibres, and is employed, medicinally, for preparing a new alkaloid, called *veratria*, of great power, when skilfully prescribed in gout and rheumatism, but a most dangerous and virulent poison in over doses. The power of the root, corruptly termed *allebore* among the illiterate, is very often used to mix with snuff, being a violent errhine, or provocative of sneezing. It is indeed no uncommon trick to put a considerable quantity of this powder in snuff, which sometimes produces a very dangerous fit of sneezing. It forms the chief ingredient, along with sulphate of mercury, in all the eye snuffs as they are called. Black hellebore (*H. niger*) is the Christmas rose of the gardens; it being termed black from the colour of the root; the flowers being of a fine rose red, and the leaves a beautiful shining green. The hellebore of the ancients (*H. officinalis*) is a different species, a native of Greece and the Levant. All the species contain the very powerful substance *veratria*.

The gum arabic tree, or Egyptian thorn (*Acacia vera*) belongs also to this order, and is a native of many parts of Africa, flowering in our greenhouses and windows in July. The flowers, which are of a fine yellow colour, grow in globular heads, or roundish spikes. The calyx is small and bell-shaped; the corolla is five parted; and the fruit, or seed, is inclosed in a pod three or four inches long. The gum arabic of commerce, now called *acacia* by the London College, is a natural exudation from the bark which is collected in December. It is wholesome and nutritious, and instances are recorded where the use of it has preserved travellers from dying of hunger.

The sensitive plant (*A. sensitiva*, formerly *Mimosa sensitiva*) is of the same genus, and is frequently cultivated in our greenhouses as a curiosity. It is annual and herbaceous, and the singular mechanism of the base of the leaf stalk, causes the leaves to drop without falling off, whenever they are touched. After a time, if left unmolested, they recover their original position. The mechanism on which this depends has been minutely investigated by M. Dutrochet and others, though, after all, it is not yet well understood.

As shrinks the tender timid plant
From touch of earthly things;
E'en like the flame-caught moth that falls
With powerless trembling wings;
So let me shrink, through all my days,
From evil thoughts, and words, and ways.

Another important plant of this genus is the catechu tree, (*A. catechu*,) which is a native of India, and flowers in our greenhouses in June. It bears both hermaphrodite and stamen-bearing flowers on the same tree. The calyx in both is tubular, hairy, and five toothed; the corolla in both is five cleft, or with five petals, and numerously crowded stamens. The fruit is a thin smooth brown pod, containing six or eight seeds. An extract from the interior wood is used as a valuable astringent drug in medicine, prescribed in laxity of the bowels.

The second order has hermaphrodite and stamen-bearing flowers on separate plants, as the term *Diœcia* is intended to imply, as in the ash and fig tree.

The ash (*Fraxinus excelsior*) is a forest tree which grows indigenously in our woods, forests, and hedge rows, producing wood valuable for its toughness and durability, and therefore employed extensively in making handles for mechanical implements and tools; the longer pieces of carts, coaches, and ploughs, and similar articles. The flowers come out before the leaves; but as White, of Selburne, correctly remarked, many ash trees do not produce flowers, and are

full of leaves, while those which bear flowers and fruit have few leaves.

A fanciful observer of nature will find some resemblance between the dispositions of mankind and the qualities of trees. We have most of us met with characters aspiring as the pine, timid as the aspen, gloomy as the cypress, cheerful as the holly, heartless as the elderberry, fruitful as the vine, flexible as the willow, sturdy as the oak, or tough and enduring as the ash.

The manna ash (*F. ornus*) belongs to the same genus, and is a native of the South of Europe, flowering in May and June. The flowers, which are white, grow in pannicles; the calyx, when distinct, and the corolla are four parted; there are two stamens and one pistil; the capsule contains only one seed. The valuable drug manna is a gum, which exudes spontaneously from the bark. A new chemical substance, called *mannite*, has recently been separated from manna, and is said to possess all the valuable properties of manna, as a laxative for infants, without any of its nauseous taste.

The fig tree (*Ficus carica*) is a native of Asia and the South of Europe, which has been cultivated for its fruit time immemorial. The flowers appear in June and July, and the fruit late in the autumn; but it rarely ripens in this country, unless protected in a greenhouse.

This tree is often mentioned in holy Scriptures, and the expression to dwell "under his own vine and fig tree," is full of meaning, presenting at once to our mind a state of prosperity, peace, happiness, and security.

TWENTY-FOURTH CLASS.
CRYPTOGAMIA.

In this class are arranged a vast number of plants which have no apparent flowers at all, and do not appear to produce seed in the same way as flowering plants, but are propagated by what are termed sporules, (*sporulæ*,) these sporules not germinating when sown with seed leaves, as the flowering plants invariably do. In a word, the best informed botanists do not yet know much of the economy of this class of plants, comparatively with what is known of the economy of flowering plants. The cryptogamous, or non-flowering plants, are divided into six orders. 1. *Filices*, or "ferns." 2. *Junger maniæ*. 3. *Musci*, or "mosses." 4. *Algæ*, or "seaweeds." 5. *Lichenes*, or "lichens." 6. *Fungi*, or "funguses."

As an example of the first order, one of the most common plants is the male fern, (*Aspidium filix, mas.*,) indigenous to our woods and heaths, which comes into seed in July and August. The leaves are in tufts, with the mid rib covered with very thin brownish scales. The reproductive particles (*Sporulæ*) are contained in small dot-like brown capsules on the under edge of the leaves. The roots, which are black, scaly, and much matted together, are celebrated as a medicine for destroying worms, and Madame Nouffleur received a large sum of money from the French government, for making the fact public, which she had for some time kept secret. Recently the buds of the leaves have been found to be more efficacious than the roots, and are now employed in France chiefly for expelling tape worms.

Another common example of this order, is popularly termed maiden hair, (*Adiantum capillus veneris*,) a very elegant fern with small leaves, the mid rib of which is nearly black and shining, bordered with roundish leaflets. It is not uncommon on rocks and old walls, where shaded from the sun. It is much employed by herbalists, as a pectoral astringent for coughs and consumption; but professional men do not hold it in much estimation.

The finest of our native ferns is the royal flowering fern, (*Osmunda regalis*,) which is not very common; but the writer of this has met with it in great abundance in the Highlands of Scotland, and near Cork, in Ireland. It differs from the other ferns, just mentioned, in bearing the reproductive sporules on a tall spike, distinct from the leaves.

The second order contains plants with delicate, winged green, or brown leaves, very common on the bark of trees, and on moist ground, and rocks not exposed to the sun. A more conspicuous plant of this order is the green ground liverwort, (*Marchantia polymorpha*,) which spreads about on moist shady places its leather-like greenish leaves, and sends up its sporule bearing-stamens in the earlier part of summer. It is popularly used as a herb.

In the third order, we find the numerous tribe of mosses, whose economy was illustrated in detail in the *Visitor* for March, 1839. The most common of

all the mosses, perhaps, at least, the one most easily met with, is the wall-screw moss, (*Tortula muralis*,) which may be found in all parts of the three kingdoms, sending up its short delicate green sporule-bearing stem early in spring. It may also be found on the surface soil of flowerpots, which has been left some time without being stirred, and it frequently constitutes, along with some other mosses, a large portion of the green paint-like substance on stones, bricks, and composition, in houses and walls exposed to the trickling down of rain water, which carries the sporules of moss along in its course, and causes them to grow.

A moss of larger growth, and appearing not unlike plants of young fir trees, raised from seed in a nursery bed, is the common nurr moss (*Polytrichum commune*,) to be found abundantly occupying large patches on heaths and commons, and in woods and plantations.

The various species of feather moss (*Hypnum*) are those chiefly used by nurserymen in packing plants to send to a distance, though, when it can be had, the *Dicranum squarrosum* is much preferable.

It is supposed to be from the abundant growth of the yellowish white bog moss, (*Sphagnum palustre*,) and its subsequent decay, that the peat of the Scotch and Irish bogs has been produced. This, when pressed, to free it from moisture, and afterwards dried, becomes an excellent stuffing for cushions and sofas.

In the fourth order, the numerous species of sea weed are arranged, of which the common bladder wrack (*Fucus vesiculosus*) is a good example. It grows abundantly on all the seacoasts of this country, on stones and rocks within the influence of the tide, sea water being indispensable to its growth. The leaf is smooth, glossy, and of a dark olive-green colour, and having a mid rib tapering from the base. The male vesicles or bladders are hollow; the female vesicles filled with a jelly-like substance containing the reproductive sporules. The plant is used medicinally in scrofula, depending for its efficacy on the iodine which it contains. The oak-leaved wrack (*F. quercifolius*) is another very common species found in similar situations, and on the western and northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland is extensively burned in kilns to make *kelp*, or impure carbonate of soda for soap boilers and bleachers.

In the fifth order, is arranged the very peculiar looking productions called lichens, which give so much of the character of age and antiquity to trees, rocks, stones, and walls, by their various shades of grey, brown, black, and yellow. Several of the species are valuable, such as the dyers' lichen, or archill, (*Rocella tinctoria*,) a native of Britain and of the Canary Isles, from which our chief supply is procured. It is from one to two inches high, growing on rocks and stones in small branched tufts, not unlike some of the smaller corals. It forms a portion of what is called cudbear, but this is not confined to one species of lichen, several being gathered and sold under the same name.

The Iceland moss (*Cetraria islandicus*) is another well-known example of this order, a native of the north of Europe, and found occasionally in Britain. The leaves are dry and leathery, of an irregular form, and waved and notched on the edges, which are hairy. A decoction of this is esteemed useful for consumptive patients.

In the last order, we have the funguses, of which the common edible mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) is known to every body. The gills are of a pale pink colour, becoming dark chocolate brown by age. The botanical name has been recently changed from *Agaricus* to *Valvaria*. The researches of M. Dutrochet have tended much to illustrate the economy of the mushroom. According to him, what we commonly look upon to be the whole plant, namely, the bonnet and the stem, are nothing more than the fruit, the plant itself being wholly concealed underground, and consisting of the small delicate white substances which gardeners term the spawn, and which is well known to be indispensable for the growth of mushrooms when cultivated artificially. It ought to be known to all those who use mushrooms for the table, that the funguses, similar to them in form, which grow in woods, and are of bright colours, or have worts on the bonnets, are more or less poisonous and dangerous.

I love to rove at peep of dawn,
Along the meadow's spangled lawn,
Where, far and near, and all around,
The milk-white mushrooms deck the ground.
The rising sun, with glittering rays,
And warbling birds call forth my praise;
They put my grateful heart in tune
To sing, and I could just as soon
Number the dewdrops on the sod,
As count the mercies of my God.

But we must be blind to the beauties of creation, deaf to the harmony of nature, and doubly dumb in the expression of the thankfulness we owe to our heavenly Father, if in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, we can wander abroad at morn or eve, without a thrill of delight, or a grateful song of praise. "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord," Psa. cl. 6.

THE LAST TIME.

THERE is something touching and interesting in the very phrase. When associating with a friend, or visiting a long familiar spot, or enjoying a pleasure, or even enduring a burden, if we could know that it was for the last time, our feelings would be influenced by the consideration, in a manner different from anything we had experienced on former occasions. This we do not in general know at the time; but when it afterwards comes to our knowledge that that time was the last, we recall every little circumstance, and every incidental expression, and invest each with a degree of interest unfelt before.

I well remember feeling thus, when I accompanied my kind uncle on his last visit to the place, where he had spent most of his youthful years, and received his education.

Although he had long since left it as a place of residence, he had maintained frequent intercourse with friends and family connexions, who still resided there, and had usually paid them an annual visit. But friend after friend died off. At each visit, the circle of his acquaintance was narrowed, and now as the family of relatives was about to remove to a distant place, my uncle's connexion with the old spot seemed severed, and he then visited it with the full impression that it was for the last time.

My uncle's sight was at this time rapidly failing; and though on recognizing a long familiar voice, or on hearing the announcement of a long endeared name, he warmly grasped the hand of his friend, and still accosted him with, "I am very glad to see you," there was reason to think, that hearing and memory, rather than sight, were pleasurably exercised by the presence of his friend.

"As it is my last visit," he would say, "I must not omit to call on any of my old friends. If I should overlook any, I hope some of you will be so good as to remind me. Let me see: who of my old schoolfellows yet remain? There is Henry Marsden; he and I were classmates; we left school at the same time, I to go to college, and he to the office of a solicitor. He was an ingenuous and a clever lad, and I believe has always maintained a high professional character for honour and integrity. I hope he has been mindful of religion; for after all that is the main concern. His wife was a very superior woman, amiable, talented, and pious. She was the only daughter of the celebrated Dr. Brewer, and on terms of intimate friendship with my sisters. I suppose," addressing himself to our host, "you can scarcely remember Dr. Brewer. He was in his zenith in the days of my youth."

"I believe, sir," replied Mr. Lambert, "Dr. Brewer left the world before I entered it; I have seen his tombstone in the churchyard. Mr. Marsden also is dead, I think within the last year: his eldest son, who succeeds him in his office of town clerk, occupies his house; another son is in the medical profession, and one is at college. The widow and daughters have removed to Lavender Cottage, where, I am sure, they will be very happy to see you."

"I shall make a point of visiting the family of my old friend; I hope the young people have grown up in the fear of God. We had some pleasant conversation last year; but, if I had known it was the last interview I should have with Henry Marsden, I think it would have been somewhat different from what it was. Oh, what continual admonitions have we to let our 'speech be alway with grace,' 'that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.'"

After a few moments of pensive silence, my uncle resumed his inquiries. "And good old Mrs. Wright, is she still living?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lambert, "I had the privilege of spending an hour with her last week. In the beginning of the summer, she was once or twice carried in a sedan chair to attend public worship; but she is now entirely confined to her chamber. Her mind, however, is as clear and lively as ever, and her conversation truly edifying. What an astonishing fund of Scripture

knowledge she possesses! and how admirably she applies it to her own circumstances and those of the friends with whom she converses!"

"Yes, yes; in the days of her youth she laid up a good foundation in store for the time to come, and she is now reaping the harvest of spiritual enjoyment. My dear young friends, remember this is your seed time, and do not slumber or trifle it away. Aye, fifty, sixty years ago this good woman remembered her Creator in the days of her youth, and He does not forget her or forsake her now she is old and grey-headed. She was early planted in the house of the Lord, and has long flourished in the courts of her God; and now she still brings forth fruit in old age to show that the Lord is upright. He is our rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him," Psa. lxxi. 9; Ecc. xii. 1; Isa. xlvi. 4; Psa. xcii. 13—15.

I have not forgotten the emphasis with which my uncle joined in appropriating this delightful portion of Scripture, nor yet the visit in which I was permitted to accompany him to the chamber of the venerable saint. Oh what rich words of support and consolation and well-grounded confidence and joyful expectation, passed between those two aged pilgrims, meeting for the last time on this side Jordan! It seemed, indeed, as good John Bunyan expresses it, that the atmosphere was perfumed with the fragrance of the better land.

"And sir Edward M——," inquired my uncle, "is he in the country now? I suppose he retains his habits of frivolity and dissipation. I met him in town some time since; and though his deep mourning dress indicated that death had recently visited his family, if not his dwelling, and his own countenance bears the marks of decay, he seemed just as giddy and thoughtless as ever, and as inaccessible to serious appeals. His friends in general are not, I fear, at all likely to press serious things on his consideration, but rather to divert him from them. Well, this last visit must not pass over without another effort on my part. Poor Sir Edward! there was once something hopeful about him. During an alarming illness, he was brought under deep concern of soul. The instructions and admonitions of our excellent tutor, (a pious clergyman,) which, at the time they were given he had little regarded, in the solitude of the sick chamber, revived with fresh force on his mind. He was anxiously desirous of conversing with that faithful and valuable friend, and begged that he might be sent for. But his anxieties were regarded by his ill-judging relatives as the effects of delirium; and the access of any person at all likely to converse with him on religious subjects, was strictly forbidden. The Bible and a serious book or two, which had been placed in his hands by his pious tutor, were banished from the chamber, and their place supplied with frothy novels. Even a careful nurse was dismissed, because she was suspected of beguiling the hours of night-watching by reading the Holy Scriptures; and in her room was placed, one who fully concurred in the sentiments of the family, that religion was a most improper thing to be admitted into a sick chamber. She spoke to the patient only of a speedy return to the enjoyment of worldly gaiety and pleasures. All this was at the time felt to be cruel persecution: the terrors of eternity were before the awakened spirit; there was a cry excited after salvation; and a desire for 'a messenger, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto' him the way in which his soul might be delivered from going down to the pit. But as health returned, all these feelings vanished, and in the course of a few months Sir Edward joined in the laugh against himself, for what was termed his superstitious weakness. He soon returned to the gay society, of which his conviviality and sprightliness rendered him the president; and, as far as I know, he has not since been visited with concern of soul. He is older than myself; and in the course of nature cannot be very far from an eternal world. I must make one last effort to arouse his attention to the things that belong to his peace, before they are for ever hid from his eyes."

"And then there is that old Bible Christian in the almshouse must not be forgotten."

"I intended, sir," said Mrs. Lambert, "to remind you of him. When I conveyed to him your last benefaction, while extremely grateful for your kind consideration for his temporal comforts, he expressed a most earnest de-

sire to see you once more, and spoke with peculiar delight of several chapters which you had read to him at different times, and which your good reading had greatly assisted him to understand and enjoy."

"Ah," said my uncle, with a somewhat mournful expression, "my days of reading the Bible are well nigh over. But," and his countenance brightened, and his voice gathered strength, "blessed be God, his word is still a treasury to me; and I doubt not, my Christian brother and myself shall still understand one another, and aid each other's recollections of past enjoyments, and meditations and anticipations of a meeting in that better world, where there will be no more dimness, either of sight or understanding—no more imperfection, no more sin."

In this manner, my venerated relative called up interesting reminiscences of by-gone days, and made remarks on character, calculated to leave salutary impressions on those who heard him. I had the privilege of accompanying him on most of his proposed visits, to several of which I have not particularly referred. He seemed anxious that no one should be forgotten; the friends and acquaintances of former days or their descendants; those who in a humble sphere had been partakers of his liberality, and for whom he took care that his death, should it precede their own, might not deprive them of succour they had long enjoyed. School-fellows who had known vicissitudes in life, servants past labour, the widows and orphans of those whom he had befriended, all had a share in his kind consideration and assistance, according to their several necessities.

The house where my grandfather dwelt, was visited with deep interest. The parties then occupying it were strangers; but they had learned to respect the family, and courteously accorded to its representative, the privilege of exploring the scenes of his boyhood. Imperfect as was his sight, he accurately led me to all the older trees in the garden, and described each particular spot with all the vivacity of youth. He told me anecdotes of the different branches of the family. He felt about the grotto, and pointed out to me which shells were placed there by each brother and sister; and where the initials of the family were carved in some noble limes, inarched by old Anthony when he was a lad. The limes were then in blossom, and the bees humming round them. "Just the sound," said my uncle, "which used to delight me in my childhood; and they are come now to meet me on my last visit to the old spot: forgive an old man's vanity, as if the bees cared anything about me! But such is the self-consequence of poor human nature. We fancy a thousand things done on purpose for our gratification, which would have been done just the same if we had never had a being, and will be done when the place that knows us shall know us no more. Well it is for us, so far as to call forth feelings of gratitude to the beneficent Creator, and feelings of delight in all the works of his hands, and feelings of benevolence and sympathy with every thing that has a being. Oh, it is sweet to love every thing—but sin!" He sat a few minutes in pensive silence, and then added, "*He* was a better man than I, who shed 'a tear over his university sins;'* and now revisiting the scenes of my childhood and youth, I have reason to shed many tears, both of penitence and gratitude. O Lord, "remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord," Psa. xxv. 7.

"Come, Samuel, we will now go to the old school. The urchins will be just issuing forth to the playground; old as I am, I still love to hear the merry sounds of gleesome childhood." In the playground, my uncle, with all the familiarity of one at home, seated himself beneath the wide-spreading elm, and gathered around him a group of lads, to whom he related some of his youthful feats, especially a daring leap from a branch of the elm to one of the yews in the churchyard adjoining; and then, when he had gained their willing attention about trifles, with benevolent adroitness, he directed it to matters of supreme importance; he pointed to the tombstones that covered the remains of some of the companions who joined in his youthful sports and studies. He spoke of the all-seeing Eye that was constantly observing their thoughts and words and actions; of the

* Life of Philip Henry.

record that was preparing in order to a future judgment; of the imperative necessity of repentance and faith in the Friend of sinners. This occupied but two or three minutes; but the few words that he spoke were striking and pithy. They seemed to solemnize and impress the youthful circle. I know they were long remembered, and I trust their effect has not yet passed away.

The following day we took leave of our friends, and pursued our journey.

"Oh," said my uncle, as the carriage for the last time rolled over the bridge, "it is a solemn thought when we take our departure from a place, that in all probability, we have left behind us good or evil influence, that will operate when we are seen and, perhaps, remembered no more. Lord, forgive my neglect of opportunities of usefulness; prevent, by thy grace, any ill effects that might result from my example or my spirit and conduct; and crown with thy rich blessing, my feeble attempts to do good!"

The last time I saw old Anthony, he said and did several things, which though they seemed nothing particular at the time, afterwards came fresh to my mind, and left a lasting impression there. The old man had been evidently failing in strength for several months. He was not insensible to the fact, nor unwilling to admit it. At nearly fourscore years of age, Anthony had been enabled to say, almost as Moses did, and he said it with a like feeling of humble gratitude and entire consecration, "My eye is not dim, neither is my natural force abated." There was no vain glorious boasting of what he could do; but my uncle often observed that Anthony still did a better day's work than many a young man; better than a dozen mere eye servants. A liberal provision for old age had long been secured to Anthony by his considerate master, and it had been repeatedly proposed to him to relinquish work, and retire to enjoy repose and leisure. But Anthony loved work, and felt himself happier in his regular employment, than in altogether abandoning it. He loved reading; but he could not read all day long. He had a few neighbours on whom he liked occasionally to call, and by whom his calls were highly valued; for he never failed to say something pithy and instructive; but he could not spend all his time in visiting. These things he had been accustomed to regard as recreations, and to find leisure for them in the shreds and patches of time which by early rising, and methodizing his work, he contrived to afford; and it seemed to him that he could both gain more good, and do more good, by adhering to his old allotment of time, giving his days to work and his odd minutes to other pursuits, than, as he expressed it, "setting up for a gentleman, and not knowing what to set about next."

So the old man still remained at his post, my kind uncle taking care to slip in such additional subordinate assistance as secured him against being overburdened with work.

But, unwilling as Anthony had been to relinquish work for the sake of personal repose, he no sooner began to feel himself unable fully to discharge his accustomed duties, than he was anxiously desirous that a successor should be engaged, and that his master's work should neither be neglected, nor he continue to receive a salary which he did not earn. It was really affecting to hear the matter debated between the generous master and the faithful servant, each party discovering equal honour and delicacy—so opposite to the too-prevalent spirit of selfishness commonly displayed.

"I had better give up, sir," said Anthony, "lest my example should do harm. If there is nobody properly to look after them, the youngsters may get into a habit of slighting their work; and if they see me do but half a day's work, and yet receive my pay and satisfy my master, they may think half a day's work is enough for them to do. I had better do nothing than do harm."

"You will not do harm to others, Anthony, I am quite certain," replied my uncle: "my only concern is that you do not over exert yourself. You fully meet my wishes if you just look round, and give orders, and indoctrinate the rising hands into your methods which have been so successful and satisfactory; and while you cannot help manifesting to them the regard you feel for my interest and gratification, there is no danger whatever of their learning from you, either indolence or eye service."

From that time, it was an understood thing that Anthony was still to retain his post as head gardener, his duties being almost entirely transferred from actual labour, to superintendence and instruction. He could not help now and then taking the spade or the hoe out of the hands of a young man who held it awkwardly, or plied it lazily, and just showing him how men used to work when he was young; but he was more frequently found explaining to the men the best methods of performing the main operations of gardening, recommending the best sorts for propagation, and pressing upon them the importance of watching opportunities in the weather, and observing stated times for particular performances. I have heard him say if certain seeds were sown earlier or later than such a time, the plants would be sure to run; if some things were not set between such and such days, they would be destroyed by the wire worm, with many similar observations, the results of long experience; and he often enforced his injunctions with the remark, "Now do pay attention to this; for perhaps it may be the last time that I shall be here to remind you of it." I have known the young men laugh at old Anthony's whims, as they called them; but I have also known that the failures he predicted, actually resulted from a neglect of his directions; and when they could no longer appeal to him, I have heard them regretting that they had forgotten the times he specified.

Anthony was not less assiduous in pressing on those to whom his influence might be supposed to extend, attention to greater matters than the successful cultivation of a garden; integrity, fidelity, truth, temperance, choice of companions, observance of the sabbath, present decision in religion. He would speak of the happiness resulting from a right course of conduct in these particulars, and the misery inseparably connected with the way of transgressors. These addresses too, he would wind up with some such sentiment as this, "Now my dear young master, (or my lad, as the case might be,) do not forget this. Through the course of a long life, old Anthony has proved the truth of this; and if this should be the last time of his speaking to you, as it very likely may, he would wish to leave the impression on your mind that it is true, and so you will surely find it, if you should live as long, or twice as long as he has done. Take this for old Anthony's last saying, 'The way of transgressors is hard; but wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,'" Prov. xiii. 15; iii. 17.

The old man kept about as usual. On a Saturday evening, he paid all the men. They afterwards remarked that that evening he took special care to see that all the frames were properly closed, and all the tools put away. It might be so, though he could hardly be more careful than he habitually was; but people are apt to notice things afterwards. And that night he gave to each, a word of exhortation which seemed particularly solemn, and took leave of them with good wishes that seemed particularly tender and earnest, when it proved that that time was the last. For soon afterwards, he retired to his chamber, and next morning was found dead upon his knees, with his Bible open before him. On hearing of the old man's death, I recollected that the last time I saw him, my uncle and he were talking together of the happiness of being found ready, whenever the summons of death might come. I believe the conversation originated in some instance of sudden or accidental death that had recently occurred. Anthony mentioned the strong confidence and triumph expressed, by a friend of his who habitually prayed when he went to rest at night, that if it were the will of God he might wake in heaven. "If that," said Anthony, "is essential to readiness for death, it has never yet been attained by me; but I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day. Let that day come how and when he please, I hope then to be found in Him; nothing else I have, or depend on, or desire; and more than this I cannot say."

"Nor need you desire to say," returned my uncle. "Preparedness for death and heaven does not consist in rapturous frames and feelings, but in simplicity of dependence, and sanctification of heart. The soul that relies on Christ alone for pardon and acceptance, and that lives far above the highest possessions and pleasures of this world, while not disdaining its humblest

duties, possesses, I conceive, the most unequivocal evidence of preparation for a better. I have often been pleased with the well-known anecdote of Dr. Doddridge, who, calling on one of his people, a tanner by trade, found him in the tan pit with his arms stripped, washing hides, and at the same time singing a hymn. The good man apologized for being found by his minister in such a situation. "And how," asked the minister in reply, "can a Christian be better found than with his heart employed in humble praise and his hands in useful labour? For my part, I desire no more, than that my Master when he comes may find me so doing."

"Sir," said Anthony to my uncle, "you have spoken of having the heart raised above the world; that is a great attainment. I am afraid, when we think we know anything of it, we mean the world that does not belong to us—not the world that does; at least it is so with me. I find it easy to think with indifference of a kingdom, or any thing else that is far out of my reach and beyond my desire; but I feel very differently when thinking of my own pretty cottage and garden, and who will come after me to possess them when I am gone. The greenhouse and grapery are more than a kingdom to me; and the sorrow I felt when last winter made such havock among our choice plants, made me sensible that the love of the world is not yet dead in me."

"But, Anthony, what should you say to spending an eternity in your present circumstances?"

"No, master, no; blessed be God, he won't put me off with that. I do look for a better country, that is, a heavenly. Mine has been a happy lot on earth: goodness and mercy have followed me all my days, and as far as this world goes, I have nothing more to desire; but it would not do for a lasting portion. If I were to live here always, I must give up the hope of seeing God as he is, and of being made free from sin, and that would turn all to a blank. No; among the unnumbered benefits that demand my daily gratitude, this is worth more than all the rest, the hope of something better in store. Then shall I be satisfied when I behold his face in righteousness, and awake with his likeness."

"Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God!"

With this quotation by my uncle, the conversation closed; and it proved the last time of my hearing those two excellent men converse together.

The last time my uncle had a party at his house, it was with a view to bring together some excellent persons, who, on account of differences in religious views and observances, had been somewhat estranged from each other. My uncle's enlightened candour and moderation, as well as the general esteem in which he was held, qualified him in no ordinary degree for so delicate an undertaking. And then, he was an old man, his bodily vision nearly closed on earth, his spiritual views of eternity clear, lively, and influential. He spoke as one on the confines of heaven, and his speech dropped as the rain, and distilled as the dew. It was gentle, pervading, and powerful; and his friends, while each felt conscious only of affectionate veneration towards him, were insensibly drawn nearer to each other. I observed that my uncle carefully avoided the introduction of any topic that might lead to a discussion of points on which the parties differed, and led to those on which all Christians can agree; the perfect union and happiness of the saints in the presence of their Lord in heaven, and the duty and honour of labouring for the promotion of his cause on earth. The restraint which was at first visible on most of the guests gradually wore off; one remark or anecdote after another was elicited, tending to establish in the minds of all the party, the pleasing conviction, that notwithstanding minor differences in externals, they were all one in essentials, one in dependence, aim, and expectation. Certain it is, that after that interview, Mr. Neville was never heard to cry down Mr. Osborne as a mere legalist, nor Mr. Osborne to charge Mr. Neville with latitudinarianism. Mr. Leathley and Mr. Travers were much more moderate in their censures of their respective ecclesiastical peculiarities, against which they had been accustomed to deal out very hard names, and Mr. Farve and Mr. Groves, whose names before could never appear on the same committee, and hardly on the same subscription list, soon afterwards became treasurer and secretary to a valuable institution, deprived of the services of my good uncle by death, and of another gentle-

man by removal; and those offices they have, to the present day, filled with mutual harmony and great efficiency. Their intercourse has grown into cordial friendship, in which their families participate with mutual advantage. No one of the parties has relinquished his previous opinions and practices; but all have learned to admit the conviction that there are some things on which we may safely and conscientiously agree to differ. Hearty consecration of energy to the interests of one great and good Master, has a happy tendency to unite all the servants.

The last sermon my uncle heard, was from the words, "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed," Rom. xiii. 11. He entered into the subject with deep and lively interest; and it apparently gave a tinge to his meditations during the short remainder of his days. There was no particular reason, at the time, to imagine that that was his last sermon; for he was then in ordinary health, much as he had been for several months: but so it proved. I have often thought of it since, and endeavoured to realize the solemnity with which we should listen to a sermon, if we knew that it was our last. How ought we to attend to every sermon, since we never hear one, of which we can know that it will not be our last!

On the following Monday evening, my uncle wound up his favourite clock for the last time. It was a curious and valuable piece of mechanism that had been in the family for several generations. The servants had never been permitted to wind it up, even when my uncle became nearly blind. That night, as he wound it up, he said, in evident allusion to the subject that had been so recently and so interestingly presented to his mind,

"On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

"Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes."

When next the evening came for winding up the clock, it was forgotten; for the venerable master was confined to the chamber of sickness, and concern for him engrossed all the household. Next day it was observed that the clock was down; Mrs. Rogers said she could not have the heart to touch it, nor was she willing that any other person should. She hoped, or rather she wished, that her dear master might be able to do it himself, and then she thought he would be better pleased to find it left undone. He never again came down stairs to do it.

The last business in which my uncle was engaged, was an effort to effect a reconciliation between two beloved friends, who had long been at variance. He was dictating a letter on the subject, when seized with alarming faintness, which proved the harbinger of fatal illness. The letter was never finished; but the conciliatory sentiments breathed in the fragment, and the views it expressed as entertained by one so near an eternal world, of the vanity of earthly possessions, and the sinfulness and folly of making them objects of contention, fell with due force on the parties. The matters in dispute were fairly and amicably adjusted through my uncle's instrumentality, though he did not live to see it; and, as far as I know, the harmony then established has not since been interrupted.

My uncle's last will did honour to his judgment and to his heart. Not a relative was forgotten; not one aged person who had long been a pensioner on his bounty, was left to bewail, together with the loss of a venerated benefactor, the loss of those comforts which age and feebleness rendered necessary, and which his kindness had rendered attainable. To his faithful housekeeper was entrusted the charge of continuing to them their stated allowances and occasional gifts, for the remainder of their lives; while for herself, and every other servant, was made a liberal provision, according to the nature and duration of their services. The will bore date many years before my uncle's death; and the only alterations made, were for the sake of expressing his good will to some of the noble societies which had more recently sprung into existence. I never heard any person, interested or otherwise, censure my uncle's disposition of his property.

My uncle's last attack did not at first appear more formidable than several from which he had recovered. For some days, those around him hoped that he would again recover. I do not think he expected it himself; but he seemed

perfectly satisfied to leave the issue in the hands of God. In no ordinary degree, he manifested a cheerful willingness to labour to the last, together with an earnest desire to depart and be with Christ. His last hours were peace, a peace founded on faith in Christ, and sustained by the hope of soon being absent from the body and present with the Lord. His last expressions were characterized by humility, gratitude, and holy confidence. He found his principles firm and unshaken in the trying hour, and it was his benevolent concern that all he loved, might, like himself, repose on the Rock of ages, and find there, everlasting strength and full supplies for all the exigencies of life and death.

My revered uncle Barnaby was the last of that generation. My father and aunts had gone before him to a better world. In the ordinary course of things, death may soon be expected to call upon us of the succeeding generation. May we be stirred up to diligence, and be found followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

The last page of a narrative is generally read with interest and attention. Let this last page of the opinions and observations of uncle Barnaby impress on the reader two sentiments, and then the writer will not have laboured in vain:—That genuine piety is essential to an honourable, useful, and happy life, and to a peaceful death—and That it is incumbent on the possessors of genuine piety to render their profession of it not only serious and sincere, but also amiable and attractive; that their tempers and lives should display the excellence of their religion, and say to those who observe them, "Come with us, and we will do you good. Religion makes us happy; come, taste, and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments." C.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

"But he that had received one [talent] went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money," Matt. xxv. 18.

The practice of hiding treasures is one of almost daily occurrence in the east. In the year 1813, the Pasha of Egypt demanded fifteen thousand purses from those who kept the money of the country. Twelve hundred purses were required from an old man named Felteos, who had been a chief financier in former times. He refused to pay this, alleging his poverty, but at last he offered to give two hundred purses. The pasha sent for him, threatened, and seeing him obstinate, ordered him to be beaten. After receiving five hundred strokes, and being nearly half dead, he declared he could pay no more than two hundred purses. The governor thought he was telling the truth; but his son, Ibrahim Pasha, who was present, said he was sure the man had more money. Felteos, therefore, received three hundred additional strokes, after which he confessed that he was possessed of the sum demanded, and promised to pay it. He was then permitted to return home; and at the end of a fortnight, being so much recovered as to be able to walk about, commissioners were sent to his house by the pasha, labourers were called, and Felteos descended with them to a lower room in his house, at the bottom of which they removed a large stone, which closed up a small passage, containing a vaulted niche, where two iron chests were deposited. On opening these, two thousand purses were found, twelve hundred of which the pasha took, and left the remainder to the owner, who died three months after, not in consequence of the blows he had received, but of grief for the loss of his money. Had he been able to remove the treasure secretly, he would probably have done so, had not a guard been posted in his house immediately on his promising to pay; the pasha conceiving that the money was concealed in some secret spot, according to a practice general in the east. — *Burckhardt's Travels.*

NATURAL HISTORY AND BOTANY OF THE CHINESE.

The Chinese often show themselves to be acute observers of nature, and manifest no small share of industry in treasuring up facts and instances; but they want the logic of method, the true habit of investigation: hence there is a great mixture of truth and falsehood in their remarks, and a deficiency of principle in their arrangements. A classification, which should depend upon the organs of mastication, the shape of the foot, or the nature and form of the viscera, never occurred to the mind of the Chinese, and therefore the natural his-

tory of the country is only a collection of ill-assorted facts. Still there are many things well deserving the attention of the foreigner; and a collection of the scattered statements, and a reduction of them to a regular form, with a translation, would be a valuable appendix to the descriptive part of zoology.

The Pun-tsaou, a large work on the Materia Medica, compiled from different sources, affords us, among other matters, some brief accounts of the principal quadrupeds. A short summary of two or three of these will serve as specimens: the reader must make allowances for some fabulous intermixtures.

The *Lion*, designated by a character which implies, that it is the chief among carnivorous animals. It has a brazen head and an iron forehead; the claws are hooked, and the molar-teeth like a saw. The ears are pointed, and the nose turned up. The lustre of the eye is like lightning. It roars like thunder. The whiskers, or vibrissæ, are fine and taper to a point. The tail of the male is tufted with the hairs of a specified length, which from the uncertainty of the measure, it would not be easy to define. It is able to travel five hundred *le*, or about one hundred and sixty-six miles in a day. It is the head, or "senior," among all the animals that are covered with hair. When angry, it displays its teeth; when pleased, it flourishes its tail. At every roar, a hundred beasts quail, especially the horse, because he is naturally a timid creature. It preys upon the tiger, the leopard, and the *yu*, another species of the feline race. An authority cited in the Pun-tsaou, affirms that it devours birds and beasts, by attracting their feathers and hair with its breath. It is an old saying, that "if the milk of a lioness be thrown into that of a cow, the sheep, or the mare, the whole will be turned into water." A tiger and a leopard dare not eat its flesh, and insects do not presume to lodge in its hair. In the western provinces, if they take the cub within seven days of its birth, and before it has opened its eyes, they are able to train it up in habits of docility with ease; but if it has advanced a little in growth, it is hard to tame.

The *Tiger*, among the Chinese, is the emblem of war, because, as their naturalists, quoted in the Punt-saou, assert, he is the prince, that is, second to the king among the beasts of the field. When he roars, his voice is like thunder, and all the wild creatures that haunt the forest tremble. He is shaped like a domestic cat, and is as large as a Brahmin bull. The tongue is as large as the palm of a man's hand, and studded with sharp points. The sagacity of the animal is not reported to be very great, yet he knows his own path, and carries a line of topographical delineation of a country in his head. At night, one eye serves for vision, and the other for illumination, as light is sent forth from it. This is a fanciful method of telling us, that from the *tapetum*, or shining carpet, that lines the eye, this organ is sensible to the finest impressions of light, so that the animal can see its way where man would stumble. A man killed by a tiger, is changed into a spirit which leads about the manslayer at its pleasure. The tiger abhors the smell of a sheep's horn burned, and flees from it. The flesh of a dog has the same effect upon him as wine has upon man.

The *Leopard* and *Panther*. Several animals of the feline race are associated under a common name with the leopard and the panther; for names are used with great latitude, and not unfrequently with much confusion. One species is said to be black, *felis melas*, another white, and a third red, with black spots, and yet under one name. But the animal meant by the writer, who gives the best account in the Pun-tsaou, was either the leopard or panther, and perhaps both, as Temminck regards them as of the same species. The colour is said to be yellow, with black spots, resembling a Chinese coin, which is round and hollow in the middle. The spots are ranged in series of parallel lines above. The fur varies, so that the colours are not preserved in their purity and freshness. The form, too, is subject to variation, though not sufficient to afford characteristics for another species. It ranges from Leaou-tung, on the north of China, to the south-western parts of that empire. Its fur is held in estimation by the furriers. It is said to be afraid of a certain snake; for, according to the Chinese notions, every living creature has its foe to keep it in check, and to make it afraid.

Several volumes of the Chinese Encyclopedia are devoted to natural history, and contain a curious mixture of truth and fiction. The Manis, or Pangolin, for example, is figured like a crocodile, with the formidable teeth of that animal projecting over the under jaw, whereas

the manis belongs to the toothless class of quadrupeds. It is said to bore holes in the ground, on the sides of hills. The fact of its living upon ants is clearly stated; but the importance of the tongue in this operation is forgotten. "It," says the native writer, "buries itself upon an ant-hill, opens its scales, by rolling up itself into a ball, and remains without stirring, that the ants may enter. When they are full, it closes upon its prey, and then betakes itself to a stream of water, opens the scales, and devours the ants at its leisure, as they float upon the water."

In the same work is a short account of the *Scarabeus* or *Ateuchus*, or beetle, which rolls up a quantity of dirt, into the exact form of a sphere. A species of that insect, which was sacred among the Egyptians, is found in China, and was picked up by the writer upon the main-land, near the island and harbour of Hongkong. The roundness of the ball is very surprising, but does not appear to have excited much interest in China. The natives laughed at the collector for meddling with such dirty things; and the engraver knew so little about the matter, that he has drawn the ball as if it were not so large as the head of the insect, whereas it is larger than the whole body.

Another work, in three quarto volumes, called the Urk Ya, contains several chapters on natural history, and many wood-cuts. In this the varieties of the horse and the swine are very carefully enumerated. This would seem to indicate that in ancient times much attention was bestowed upon the breeding of these animals. In the south of China, the pigs seem to be all of one kind, and the houses at the very bottom of the scale in point of sightliness. Several monsters are depicted in this work, which is the most free from these things of any of the native performances. An animal related to the ox, by the form of its head, has only one leg. Another of similar aspect in the head has two. The bat is represented as having a bill and a tail, like a bird. Such examples, so contrary to the analogy of nature, weaken the evidence of Chinese antiquity in favour of the unicorn, which by them is called the *ke lin*, and is said to make its appearance only in times of great peace and prosperity.

The botany of the Chinese, as taught in the Pun-tsaou has set a few feeble and faltering steps towards a scientific arrangement. It has its classes, orders, and genera, which have been established chiefly with a reference to the habits and uses of the plants. There are five classes distinguished and subdivided into orders, in the following manner:—

Class I.—*Herbaceous Plants.* Such as are not commonly used for food. There are thirteen orders in this class. 1. Wild plants that grow upon the hills, of which ginseng is an example. 2. Odoriferous plants, such as peony, mowtan and turmeric. 3. Plants that grow upon lowlands, as chrysanthemums and amaranths. 4. Plants with active properties, as the rhubarb. 5. Climbing plants, as the convolvulus. 6. Water plants, as the acorus calamus. 7. Plants that grow upon rocks and stone walls, as the saxifrage, stone pepper, and several ferns. 8. Rudimentary plants, as being imperfect in their development, such as mosses and lichens. 9. Miscellaneous plants, such as are not reducible to any of the preceding orders.

Class II. *Useful grains* by which man and beast are nourished. Hemp, wheat, etc., constitute the first order; for hemp seeds are used in making cakes, like our carraway seeds. The second includes millet and maize, with sixteen other different kinds of grain, which require investigation. The third is a very natural order, and corresponds to our leguminosæ, or pod-bearing plants.

Class III. *Pot or kitchen herbs.*—The first order consists of strong-tasted plants, as onion and garlic. The second mucilaginous plants, as the shoots of bamboo, and some of the liliaceous kind. The third embraces such plants as have no central portion or core in their fruit, as the gourd, melon, and sweet potato, the tubers being in this instance regarded as the fruit. The fourth includes sea-water plants, or *fuci;* for the Chinese use them for food, after they have undergone the process to which pot herbs are usually subjected. The fifth is made up of mushrooms, agarics, and other edible things of a fungous character.

Class IV. *Fruit trees.*—First, Garden fruits, as the peach, apricot, and different sorts of plum. Second, Wild fruits, as the pear, the quince, pomegranate and orange. Third, Foreign fruits, as le-che, longan, carambola, and betel-palm. Fourth, Fruits with a sharp biting taste, as the peppers. Fifth, Fruits that are ripened upon or in the ground, as

the water-melon and grape. Sixth, Water fruits, as the water-lily and the edible rush. The term *kwo*, rendered fruit, is not confined to the fructification of plants, but may be applied to any portion that may be eaten without the application of heat, whether it be at the top or bottom of the stem.

CLASS V. *Trees, which do not yield an edible fruit.*—First, Odoriferous trees, as pine, clove-tree, and sandal wood. Second, Tall trees, as the willow and varnish trees. Third, Trees that grow freely, as the mulberry and bombax. Fourth, Parasitic shrubs, as the coranthus, mistletoe and smilax China. Fifth, Flexible or elastic trees, as the bamboo. Sixth, Miscellaneous plants, not reducible to any of the foregoing classes.

G. T. L.

A LONG JOURNEY.

"I HAVE a long way to go before night," said a traveller, as he mounted his horse near the door of an inn, "and I cannot delay any more, lest I fail to reach home in time."

Reader, you have a long journey before you, and you must set out at once, if you have not yet commenced it, for the night of death will soon approach; and, amidst its dark shadows, your soul will pursue its way to the bar of God. If you are walking in the right path, all will be well, let the hour of your departure from earth be when it may.

But are you in the right path? Pause. Look around you. Where are you now? What are you doing? What thoughts have lately passed through your mind? Do you indulge in sin? Are you openly or secretly a transgressor? Be honest with yourself, now: you may rejoice hereafter for having been so.

There are two ways; in one or other of which all are walking. Christians choose that which leads to the land of everlasting blessedness; and those who are not Christians, choose that which will bring them to the place of eternal misery. And the direction the souls of men will take, on leaving earth, will be either upward to the realms of joy; or downward to the flaming depths of unutterable woe.

Which will you pursue? If you feel inclined to walk in that which leads to happiness, know what must be done, and what expected.

Sin must be forsaken, all sin, that which is most dear to you; and the society of those who delight in iniquity. All notions of your own righteousness must be put away, and you must believe God's word, that tells you you are guilty and helpless, having by your sin ruined your soul.

You must turn to the Saviour of mankind, and accept him as your Redeemer, whose blood cleanses from all sin, even yours; receive his commands as your rule of conduct, and be regulated thereby in all your daily concerns.

If these things be done, and you set out in the way to heaven, be not surprised if you meet with obstacles. Whoever went a journey, without encountering some, especially if travelling in an enemy's country? But be not disheartened. God will enable you to go forward if you really desire to do so, and greater is He who will be for you, than all who can be against you. You will be more than conquerors through Him that hath loved you.

Travellers are supported under difficulties, by picturing to themselves their own happy homes, and thus they feel strengthened to press forward in spite of opposition. Oh! if you should be inclined to faint, during the long journey from earth to heaven, you may rouse yourself, by lifting the eye of faith to the land that is afar off; and as it bursts upon your view, your soul will be cheered by the prospect, and you will go forward with invigorated strength.

Now, reader, will you, if yet you have not, set out on this journey to heaven? The voice of God addresses you, and pointing to the narrow path that leads to heaven, says, "This is the way, walk ye in it," Isa. xxx. 21. Why do you hesitate? What keeps you back? Do you dislike parting with the world and sin? They are not your friends. They are injuring you. And you must part with them if you would ever be happy. The longer you hold to them, the more difficult will be the separation. Burst those fetters which have bound your immortal spirit to what is degrading to its noble nature to have allied itself, and cry to the pomps and pleasures of the world,

> "Away ye false deluding toys,
> Vain tempters of the mind."

Join the holy band of Christians that is travelling to the city of our God, the heavenly Jerusalem. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," Prov. xiii. 20; and are not they deserving of that designation who have chosen heaven in preference to earth; eternity to time; and

glory, honour and immortality, to degradation, infamy, and eternal despair? The language of all the people of God to you is that of Moses to his kinsman Hobab. "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel," Num. x. 29. Perhaps of that number, reader, may be some of your family. They have already set out, and they often turn back and look towards you with imploring eyes, and beckon you to join their company. Will you decide to join them? Then do it now. You will not be less happy than you are; but much more so. For the ways of God are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace, Prov. iii. 17.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

Perhaps, however, notwithstanding all that has been said, you will keep in the path in which sinners walk, and do the things you have hitherto done, although you know them to be opposed to the will of God. Stop, I implore you; "the end of those things is death," Rom. vi. 21. The warning voice of a merciful God bids you pause. "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways," Hag. i. 5. Continuance in the path of sin must end in your ruin. Be wise. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Ezek. xxxiii. 11. Does not this impassioned language prove the earnestness of God, and the solemn certain truth, that the way in which transgressors walk, is one of fatal danger? Else why need they be exhorted to turn? Why not go forward? Oh! it is because theirs is the broad way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which walk therein," Matt. vii. 13. Will you be of the number?

PRAYER OF THE JEWS.

Though the Holy Scriptures of themselves sufficiently set forth their Divine origin, yet is not such evidence as confirms their truth to be despised. The Holy Scriptures set forth that the Jews, on account of their sins, lost the especial privileges they once enjoyed; and the following passage from the morning service, now in use among the Jews, will show that the Christian is not more convinced of this truth than the Jew himself.

"Sovereign of the universe! Whilst the holy temple was established, if a man sinned, he brought an offering, and made an atonement for himself; but now because of our iniquities, we have neither sanctuary nor altar, nor offering, nor priest to atone for us: there is nothing left us but the commemoration of them!"

Happy would it be for the Jew, if he not only acknowledged his sin, but sought also the Saviour, the promised Messiah of Israel. Happy, indeed, if he could renounce his unbelief and hardness of heart, as fully as in the following prayer he professes to renounce his own righteousness.

"Creator of all worlds! We presume not to present our supplications before Thee for our righteousness, but for thine abundant mercies. What are we? What is our life? What is our help? What is our righteousness? What is our goodness? What is our power? What is our might? What then shall we say in thy presence, O Lord our God, and the God of our fathers? Are not the mightiest heroes as nought before Thee? Men of renown, as though they had not existed? Wise men, as if they were without knowledge? And the intelligent, as if void of understanding? For the majority of their actions is emptiness, the days of their life but vanity in thy presence. Even the pre-eminence of man over the beast is nought; for all is vanity."

PROPHECY.

The sweet stream of the prophet's doctrine did, as the rivers, make its own banks fertile and pleasant, as it ran by and flowed still forward to after ages, and by the confluence of more such prophecies grew greater as it went, till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament both acted and preached by the great prophet himself, whom they foretold to come, and recorded by his apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river, clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scriptures hath still refreshed the city of God, his church under the gospel, and still shall do so, till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity.—*Leighton.*

Mount Moriah.

MOUNT MORIAH.

The part of Jerusalem lying between the valley of Jehoshaphat and the valley running down from the Damascus Gate to the Pool of Siloam, may be regarded as one ridge, having on it the separate summits or hills, Bezetha and Moriah; and corresponding further down, perhaps to the ancient quarter, Ophel. Moriah was apparently, at first, an elevated mound of rock, rising by itself upon this ridge, over against the eastern point of Akra. The temple was placed upon the levelled summit of this rock, and then immense walls were erected from its base on the four sides, and the interval between them and the sides filled in with earth, or built up with vaults, so as to form, on the top, a large area on a level with the temple.

This area, or court of the ancient temple, was probably not very different from the present enclosure of the Haramesh-Sherif. This is now separated from the rocky brow of Zion by the Tyropœon, and from Akra by the valley which comes from the Damascus Gate.

In passing along this valley, through the present street towards the south, apparently just before coming to the Tyropœon, one crosses over a small rise of ground. This is probably rubbish, the accumulation of ages; though the houses in the vicinity prevented us from ascertaining whether it extends quite across the valley. It is also possible that this mound may serve to carry the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools into the area of the mosque, which is every where higher than the bottom of this valley. Indeed, all the western entrances of the mosque are reached by an ascent; and some of them at least by steps.

On the north side, Moriah is not now separated from Bezetha by any valley or trench, except in part by the large reservoir, commonly called Bethesda. The street which leads to the eastern gate of the city, passes here, ascending somewhat from the valley near the N.W.

corner of the area, having the steep part of Bezetha on the left, and then descending gradually to St. Stephen's Gate.—*Dr. Robinson.*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

It is only to the child of calamity, on whom no sun shines cheerfulness, to whom no day brings cessation from toil or suffering, or to the gloomy discontented misanthrope, that Christmas does not bring pleasure of some kind.

To the Christian parents of a happy and united family, on which misfortune has not pressed, from which no link has been recently dissevered, which, by the mercy of God, has been kept together amidst all the changes of this mortal life, and betrays no symptoms of approaching dissolution, Christmas day is always one of holy joy. They see the goodness of the Lord in all his dealings, and hail the "Sun of righteousness," who, as he then, as it were, arises "with healing in his wings," imparts fresh rays of warmth to their hearts, and invigorates and renews them; and while they count the years that have passed over their heads, and given strength and beauty to the olive branches around their table, they view another happy year in the perspective of hope.

If the severity of the winter season makes them feel, in their own frames, that the freshness of health has deserted them, and that pain and debility succeed in its stead, they look forward with hope to the renovating influences of a genial spring: hence they take a higher and far nobler view, while they see before them the crocus, the snowdrop, and the rose of Christmas, and consider their own position on the boundary which separates the old and new years, and contemplate the earth as teeming with life, and preparing to yield its produce in the coming season, they look with the eye of faith, from the deadness of surrounding nature, to the ever-existing soul, even during the sleep of death, to the morning of the resurrection, when that which is sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, that which is sown in weakness shall be raised in power, 1 Cor. xv. 42, 43.

While the elders of the family view the present scene, as wisdom teaches, and offer their thanksgivings to God, that all is well beneath the family roof on this eventful day, the younger members of the family have their appropriate sources of enjoyment; for some, the sports and hospitalities of the season have their pleasures; to others, the holidays of a month open an interminable vista of enjoyment, and the presentation of gifts, and acts of kindnesses and charity to dependents and poor neighbours, are among the chief pleasures of the seniors. In short, all are more or less happy; and if there be no real enjoyment on this day, we may be certain, provided there be no afflictive event, actual or anticipated, to mar domestic felicity, that there is something wrong in the temperaments, or the conduct of the heads of the family. Some years ago, it happened that I was a guest in a family party, which I shall endeavour to describe.

Mr. Brabazon, the father of several children, was then a merchant of considerable respectability; and on the occasion to which I am about to refer, the centre of a very happy social circle assembled in his drawing room, just before the announcement of their Christmas dinner. When the servant summoned us to table, Mr. Brabazon, with a placid countenance, yet not indicative of a heart unoccupied by cares or apprehensions, led out the mother of his wife, who, though far advanced in years, seemed one of the happiest of the entire procession, as she cast her eyes upon the three generations of her descendants which followed.

I gave my arm to Mrs. Brabazon, a cheerful and singularly amiable woman, who looked the very personification of matronly bliss, and seemed as if her sole study had been to make those around her happy. A married son and a married daughter, with their respective partners, followed; the curate of the parish escorted one of the unmarried daughters, and youngsters, of various ages, comprehending two grand-children (who for the first time toddled along to a Christmas dinner in the parlour) brought up the rear.

When grace was said, I looked for an instant at Mr. Brabazon, and perceived what I thought a tear in his eye, while a low and half-suppressed sigh involuntarily escaped from him: Mrs. Brabazon appeared to have observed the emotion also; but she at once entered into the bustle of the dinner arrangements, as if her object had been to promote a general degree of vivacity.

Healths were drunk, and "many happy returns of the season" cordially wished

to "Gran," in particular; the affectionate interchanges of kind expressions went round, and the usual jokes about plum-pudding and mince pies passed among the children, and every one seemed at ease and merry, except Mr. Brabazon, who, though evidently pleased at having his family around him, and anxious that they should enjoy themselves, looked as if temporary cessation from care, and composure of mind, were the highest degrees of enjoyment of which his mind was capable.

At the close of dinner, he devoutly and audibly thanked God for having permitted him to see his beloved family around him, and invoked a blessing upon them all; but it appeared to me as if there was a degree of effort in his words and movements, something of a struggle between pleasure and pain, a smile and a tear. He looked as if he were thinking to himself, Where shall we all be this day twelvemonth? The goodness of God has hitherto preserved this circle entire; has added to it, within the revolution of two or three years, some valued members, a son-in-law and a daughter-in-law; but will all here meet again at this table, on the next Christmas day? will there be none missing?

One of his sons was just then seeking a cadetship in the Indian army; would he be in the East on that day twelvemonth? and if so, was there any probability of his own reunion with him again upon earth?

I had been intimate with Mr. Brabazon during many years, and well knew the variableness of his spirits, the softness of his heart, and the occasional depression of his mind; and I felt almost certain, that on the present occasion, some delicate chord had been touched, and some disturbing influence in movement; and of this I felt certain, in the course of this evening, during which he did not join the party in the drawing room, where the piano-forte was beautifully played upon by his eldest daughter; nor during an entire hour, while Mrs. Brabazon, and others of the family, blended their voices together, in "Sound the loud timbrel," and other sacred melodies.

Mrs. Brabazon went out of the room two or three times, and at length her husband came in and joined in the general occupations.

It was late when family devotions commenced; and as the clergyman read the one hundred and third psalm, and thanked God for the innumerable mercies vouchsafed, from time to time, to those who were then kneeling in supplication, and prayed that any future dispensations, of an afflictive character, might be sanctified to them, and ultimately end in good, my own heart was affected; and as I glanced at the fine family around me, in the enjoyment of every temporal comfort, I asked myself, Where shall we all be this day twelvemonth?

On the ensuing morning, two of the young men went out to shoot, another to skate; the older ladies made visits to their neighbours, and the little people ran about the walks, and got tumbles, and were as merry as crickets.

No distressed villager came to the house that day, because on Christmas eve, every poor person, and every labourer on their land, had received meat, coals, and clothing from Mr. and Mrs. Brabazon, who would have been unhappy if, when they and their household sat down to a Christmas dinner, there had been one unsupplied table in their neighbourhood, one forgotten pauper, one miserable family, which, with their power of relieving, they did not assist.

Although the day was frosty, there was much sunshine and warmth, and I walked in my friend's demesne with his married daughter; and in the course of our conversation, ascertained the probable cause of her father's ill-concealed melancholy on the preceding day. Three years previously, his favourite child, to whom his heart still clung, had, for the last time, dined at the family table on Christmas day; a malady was then commencing, which, four weeks afterwards, laid her in the grave. On that Christmas day it was her happy privilege to dine at the big table with papa and mamma. It was her farewell feast upon earth!

My companion added, that on the succeeding Christmas day, her father was so cast down that he could hardly keep his place at table. "You saw him yesterday," said she, "in a very moderate degree of grief; and time is exercising its usual influence."

"My mother," she continued, "possesses more energy of character; and though she is exquisitely sensitive in her own way, she has that fortitude which has enabled her to minister consolation to my father: and I am sure, that neither of them would now venture to recall

Mary to earth again, even if they had the power to do so."

"I fancy," said I, "that the youngest of the family, at present, the girl born after the death of the child of which we have been speaking, seems to have crept round her father's heart, and to have supplied the link which had been broken." But I soon learned that there were other circumstances calculated to render Mr. Brabazon at that time melancholy.

He was then involved in mercantile transactions with an insolvent house in North America, which was largely indebted to him; and he was apprehensive, from the various complications involved in other quarters, with which he was connected, that his family might be scattered far and wide before the ensuing Christmas.

On the preceding day, he had received letters intimating that his own solvency was considered doubtful, and some demands were made upon him in a manner which indicated the unfavourable opinion of his credit. When he looked at his wife and children, and thought even of the possibility of their becoming reduced to poverty, he felt, as any sensitive man would feel, under such fearful circumstances; and as an additional drop will cause an already full vessel to run over, so did his rising tear of sorrow for the death of his little Mary, combining with the great and deep source of apprehension, which was then springing up in his heart, overwhelm his feelings.

Mr. Brabazon's fears were sadly realized. The deep "waters of affliction" soon overpowered him with irresistible force.

While he was in the metropolis, on business, a few days afterwards, he received a letter from a friend, to the effect, that in the general panic regarding mercantile men at that crisis, certain loud creditors were about to issue proceedings against him, on the principle of "First come, first served." He struggled, but in vain; his ruin followed; and on the next Christmas day, his table was unspread, his place sold, his property had departed into other hands, and his wife was a widow. One of his sons, a cattle driver at the Cape of Good Hope; another, a subordinate clerk in a petty office; his eldest unmarried daughter a governess, or rather an upper servant in a vulgar, yet proud family; the second girl a teacher, without a salary, in a boarding school; and his younger children domesticated with two relatives, who were very cross to them.

If we had known, (but happily the future is hid from us,) on the Christmas day which I passed under Mr. Brabazon's roof, all that one year would bring forth, what "lamentation, and mourning, and woe," would have resounded there! I shall ever have a sober chastened feeling in a family party on Christmas day.

My own heart has been long since wrung and withered. Though I have never been the head of a family, and therefore have not felt precisely as my friend Mr. Brabazon must have been affected, I have formed no unimportant link in many a family chain; and I have witnessed the dissolution of many domestic circles; have seen the "silver cord loosed," and the "golden bowl broken." I have experienced enough of human life to know that the blessings of Providence, which flow in profusion to many households, are heedlessly and thoughtlessly received; and that the mercies which are new and countless every morning, are often received without any sense of gratitude to the Dispenser of them, and without any just notion of the value of the enjoyments possessed, or any reflection upon the greatness of the price with which, if threatened with their withdrawal, they would purchase the continuance of them, supposing they had the power of bidding for them. What great and unforeseen events may not a year bring forth! It is long to look forward from one Christmas to another, nothing to look back upon.

The months are passing over us; how few days between this, upon which I have written the foregoing sketch, and Christmas! Who of us, the writer or the reader, will live to hail the day, which so emphatically announces, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men?" Who among us shall see our friends and families about us, entire, unhurt, in health; none absent, none disgraced, or children of sin, and shame, and sorrow?

Reader, think of these things, and even if you shall see another, and another, Christmas day, (and may they be many and happy ones!) remember that at last you must meet in judgment, and face to face Him, whose coming in the flesh you now commemorate, whose name is Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace, Isa. ix. 6. Reflect that the sha-

dows will become real; the invisible, visible; and that fleeting time will lapse into eternity. Remember the great mystery of godliness which Christmas day ought to unfold to your minds, and prepare for the last day, when Jesus Christ shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead.—M. D.

EVIL SPEAKING—THE LYING TONGUE.

This is a vice as common unto many, as words are to their mouths. In their usual talk, commerce and communication, it is as ordinary and familiar with them, as if their whole life had been an apprenticeship to the father of lies, to learn the faculty of lying; so prompt and ready are they therein, as if it were the mystery of their study all their life long. Now, there are many reasons why this vice should be utterly banished from among men: because we are members one of another, and if Christians, members of the same body of Christ, which is his church, and the Head of this body is the Truth itself. "I am *the* Truth," saith Christ, and "there was no deceit found in his mouth." How monstrous, then, is it that the members which live under this Head, should lie one to another, and practise guile and deceit! In the human body, no one member deceiveth another; for were that the case, it would tend to their own hurt and fraud; he therefore that deceiveth his brother deceiveth himself. It is a shameful thing for one man to lie unto another—even one stranger to another; but more shameful is it for a domestic friend to lie unto a domestic friend, a brother to a brother, a servant to his lord. What then must it be for a member of Christ to lie unto a member of Christ, a Christian to a Christian, the faithful to the faithful! Oh what a detestable and loathsome thing is this! He that perverteth the order, constituted of God among men, sinneth grievously; and the liar doth this: for the order which God hath appointed is, that by our words the sense and meaning of the mind should be manifested; wherefore words are said to be the notes of the things contained in the mind: consequently, the liar perverteth the order of God, and sinneth grievously; for which cause the Spirit of God saith, "The lying lips are an abomination to the Lord," Prov. xii. 17. 19.—*Est's Glass of Godliness.*

THE PERAMBULATOR.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, IN CARDIGANSHIRE.

What a delightful thing is liberty, both at home and abroad! Were we compelled to roam the mountain and the moor, when disposed to indulge in the comforts of domestic life; or constrained to be housekeepers, when our spirits urged us on to visit distant scenes and solitary places, it would be a trouble to us all. He who has health, a spirit of enterprise, a keen conception of the "sublime and beautiful" in nature, a grateful heart, a holy reverence for Divine things, and the means and opportunity to wander wide, has enough to fill his bosom with joy, and to occupy his tongue with praise.

> "Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
> And marvel men should quit their easy chair;
> The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
> Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
> And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share."

There are moments when a spirit of eager enterprise is indulged in by the ardent lover of nature's varied beauties; and then no mountain is high enough, no excavation deep enough, no rifted crag clothed enough with awe and terror; and no spot sufficiently romantic fully to satisfy his unreasonable expectations. Such a moment is the present one with me; my heart is beating, my pulse throbbing, and my eye brightening with excitement; and no wonder! Who can gaze on the piled-up heights, the fearful depths, the rugged rifts, the rushing torrents, and the roaring falls of this British Switzerland, without emotion!

He who has never visited Pont Bren, trod the vale of Nant Francon, (the valley of beavers,) mused on the three-headed mountain of Trivaen, gazed on the Falls of Ogwen, ascended Great Orme's Head, nor stood in triumph on the top of Snowdon, can hardly enter into my present excitement. But a word or two on Wales.

It was in my boyhood that I first visited the principality. No wonder that its high mountains, its rushing rivers, its tumbling cataracts, and its overawing loneliness, should much affect my youthful mind. It appeared to me as a new creation; instead of the low unmeaning hills and monotonous flats to which I had been accustomed, giant mountains presented themselves on every side. In natural scenery, objects of magnitude always impress the mind, more than objects of mere beauty.

"Amid
The various forms which this full world presents,
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
E'er doubts, before the transient and minute,
To prize the vast, the awful, the sublime?
Who, that from heights aerial sends his eye
Around a wide horizon, and surveys
Indus, or Ganges, rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, and spacious cities old;
And regions dark with woods, will turn away
To mark the path of some penurious rill
That murmurs at his feet?"

The mountains were Andes and Dhawaligiras in my estimation, and the rushing cataracts were rivals of Niagara, while the remains of proud castles, frowning on the rocky steeps, proclaimed the power and boldness of the ancient inhabitants of the country. We are most of us educated to think highly of those who have dared to defend their own possessions against the attack of an aggressor. The commonwealths of Rome resisted the invading power of Persia, and, in more modern times, the patriots of Switzerland dared to defend their mountain fastnesses against their invaders; but scarcely did the Romans or the Swiss more resolutely defend their country, than the Welsh did theirs, before the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, overcame them. These things were present to my youthful memory, as well as the knowledge that the Welsh were honest, hospitable, and devotional: I therefore honoured the people around me, and gazed on their mountains and their valleys with admiration and joy.

Since then, years have rolled away; the boy has become a man, and the stripling, whose heart beat with such emotion, amidst these wilds and solitudes, has shared the multiplied mercies of maturer years; yet still, with grey hairs on his head, he cannot, even now, gaze on these goodly scenes without emotions of awe and delight.

There are so many parts of North and South Wales, which alone would exhaust the powers of the most eloquent speaker, or the most enthusiastic writer, in their description, that it will be but common prudence in me to confine my present remarks to this fairy scene. Leaving Cader Idris, and the Peak of Snowdon, whence may be seen at once Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and where

"The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills high o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

Leaving the vales of Dyffryn, Clwyd, and Langollen, the lakes of Bala and Llyn Ogwen, the falls of the Cynfall and Dovey, the castles of Powys, Conways, and Caernarvon, and the far-famed Menai bridge, where science and enterprise have been seen to

"Raise the tall pier, extend the massy chain,
And lead the millions o'er the subject main;
Alike serenely when the tempest roars,
And when the placid waters greet the shores."

Leaving all these, let me shortly describe, in such manner as I may, surrounded by all that is huge and awful, turbulent and terrible in natural scenery, the far-famed fairy land of Devil's bridge.

Dark traditions, and dark unearthly stories, are yet perpetuated concerning the place, and truly its general character is well adapted to call forth the wonder, and excite the imagination of those who are far better educated than the olden inhabitants of this rocky domain. The most sober and probable account of the Devil's bridge, so far as its name is concerned, is this: when the monks of Ystrad Fflur abbey, situated near the source of the Tivy, had succeeded in flinging the bridge Pont y Monach (bridge of the monks) across the fearful rent in the earth, which yet calls forth the wonderment of the stranger, the common people, believing that it was impossible to have effected such a work without Satanic assistance, gave to the bridge the name of the Devil's bridge; and this name it is likely to retain. How it was that the more reasonable supposition of the monks being assisted in a useful work, by a more wise and benevolent Being, should have been overlooked, it is hard to say; but it shows the disposition of the time to ascribe any thing wondrous to a diabolical, rather than to a benevolent and almighty agency.

The Devil's bridge is in Cardiganshire, in North Wales. At the present day, it consists of an arch thrown from rock to rock, over the old bridge; from the centre of this arch, the awe-struck stranger looks down a fearful rift into a dark abyss, more than a hundred feet below. The rift, or chasm, through which the pent-up waters rush with terrible impetuosity, is more than a mile in extent, and its rocky sides are almost perpendicular. "Through the bottom of this abyss the river Mynach pours its roaring tide, hidden from the eye by the deep shade of woods, but bursting upon the ear in the awful 'sound of many waters' in the thunder of numerous cataracts, leaping

from ledge to ledge, and lashing the hollows of excavated rocks, which reverberate and multiply the roar."

The river Mynach hurls itself headlong in four separate falls, from a height of more than two hundred feet, hurrying on afterwards to meet the scarcely less turbulent waters of the Rheidiol, or Rhydol. Perpendicular rocks, clothed with beech, oak, and birch trees; and creeping and pendant plants; huge craggy fragments loosely scattered here and there; caves, fissures, ponds of crystal water, endless cascades, brushwood, and mighty mountains meet the eye, and absolutely bewilder the senses of the beholder. Nothing less than an almighty hand could have worked such wonders.

I have gazed from the bridge into the frowning abyss below at nightfall, when the murky wings of approaching darkness have flung upon it their shadows, clothing with mysterious influence what was before sufficiently fearful. I have stood on the rocky projection, commanding a view of the four falls, the lowest of them a depth of three hundred and twenty feet from the arch of the bridge, gazing with terrible delight on the arresting scene; and I have forced through the spray where the Rhydol leaps down from the hills in a noble cataract to receive its tributary, and stood on the slippery ledge, the rock behind, and the crystal curtain of the transparent waterfall before me. A chamber of molten glass! A fairy creation! But, no; let me rather say, a creation of almighty hands, even the workmanship of Him who is "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders!" Exod. xv. 11. I have climbed the adjacent mountains, from their bulky bases to their cloud-capped heights, entranced with admiration, and where am I now?

I have descended the precipitous rift at the foot of the bridge down to the rushing flood, the boiling cataract that is forcing itself a rocky pathway through the narrow rift. Here such visitors as have nerve stand, as it were, "in the heart of the earth," and marvel at the solitary gloominess and terrific grandeur of the place; but I am greedy of gratification, and have ventured farther from pointed rock to slippery crag, even to the middle of the roaring flood—a slip, and I should be carried away as a flake on the foaming waters. The solitude, the gloom, the rugged rift, or colossal crack in the huge rock towering above me, the infuriated waters, the resounding roar, the fantastic wildness, the overwhelming solemnity, and the extreme novelty of the scene, are dreadfully delightful. Even here I am trying to pencil down my emotions; but I cannot. I have no business in so dangerous a spot, and will therefore quit it for a safer standing place. There! now I am secure. Pleased, astonished, awed, and humbled, let me beware lest the glories of the natural creation be a snare to me. How many a lover of nature has been an idolater, worshipping "the creature more than the Creator!" "The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also. O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation," Psa. xcv.

ON A WORLDLY SPIRIT.

The superior attractiveness of the gospel is the only effectual opposition to a worldly spirit. A believing view of Christ must make the world look dark and insignificant. The merchantman would never have suffered his "goodly pearls" to be snatched from him; but the first sight of the "pearl of great price" was sufficient inducement to him gladly to relinquish them. The apostle would never have yielded up his good name in the church, with all his other sources of gain, to the persuasive power of argument. But "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus" his Lord, once manifested to his soul, made what before was his all, now "loss;" yea, "dung" in his sight, Phil. iii. 8. Thus, in every case, simple faith is the principle of Christian decision.

It is often a ground of self-delusive complaint. If we were less entangled with the world, we should reach to far higher attainments in the excellency of this heavenly knowledge. This is doubtless a truth. Yet the converse is, perhaps, the most accurate and important statement. It is because we know so little of Christ, that we are so much entangled with the world. Here we have the radical principle of the evil laid open. General and superficial views of our glorious Saviour offer but a feeble resistance to the mighty, subtle, and incessant operation of a worldly spirit. Deep,

self-abasing, and spiritual apprehensions of the gospel must be perseveringly sought for and maintained, in constant exercise under Divine teaching and grace. To the heart thus attracted to Christ, by the active contemplation of faith, the world, in its most alluring forms, will ever be a crucified object, an object of shame and revulsion. And if this heavenly contemplation be followed out in all its relations to us of infinite tenderness and love, how will it cover us with shame, that a moment should ever have been found for any other object of paramount desire, affection, and interest! We must, however, carry this powerful principle of faith into all the particulars of practical application. We must not forget the supreme authority of the scriptural commands for nonconformity to the world; nor must we refrain rebuking whatever appears to us in detail to be inconsistent with these commands. But except our remonstrances are grounded upon the full and clear principles of the gospel, we shall, instead of laying the axe to the root of the tree, only prune the branches for more luxuriant fruitfulness. The worldly taste may be restrained, but not subjugated; and the heart, if it be ever partially drawn from the world, will be turned to self-righteousness, not to Christ.

It is a vain attempt to fix precise limits to every particular act; yet the scriptural rules which Miss Graham has adduced,* may be brought to bear upon every difficulty; and if the application of them will not make us infallibly right, it will at least preserve us from being materially wrong. The force of relative obligation, as an ordinance of God, is in clear conformity with these rules, and as such is strongly inculcated by Miss Graham; while at the same time it is always connected with faithfulness and decision of conduct, and never made an excuse for overstepping the line of demarcation. The point of worldly conformity commences, and the habit of it is strengthened, in the neglect of Christian simplicity of profession. Either these rules are not spiritually apprehended, or they are not conscientiously regarded, or there is a want of intelligent capacity to apply them. Many young inquirers of unformed habits and unexercised profession, have lost their slight impressions of religion, in an unguarded association with the world. And how many more established professors have, by unspiritual habits, become unconsciously conformed to the taste, maxims, or society of the world, even while they have "escaped" its external "pollutions." We would earnestly recommend the application of those rules to every step and point of contact with the world. Let them be the test for the daily trial of our spirit. Let us cultivate that tender susceptibility of conscience, which impressed this devoted child of God with poignant sorrow and humiliation, in a single instance of overstepping the boundary, or neglecting the rule of her known duty. We are persuaded that this habit of mind, diligently cherished, would issue in the conviction, that the points of necessary or hopeful intercourse with the world, are not so frequent as were imagined; that the rational pleasure of its society ill compensates for the painful loss that is felt in the secret retirement; that positive evil belongs to unnecessary communication with it; and that increasing circumspection is needed, even in the path of duty. The responsibility of maintaining our profession will be more deeply felt; and a path of retreat sought for, where that profession seems to be impracticable. We shall walk, not by expediency, but by rule. Self-indulgence will yield to the dictates of conscience, and double-mindedness to the simplicity of the gospel. The eye being thus single, the whole body will be full of light. Religion will assume a different aspect. It will be marked by a holy and heavenly stamp. It will be not a system of restraints, but a religion of privilege; the strictness of its rules wholly divested of moroseness, and forming an effectual safeguard of its consistency and fruitfulness. Thus God will be seen in his true character, as having pleasure in the prosperity of his servant, who needs not to be beholden to the world for that happiness which it promises to its votaries in substance, but gives only in shadow and delusion.—*Rev. C. Bridges.*

* See *Visitor*, 1841, page 355.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is not only a living principle of virtue in good men, but affords this further blessing to society, that it restrains the vices of the bad; it is a tree of life, whose fruit is immortality, and whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations.—*A. Fuller.*

WORSTED AND WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES.

Woollen manufactures have been known from an early age of the world; and we have evidence in Scripture that they existed at least fifteen hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era. Concerning the woollen manufactures of the Greeks and Romans but little is known, although there can be no doubt that they had arrived at some degree of perfection; and we well know that the Romans paid much attention to the breed of sheep. All classes of the Roman citizens were clothed in woollen stuffs; the poor in rough and inferior cloth, the rich in finer fabrics. But when the empire was overrun by the barbarians, the manufacture of the best woollen goods was entirely lost.

We will, however, pass over what is called the ancient history, and trace the progress of the manufacture in modern times. The manufacture of woollens seems to have been active in the Low Countries, as early as the middle of the tenth century. Wealth followed the increase of commerce, and the energies of the people were so fully called into operation that they almost entirely engrossed the trade for nearly four centuries. In Spain, however, the manufacture was early established; for we are informed that in the year 1218 there were in the city of Seville not less than sixteen thousand looms. The extension of the trade was greatly aided by an inundation of the sea, which threatened to overwhelm the Low Countries, and destroy all the prospects of the nation. But this natural convulsion was in every respect advantageous to the social and commercial spirit of Europe, for the manufacturers (a class of men of a peculiar character, who not only introduced their own trades, but also a commercial activity among the people with whom they resided) were distributed, and the arts were established in countries to which they were then strange. We might easily pass in review the history of the manufacture in the various countries where it has been since cultivated; but as our space is limited, we shall confine our attention to its progress in England, which will be more interesting to our readers.

It is possible that the Romans may have had woollen manufactures in England, but if so, they were lost immediately after they had vacated the island. The first mention of woollen manufacturers that we can find is in the annals of the reign of Henry I., and it is exceedingly probable that they were Dutch, driven from their homes by the great inundation, to which we have alluded. In the reign of Henry II. the manufacture had increased greatly, and we are informed of establishments in Nottingham, York, London, and other places, and of cloth dealers at Norwich, Gloucester, Chesterfield, and elsewhere. Fines were at this time paid to the king by the manufacturer for the liberty of making cloth, and by the dealer for selling it; and an ordinance was established against the use of Spanish wool, upon pretence that it was inferior to the English, but in fact to increase the production at home, and in consequence the amount of the revenue.

In the reign of Henry III., and in the year 1234, an act was passed to allow foreigners to rent houses and to buy and sell manufactured goods, and, shortly after this, many settled in this country, and carried on with great success extensive and profitable trades. Even at this period, particular places were noted for a certain class of goods: "Norwich, for the manufacture of woollen fustians; Gadsbury, for baize; Colchester, for sayes and serges; Kent, for broadcloth; and Devonshire, for kersies."

About the year 1340, one Thomas Blanket established a manufacture of coarse white cloth at Bristol, and from that circumstance may be traced the name of one of the most useful articles of bed clothing. A little previous to this, it is said, some manufacturers from Brabant settled at York, and commenced that trade which is now so extensively carried on in that county.

In the reign of Richard II., it was found necessary to pass an act for the regulation of the woollen trade, many fraudulent practices having been detected. "Forasmuch," says the act, "as divers plain cloths, wrought in the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Bristol, and Gloucester, are tacked and folded for sale, of which the greater part be broken, bruised, and not agreeing in colour, neither according to the breadth, and in no manner to the part of the same cloths showed outside, but falsely wrought with divers wools, to the great damage of the people, inasmuch that the merchants that buy the same and carry them out of the realm to sell to

strangers, be many times in danger of being slain, and sometimes imprisoned, and put to fine and ransom; therefore, it is ordained that no plain cloth, tacked and folded, shall be set to sale within the same countres." But this enactment was not sufficient to restrain the cupidity of the manufacturer; for in the reign of Henry VI., two cloth searchers were appointed to every county, who examined, measured, and placed a license on each piece. From this time till the reign of Elizabeth, the woollen trade was burdened with a number of oppressive and injurious regulations, and it consequently declined. A maximum price per yard was established by the legislature, and privileges were given to one county over another, so that in one wool might be bought and sold, and in the one adjoining the same liberty of trade was prohibited. Many of these restrictions were removed in the time of Elizabeth, and legal enactments were made favourable to the extension of the trade. The legislature, however, fell into a great error in the time of James I., by preventing the exportation of white cloths, upon the supposition that the nation lost all the benefit to be derived from the dyeing and dressing. "There have been," says an unknown writer, in a letter to the king, "eighty thousand undressed and undyed cloths exported yearly, by which the kingdom has been deprived of 400,000*l.* for the last fifty-five years, which is nearly 20,000,000*l.* that would have been gained by the labour of the workmen in that time with the merchants' gains, in bringing in dyeing wares and return of cloth dressed and dyed, with other benefits to the realm." Influenced by such considerations as these, it was resolved that none but dyed cloths should be exported; but the impolicy of this measure was immediately perceived, for the Dutch and Germans prohibited the importation of any but white cloths, so that some of the most important markets were instantly closed.

From the time of James I. to that of William III., the woollen trade was much depressed. Not only were restrictions imposed upon the manufacturer and salesman, but religious animosity and Persecution sprang up, which compelled many of the descendants of the French Protestants, whose fathers had settled in England to enjoy the blessings of a religious liberty, to seek a refuge in New England and Holland. Since the time of the third William to the present, the woollen trade in England has been gaining ground, and is now one of the staple manufactures of the country.

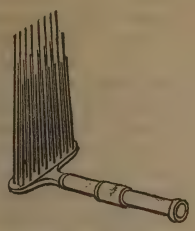
Having traced, though in a very general manner, the history of the woollen manufacture, especially in England, we may now proceed to describe the various processes by which wool is converted into worsted and woollen cloth. It is a singular fact, and perhaps almost without a parallel, that, from the time of Edward III. until nearly the close of the last century, scarcely any improvement was made in the mechanical contrivances by which the manufacture was carried on, and the instruments then used, were probably little superior to those employed by the ancients. But it will not be required that we should attempt a description of methods now discarded, but confine our attention to the improved process of manufacture in use at the present time. It will, however, be necessary for us again to remark that it is not so much our object to describe the construction of machines, as to trace the varied operations, and give the reader some popular notion of the manufacture. This object will, perhaps, be better effected by first introducing a few remarks on the

MANUFACTURE OF WORSTED.

In the manufacture of worsted, long wool with a firm fibre is preferred to the short wool used for cloths. The proper material being obtained, it is first to be washed with soap and water, which is performed by men who deliver it to boys to be spread over the floor of the drying room, which is frequently an apartment over the boiler of the steam-engine. The wool being properly dried, is taken by a youth, generally about twelve or fourteen years of age, and placed in a machine, called the plucker. "He lays the tresses of wool pretty evenly upon the feed apron or table, covered with an endless moving web of canvass, which, as it advances, delivers the ends of the long tufts to a pair of fluted rollers, whence it is introduced into a fanning apparatus something similar to the willow employed in the cotton manufacture."

The wool-combing, which is the next operation, can only be performed by exceedingly strong and robust men, from the excessive heat produced by the numerous stoves which are necessary for heating the combs, and giving a flexibi-

lity and elasticity to the fibres of the wool. The comb consists of two or three rows of pointed steel teeth, each row differing in length from the others, as shown in the accompanying diagram.



These teeth are attached to a wooden head, covered with horn, and a handle is attached to it. Each workman is provided with two combs; for as a certain heat is necessary for the production of the required effect, one is being heated in the comb pot while the other is in use. This pot, as it is called, is nothing more than an iron plate, heated by a fire or steam, with another plate of the same metal over it, but so far distant as to allow the combs to be placed between them. The space between the plates is also enclosed by an iron band, excepting so much of the circumference as must be left open to receive the combs. We may here also mention another thing (we can hardly call it an instrument) necessary to the wool-comber, a post to which the comb may be attached. Into this post an iron stem is driven, the end turning up, so that it may pass through a hole in the handle of the comb.

The manner in which the combing is performed is exceedingly simple, and is so well described by Dr. Ure, that we shall quote his language: "In combing the wool, the workman takes it up in tresses of about four ounces each, sprinkles it with oil, and rolls it about in his hands to render all the filaments equally unctuous. Some harsh dry wools require one-sixteenth their weight of oil, others no more than a fortieth. He next attaches a heated comb to the post, with its teeth pointed upwards, seizes one half of the tress of wool in his hands, throws it over the teeth, then draws it through them, and thus repeatedly: leaving a few straight filaments each time upon the comb. When the comb has in this way collected all the wool, it is placed with its points inserted into the cell of the stove, with the wool hanging down outside, exposed to the influence of the heat. The other comb, just removed in a heated state from the stove, is planted upon the post, and furnished in its turn with the remaining two ounce tress of wool, after which it supplants the preceding at the stove. Having both combs now hot, he holds one of them with his left hand over his knee, being seated upon a low stool, and seizing the other with his right hand, he combs the wool upon the first by introducing the teeth of one comb into the wool stuck in the other, and drawing them through it. This manipulation is skilfully repeated till the fibres are laid truly parallel, like a flat tress of hair. It is proper to begin by combing the tips of the tress, and to advance progressively, from the one end towards the other, till, at length, the combs are worked with their teeth as closely together as is possible without bringing them into collision. If the workman proceeded otherwise, he would be apt to rupture the filaments, or tear their ends entirely out of one of their combs. The wool, finally drawn off from the comb, though it may form a uniform tress of straight filaments, must yet be combed again, at a somewhat lower temperature, to prepare it perfectly for the spinning operation."

Machines have been invented to perform the combing of wool, which is an operation very injurious to the health of those who are engaged in it. One that is extensively employed, both in France and England, was invented by Mr. John Collier, late of Paris, and a patent was granted in 1827 to Mr. John Platt, of Salford. In 1834 a patent was obtained by Mr. James Noble, of Halifax, for another machine, and in 1835 by Messrs. Donisthorpe and Rawson, for a third kind; but it is not possible, nor indeed necessary for us to attempt an explanation of their construction and method of use. When the wool is combed by machinery, one continuous band or sliver is produced; when by hand, in lengths of from five to seven feet, so that, in the latter case, another process, called planking, is required to produce the continuous thread. The slivers are laid on a long plank, with their ends overlapping, the long end of one to the short end of the other, that is to say, an end first drawn from the comb, and consequently containing the longest fibres, to an end which comes last from the comb, and

containing the shortest fibres. These reverse ends of the slivers are then spliced together, a process called planking.

The breaking frame receives the wool from the planking-table. This instrument consists of a series of four wheels, moving with different velocities. The object of the breaking frame is to draw out and equalize the sliver, which it does, increasing its length threefold. The drawing frame is a machine somewhat similar in construction to the breaking frame, and intended for a similar purpose. By these processes the sliver is frequently increased in length a thousand times. The roving frame will take two slivers together, and draw them out four times their length; and in this way the worsted is made so small, that it would break with the least weight if a slight twist were not given to it. The bobbins which are taken on the spindles of the roving machine, are transferred to the spinning frame, in which the requisite degree of twist is given to the worsted.

There is but one process more in the manufacture of worsted, or, we might rather say, in its preparation for the market, as we have already mentioned all that is required for the manufacture. Before a long horizontal reel exactly a yard in circumference, twenty bobbins from the spinning frame are placed, and wound off together. When the reel has revolved eighty times, that is to say, when eighty yards from each bobbin are on it, a small bell is rung, and the reel is stopped. A thread is then passed round the eighty yards of each bobbin, and this quantity is called a ley. The reel is then made to revolve again, and another eighty yards are added, and tied. Seven leys make a hank, which of course increases five hundred yards. The hanks, when taken from the reel, which is easily done by loosening one of the rails, being hung upon hooks, are twisted tightly with a stick, doubled, and twisted again, in the state in which they are brought to the market. H.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We may learn from the example of Isaiah (Isa. vi. 8) how to conduct ourselves on receiving any important call. When the prophet heard the voice of Jehovah, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" (who will be my messenger?) he was ready at once to consent, saying, "Here am I;" but he did not omit to add, "Send me," that he might not go without the Divine will. A "ready mind" is much more pleasing to God than that of one who must be constrained into his service; as was Moses to become the shepherd of the children of Israel. Therefore we may and ought to offer ourselves to God for any commission wherewith he may be pleased to entrust us; only we must wait until he send us, and wait to know what our place or appointment is; at the same time remembering, that as we are but human instruments at best, there is a possibility of running before he sends us, or when he does not want us. As we can be nothing more than his instruments, the less we mingle with his work what is merely ours, in other words, the more immediately we depend for our sufficiency upon God himself, the more direct is our progress to its complete fulfilment.—*Bengel.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON EXTREMES.

Had I only attended to one half the rules which I have ventured to lay down for the guidance of others, how carefully, how creditably, and how exemplarily might I have walked through the world! but we are more disposed to give advice than to take it, and it is easier to lay down good plans for our own guidance than to carry them into effect with uniform steadiness and perseverance. A word with you now on the subject of extremes.

Instead of talking learnedly about Scylla and Charybdis, I will say in more homely language, that in avoiding the watery ditch on one side the road, we often run into the muddy quagmire on the other. Now it is but a sorry source of comfort when a man considers that he has escaped falling into one puddle up to his knees, by getting into another up to his neck. Avoid extremes! There is a golden mean that we shall all do well to attain. Though we need not fear being too humble, too honest, too sincere, or too eager after heaven, yet in a thousand things we may err by carrying matters to excess.

There are few who run into the extreme of abstinence in eating, drinking, and sleeping, though many grievously err in the opposite excess of gluttony,

drunkenness, and sloth. Instances, however, of all kinds of extremes do occur. I knew a man who almost killed himself by an excess of abstinence; and another, a clergyman, who attributed his ill state of health to the circumstance of his lying so much in bed, though it was a rare case for him not to rise before four o'clock in the morning!

Gravity and mirth are both good in their way; but that, which in one degree may be an advantage, may, in another, be an affliction. Neither excessive gravity nor excessive mirth is suited to man. Excessive gravity would rob him of the energy of action, and excessive mirth would unfit him for salutary thought. My advice is, that you neither go scowling through the world like a screech owl, nor grinning like a monkey.

With stedfast mind partake life's sweets and sours,
And neither grin nor growl away thy hours.

Prodigality and parsimony are evils; the one being the excess of spending and bestowing, the other the excess of laying up and withholding. For my part, I hardly know which is most to be pitied and despised—the poor prodigal who wastes his goods, or the avaricious man who denies himself and others the comforts of existence. Did the prodigal and the parsimonious know how much good might be done by a well-spent penny, they would neither give away uselessly, nor begrudge hard heartedly. Whether rich or poor, try to keep up a prudent and a liberal spirit, neither scattering as a spendthrift, nor amassing as a miser.

Treat not as dross the goodly gifts of Heaven,
Nor hold too hard what God has freely given.

Thoughtlessness and care are extremes that ought to be avoided. Let us neither tempt God, by despising his gifts, nor dishonour him by distrusting his goodness! There is enough of pain, poverty, sorrow, and sin in the world to call forth reflection and prudence, and there are far too many proofs of our heavenly Father's care for us, to warrant unreasonable anxiety for ourselves. Neither pass away life with reckless indifference, nor waste it in gloomy apprehensions of evil.

With prudent forethought let thy paths be trod,
And fearlessly commit thy ways to God.

There are those who make haste to be rich, adding, at all hazards, field to field, house to house, and barn to barn; and there are also who, by imprudence, are industrious in attaining poverty. A wise man will strive to shun, and a good man will struggle to avoid the snares that lie in the extremes of riches and poverty. Agur saw these snares, and urgently put up the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain," Prov. xxx. 8, 9. If you desire a smooth path on earth, and a bright prospect of heaven, be thankful that your lot is not cast in the extremes of riches and poverty.

Let neither needless penury be thy rod,
Nor useless treasures lure thee from thy God.

Some have the gift of speech, and indulge it to such a degree that they will run on by the hour in conversation, scarcely allowing those around them to interrupt the current of their discourse. Others are habitually so silent, that drawing an observation from them is like extracting a tight cork from the narrow neck of a bottle. Talkativeness and taciturnity are extremes that are not to be commended: of the two, however, I prefer the latter; for talking too much is certainly a greater fault than talking too little. If you wish to render yourself useful and agreeable to your friends, you will neither chatter like a parrot, nor sit dumb as though the gift of speech were denied you.

A man of wisdom tempers well his tongue,
Nor talks too loud, too rapid, nor too long.

Severity and weak indulgence are failings that cling closely to parents, though the latter is more common than the former. At times, these excesses are found in the same person, who at one season excuses great faults, and at another sternly reproves trivial errors. Parents! be on your guard; for what father can hope that his child will love him, if he snaps him up sharply on the least occasion; and what mother can expect a child to honour her in age, who is allowed to make faces at a bald head? Be kind hearted, and reprove evil; but be neither weakly, nor wickedly indulgent or severe.

Be neither swift to censure, weakly blind,
Unjustly cruel, nor absurdly kind.

Credulity and scepticism are sad errors; for the one will weakly believe what is false, and the other will wilfully doubt what is true. To give credit to every idle report, or to call in question what knowledge and experience have proved, is equally to manifest a want of wisdom. I know those who believe it to be an ill omen to see a magpie; and I also know those who doubt the eternal truths of God's most holy word.

Extremes indulged are certain to grow strong,
Weakness and wilfulness must both be wrong.

Sharpness and excessive softness in conversation are extremes attended with great disadvantage; the former being disliked, and the latter being always suspected. A friend of mine, the other day, describing two characters, said of them, "The one is as sharp as fresh-gathered mustard, the other is a dear oily man; both together they would make an excellent salad."

Sharp words and soft deceit show want of sense;
Let truth be told, but still without offence.

Extremes in dress and appearance, though not so objectionable, are still more apparent than extremes in manners. One man wears a very low hat, with a broad brim; another has one high in the crown, with hardly any brim at all. One wears shoes three inches broad at the toe, another has boots, whose points are sharp and turning up somewhat in the style of a Turkish slipper. One man shaves himself clean, and has his hair clipped unreasonably close; another lets his hair grow long on his head, his neck, and his face. One man takes out with him a thin cane, that can neither defend him, nor sustain his weight; another carries a thick cudgel as though he were about to beat a buffalo. There is no end to excesses and extremes among mankind.

In word and deed, in manners and in dress,
Be ever modest and avoid excess.

I might lay before you a catalogue of extremes, and one way of increasing its length would be to add thereto the list of my own excesses; but enough has been said, perhaps, to set you to work to discover the extremes into which you yourselves most commonly run, in order that they may be corrected. In this undertaking, you will do well to remember that kindly feelings are no security against excess; nay, very often, they are the very cause of creating it. Prudence and self-denial are gifts worth praying for; with their assistance, you may weather the storm of many temptations, but without them you may be shipwrecked in a sea of good intentions.

Let me advise you to seek, not to discourage the remarks of those kind friends who faithfully reprove you. A friend of mine observes, "That man is not fit for this world, who is not thankful to have his faults detected, and his improvement thus promoted."

With a wise distrust of our own powers, and a strong reliance on Divine goodness and mercy, we may work wonders, or rather, wonders may be worked in us, restraining us from excesses and extremes that set thorns and briers in our early paths, and becloud our view of heaven.

May grace Divine, with bright effulgent beams
Shine forth and scatter all our strange extremes.

MOTION OF FISHES.

The poising and motion of fishes in the water has interested some of our greatest philosophers, as Galileo and Borelli. It is estimated that fishes make their way through a medium which resists nine hundred times more than the atmosphere. But then, as it offers a certain resistance to their progress, it resists also the motion of their tail and fins, by which they have their power of progression. The breadth of the tail of fishes, compared with that of their fins, and its muscularity of power, declare what is affirmed to us upon authority, that the tail is the great instrument of their progression; and we can see that when the trout darts away, the force of his motion lays down the fins close upon his body. But the fins direct him, as outriggers, and the pectoral fins especially, by raising or depressing the head, give direction to the whole body, under the force of the tail. The lateral fins, and particularly the pectoral fins, also sustain him in the right position in the water: without the co-operation of these with the tail, the fish would move like a boat skulled by one oar at the stern. As the digestion of fishes, as well as that of other animals, is attended with the extrication of air, and as the intestines are

below the centre, the belly would be turned up, but for the action of these lateral fins; as we see takes place in a dead fish. The tail and fins are the instruments of motion; but the incessant action of the muscles, which move these, is a just matter of admiration. If a fish move with his head down the stream, he must move more rapidly than the water, or the water gets under the operculum of the gills, and chokes him. He lies, therefore, continually with his head to the stream. We may see a trout lying for hours stationary, whilst the stream is running past him; and they seem to remain so for days and nights. In salmon fishing, the fly is played upon the broken water, in the midst of the torrent, and there the fish shows himself, rising from a part of the river where men could not preserve their footing, though assisted by poles, or by locking their arms together. When the salmon leaps, he makes extraordinary exertions. Just under the cataract, and against the stream, he will rush, for some yards, and rise out of the spray six or eight feet; and amidst the noise of the water, they may be heard striking against the rock, with a sound like the clapping of the hands. If they find a temporary lodgment on the shelving rock, they lie quivering and preparing for another somerset, until they reach the top of the cataract. This exhibits, not only the power of their muscles, assisted by the elasticity of their bones, but the force of instinct by which they are led to seek the shallow streams for depositing their eggs. The porpoise will swim round and round a ship which is sailing fourteen miles an hour; a thing almost as surprising as the fly circling round the horse's ear for a whole stage.

To all this may be added, that the solid which the mathematicians have discovered, by refined application of the calculus, and have termed "the solid of least resistance," because it is the conformation which is less than any other affected by the resistance of any medium, resembles a fish in its form.—*Lord Brougham.*

SKETCHES OF FRANCE.

The following extracts are from a journal of two Protestant clergymen recently travelling in France:

At Avignon we had a fresh evidence of the oppressive influence of the Roman Catholic system. While the male part of the Roman Catholic population almost universally incline to principles of infidelity, the female part are bigoted to a high degree. Indeed, the further we proceed in our journey through France, the more strikingly it appears to us, that the Roman Catholics are acquiring new energy and power; and in many parts, their animosity towards Protestants has so greatly increased, that at the very first opportunity, a fresh persecution may justly be apprehended.

At Grenoble we visited the active minister of a small Protestant congregation. He keeps a superior female boarding school, in which from eighteen to twenty young ladies are educated in a truly Christian manner. The Roman Catholic bishop of Grenoble lately published a Lent address, in which he issues his positive command to commit all the Bibles, circulated by the hawkers, to the flames. We must in general observe, that the Roman Catholics now assume a haughtiness of spirit, and bitterness of tone, such as would not have been anticipated even a few years ago.

In the mountainous districts of the province of Dauphiné, we entered a Roman Catholic village school, where we had ocular demonstration of the very defective mode of education existing in many of the provinces of France, especially among Roman Catholics. We found sixteen children standing round the fireplace, warming themselves. Not one could read, even to a tolerable degree: but no wonder; for the method of the schoolmaster consisted merely in spelling syllable after syllable himself, which some of the scholars, in a noisy unpleasant tone, repeated after him.

At Marseilles great pains have lately been taken, by Roman Catholic priests, to revive the former attachment of the population to the Roman Catholic church and system. Some of them publicly advocated the cause of the inquisition. Their hearers were so numerous, that they found it necessary to appoint particular hours for the assemblage of each sex. Finally, separate addresses were given to the rising generation; and no less than four thousand children were formed into a public procession, which paraded the streets, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. Since the Roman Catholic clergy can no longer depend on the aid of the secular arm, they have begun to resort to specious argumentation, and to make eloquent appeals to the passions of men.

On the 6th of April, we reached Montclimar, a town, almost all of whose inhabitants had formerly professed the Protestant faith. Now the reverse is the case; for only a small number are at present Protestants, and even among these few, true vital religion is wanting.

A Protestant shoemaker at Montpellier had married a Roman Catholic woman. When the missionaries, connected with the latter church, paid a visitation to the above city, they took pains to gain the Protestant husband over to their faith, and repeatedly entered into disputations with him; but being unable to conquer him by force of argument, they soon desisted, and the wife herself became a Protestant.

It gave us real pleasure to observe, in several provincial towns of France, which we happened to visit, some Roman Catholic schoolmasters, who not only read the Scriptures themselves, with great profit and edification, but also publicly recommended them to the attention and perusal of their scholars.

ECCENTRICITY NOT NECESSARILY ALLIED TO GREATNESS.

A proof of the judgment of Howe, as well as of that harmony of mind, of which I have so often spoken, was his exemption from those eccentricities, as they are called, which are so often associated with exalted genius, and which generally display themselves, either in a contempt for little things, often of sufficient importance, however, to affect seriously the convenience of others, or in some ludicrous peculiarities of appearance and manner. These are sometimes the effect of sincere negligence, and perhaps quite as frequently of affectation. To be forgiven, in consideration of the noble qualities, which they may depreciate, but assuredly cannot enhance, is the utmost that ought to be demanded for them; yet, strange to say, they are often the objects of admiring wonder, and even of sedulous imitation to the fools who imagine that because genius is eccentric, eccentricities will establish a claim to genius. Now, such eccentricities are at best infirmities, and not excellences; and in proportion as a mind is more perfect, in that proportion will it avoid them: it will not only think nothing beneath its attention, which ought to be attended to, but be capable of adapting itself to the various demands of life, whether great or little, with a truly Protean facility.—*From the Life of John Howe.*

READY TO DEPART.

If a man, on his return homeward from a distant country, should be detained in some port by contrary winds, he might be content to take up with such employments and pleasures as the place afforded, and might enter with some interest into them. But at the first notice that the wind had changed, that there was a possibility of weighing anchor, he would throw aside whatever he was about; he would be ready to depart, Phil. i. 23. (ἀναλῦσαι.)

Ought not this to be the feeling of the Christian with respect to his enjoyment of the world? He is in the world, John xvii. 11, and in those lawful pleasures which the world affords, in domestic comforts, in the works of nature or of Providence, he may take a temporary interest; but surely, where grace exists in any considerable degree, this will not be without many an eager look towards his Father's house, John xiv. 2, towards his better country, Heb. xi. 16. And though the first appearance of that disease, which comes as a messenger to tell him that the wind is fair for his departure, may create a start, yet surely he must and will hail it as the bearer of good tidings, as the announcement that his Lord is waiting to receive him to himself. And shall he be backward to set sail?—*Rev. C. Neale.*

NOTICE.

We beg to apprize our readers, that the History of England will be resumed and continued monthly during the coming year; that a series of papers, illustrative of Scripture, from Chinese Literature, will be immediately commenced; and that Old Humphrey, the Perambulator, and other valuable contributors, purpose continuing their respective labours.

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